Carrington Macfarlane.

Cruises

Mona. *Fidelio.*

OUTER HARBOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, 1899.

CRUISES

Mainly in the Bay of the Chesapeake

BY

ROBERT BARRIE

AND

GEORGE BARRIE, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA

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R. AND G. B., JR.

TO THE

Memory of all Boat-Lovers

WHO, LIKE TENNYSON'S ULYSSES,

HAVE SAILED OFF BEYOND

THE SUNSET

Preface

PREFACE

To ATTEMPT anything new on the subject of sailing seems hopeless; even in respect to boats and sailing it must all have been said before. Three thousand years ago Hesiod told how to keep boats and tackle safe in the wintry season by means of a rude breakwater, and cautioned us, when hauling up, to take the plug out of the keel to prevent rotting; and the yachting editors repeat the advice every year. Assuredly the interest keeps up; carried along by Homer, who must have been a personality, for no syndicate could have felt and shown the sustained love of the sea that the *Odyssey* reveals, it continues so on through literature, and one finds Byron, as a sailor, much more of a man than as a poet, and old Fitzgerald, as a yachtsman, infinitely more interesting than as the exponent of the tent-maker of Naishápúr.

So let us take heart and launch the little packet on her voyage, and quickly, for the sailor is perpetually anxious to up anchor, make sail, and be on—and, as the demon of unrest is just as often at his throat to have the boom in the crotch, perhaps the little book will have the luck to be read to the end.

ROBERT BARRIE,
GEORGE BARRIE, JR.

CORRIGENDA

BOUND to have all the fun to ourselves we declined to have any professional proof-reading, with the natural result that many errors and numerous advanced spellings have occurred to add to the gaiety of [we hope] nations.

Some of these are:

Page 6—lines 4 and 5—careless construction.
Page 24—*lightening* for lightning.
Page 25—*presistently* for persistently.
Page 25—*immedeiately* for immediately.
Page 30—*realise* for realize.
Page 30—*t* misplaced, line 18.
Page 96—*climed* for climbed.
Page 125—*ottar* really ought to be attar.
Page 243—line 18—*i* dropped from it.

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The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

—*Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

Prologue

BALDWIN'S BOAT-SHOP, BRANFORD, IN 1884.

PROLOGUE

Our summer vacations "home," to the west coast of Scotland, where the ancestral families had summer cottages at Rothsay, on Bute, and at Millport, on the Cumbrae, gave us our first taste of sailing. Recollections of boating there and of the little stone cottage at Millport where the mill-stream empties into the bay; of my grandfather, enthusiastic fisherman, sitting by the fire in his highbacked settee-like chair after the happy parties came home from "the" fishing in the long summer twilights; of a beat up the Kyles of Bute and an enormous lunch of ham and eggs at Tinabruach; of a morning's fishing off the Little Cumbrae with scones and milk afterwards at the farm near the light-house; are treasures of memory.

There are few places in the world where sailing is more enjoyable and varied than on the Firth of Clyde. Over there were sown the seeds of the vice of sailing that blossomed forth later in our summers in the village of Stony Creek, near New Haven, Connecticut, where we spent six long summer vacations sailing and fishing to our hearts' content. Here we owned our first boats: the *Jumping Jennie*, apple of our eyes, but leaky and crank, yet I did not then hesitate, as I would now, to go out seven miles in her to the reefs off Faulkner's Island to catch seabass and flounders. My Uncle Alec, of blessed

memory, taught me to use an eight-foot boat-rod, light line, and wooden Nottingham reel, and the sport was increased one hundred per cent over that of the natives' heavy hand line method.

This uncle, who had been a dandy in his youth, but on account of his lungs had had to go to sea; first, as supercargo and then as third officer, had seen a great deal of India and the East; so, when I knew him, the dandy blood was gone and only the vagabond wanderer sort flowed instead. He was an insatiable fisherman, and when he visited us we were out every day, often from before daybreak until late at night; sometimes we would come back from Faulkner's with as many as sixty good seabass for two rods. Can that be done to-day? When not fishing we sailed, and then he would play his violin or gossip by the hour about the sea, and ships, and the East, and Africa, for he had gone in one of the ships of the British Abyssinian expedition of 1867 to Annesley Bay, where they cooled their wine in icy slush made with a canister, chemicals, and a roll of canvas. His soul was steeped in the indescribable charm of the sea and in the mystery of the East: I better appreciated it all when I went there in 1887.

The passion for sailing increased. *Irex*, an eighteen-foot clinker-built boat of beautiful model and a witch in light airs, followed *Jumping Jennie;* but, alas, she could not be kept afloat after the second year I had her. So, in 1884, I got *Iona*, built by Niles Tooker, of Essex, on the Connecticut River. She was a big, ablebodied carvel-built boat, less than a year old, eighteen feet water-line and six feet beam. A boiler-plate centreboard and a suit of sails with sprit topsail, shipped from Philadelphia, made Baldwin, the boat builder at Branford, open his eyes.

THE THIMBLE ISLANDS, 1886. [The Old Man with the racquet and the Junior with collie.]

I almost lost myself, and grew quite conceited the day *Genesta*, going westward in the Sound in the race around Long Island, lost a man. There was a dirty southwester blowing when I came, single-handed, out of Branford Creek, six miles to the westward, the *Iona* having been left there over night. After getting outside I would have put back if possible, but I had gone too far to leeward before discretion came to me, so there was nothing for it but to run. It was so thick that, without a compass, I made an error and almost ran into the Nigger Heads, a series of boulder-like rocks just awash, on which the sea was heavily breaking. I luffed and got knocked down and half swamped, but the little boat managed to claw clear, and I made the western entrance to the Thimbles standing in water almost to my knees. No other craft was under sail that day, and, as I ran in, one hand on tiller and other bailing, I passed close to the *Viola*, sloop, N. Y. Y. C., at her mooring pitching bowsprit under, her owner, John Wayland, Esq., and his crew cheered me. The conceit became stronger the next day, when I heard from our neighbor General Frank Pargoud, that Wayland had said, "that young Barrie is a devil for sailing."

Stony Creek is the shore village at the Thimble Islands, the prettiest group of islands, outside of Maine, on the Atlantic Coast. In those days, when yachts ran in smaller sizes, plenty used to come in there, and the old *Palinurus*, coast survey service, laid there all one summer. Among the yachts, the largest was the old cup defender *Madeline*, whose owner, Mr. Dickerson, used to stop there Spring and Fall. The General spent many evenings on her; once he took me along with him. This gave me my first hours on a big yacht, and it may well be imagined that I

enjoyed myself. It was a cool night, but there was a canvas wind-screen across the deck at the mainmast, and as we sat in the moonlight, the family and I listened while Mr. Dickerson sang, alternately, comic yachting songs and tales of the *Madeline*. One detail I remember: on the famous race she put her jib-boom end, nineteen feet above the water, so far under as to almost wash away a couple of hands who were furling her jib-topsail. As we came away the General hung alongside and lauded her, and claimed they could never build her like again, and exclaimed: "*le moule est cassé! le moule est cassé!*" and almost wept.

The *Madeline* was very fine, but she did not thrill me as did a little double-ended Block Island boat, *Periwinkle*, that a couple of New Yorkers brought in one Fall. As usual, when a stranger came into the islands, I rowed out and about, and, to my boyish joy, was invited on board by one of the happy owners. The little cabin was enchanting; there were shelves along the sides filled with books, pipes, fishing gear, mysterious jam-jars, etc., etc., and a shippy yet home-like aroma filled the place. I gloated over it all as long as politeness would permit, and finally tore myself away resolved to have something like it.

Iona had a little cuddy forward that I tried to make look like the cabin of the *Periwinkle*, and my ambition was to go a cruise and sleep over night in her, but this was forbidden; so, as I grew more expert, I increased my day cruising radius by starting at early hours and coming home late. By this means we were able to make some pretty good runs; once going across the Sound to Horton's Point and back in twelve hours; a look at the chart will show that this is sixty land miles. We were not

IONA, THIMBLE ISLANDS, 1885.

IONA ON THE HARD. [Governor in the punt.]

always so lucky as to speed, but we never had an accident. Later we were allowed to stay away over night, but we soon tired of it, as the cuddy was too small to stretch out in, and even summer nights are cold just before daybreak, and anchor chain and sails make a miserable bed. We managed to get into nooks in the Sound from New Haven to Saybrook, and in those days, when the shore was not so built up, found lots of out-of-the-way places. We kept the *Iona* for several years, constantly making changes in her, until finally, after bringing her on a car to Claymont on the Delaware, and pottering for several seasons about the river and creeks from the Lazaretto to New Castle, she ended as a bulb-fin-keel with rounded torpedo deck and a big balance lug. We had lots of fun in the old boat, but finally, when the Corinthian Yacht Club was formed in 1892, she became too small for us, and I looked about for something bigger.

Eastward in "Mona"

There are many advantages in sea-voyaging, but security is not one of them. —*Saadi.*

Nûr-al-Dên. *Lenni.* *Mona.*

TINICUM HARBOR, DELAWARE RIVER, 1896.

MONA AT COOPER'S POINT, 1894.

EASTWARD IN *MONA*

In the winter of 1893 I found and bought the cutter *Mona*, ten-tonner, built in the most substantial manner by Lawley, of Boston, after lines of the Richardson *May;* a splendid sea boat, and good at windward work; awfully wet, but sure to get you somewhere. She seemed quite a vessel to me, this, my first decked boat, forty-two feet over all, thirty-six feet water-line, eight feet beam, seven feet six inches draught, and was truly palatial, with after-stateroom, saloon, toilet, and forecastle and galley combined. She was flush-decked, with a circular hatch to sail room that served as a steering well. There was all the apparatus of long tiller, housing topmast, reefing bowsprit, runners, and backstays, dear to the heart of the Englishman; that gave a distinction and style to the type. Her great fault was diving forward, common of course to all straight stem boats; if she had a flaring clipper bow I would take her back to-day. She was coppered like a ship, and altogether a most delightful little packet, and I had a lot of pleasure and valuable experience in her.

I could not wait for March to be gone before I should go to get her, so I sent an old fellow who said he was a yacht-hand to Larchmont to scrub her down, inside and out, and get the lower sails on her. I arrived one frosty afternoon and found old Banks getting the last of the

gear on her as she lay in the "Gut" in the yacht club grounds. I slept in the house that night as Banks hadn't had the stove going that day and the ship was cold, but I was out early next morning and got everything ready preparatory to hauling out of the gut. This job was superintended by the club hand, who, after the manner of his kind, made a great todo of a small matter so as to be sure of his tip.

I gave him a V, so he condescended to help make sail, and then dropped astern and stood shouting unintelligible directions. It was a fairly bright day, but not a sail in sight. As we slipped along under the light westerly breeze, Banks went below to make coffee and get something for my lunch, and I put her through her paces, coming on the wind, going about, etc., etc., which made Banks stick his head out of the fore hatch in amazement. Everything was satisfactory, and I liked sailing her so well that I was rather disappointed when we got down near Whitestone and the tug picked us up.

The breeze had freshened and came down hard from the northwest, and our mainsail, with the tug rattling along at its best, made an awful clatter, but as I wanted to be ready for anything when we got to the Battery, I kept it on. Of course, as luck would have it, we arrived at Hell Gate and Blackwell's Island as the big east bound Sound steamers came along, and we were showered with icy spray unmercifully. Banks stood in the well and steered, and I stood on the companion steps with my head out of the cabin slide and shivered.

Just west of Governor's Island the tug dropped us. A cold, blustery March afternoon, the red sun going down, and dark coming on, is not the best time, by any means, to try to navigate the Kills, so looked out for a

MONA IN DELAWARE BAY, 1894.

IN THE DOLDRUMS: OLD DAN LONEY TAKES HIS EASE AT THE TILLER.

tug, and managed to get one that would take me to Perth Amboy. Off we started, the breeze so strong, that close-hauled, under mainsail alone we ran along to windward of and abreast of the tug, with the tow line in a big bight between us; so we crossed the harbor, but furled mainsail as soon as we headed to the breeze in the Kills.

It was a slow, cold journey, with ice forming on deck. I steered and Banks tried to get the stove red-hot, but with little success. Anchored at Perth Amboy at eight, and after a poor meal I went ashore to hunt up a tug to take us the next morning up the Raritan to the canal. Finally found the owner who called out of his bedroom window that he would have to charge twelve dollars as it would be Sunday work. Back on board and burned all the cabin lamps all night in the effort to keep warm. Next morning the little, toy-like tug came along side, out of the fog, and managed to get us to New Brunswick at noon. I arranged for help for the journey through the canal, and boarded a train for Philadelphia. I went up and met the boat at Bordentown, at the western end of the canal; the journey through forty-four miles and fourteen locks having taken almost two days.

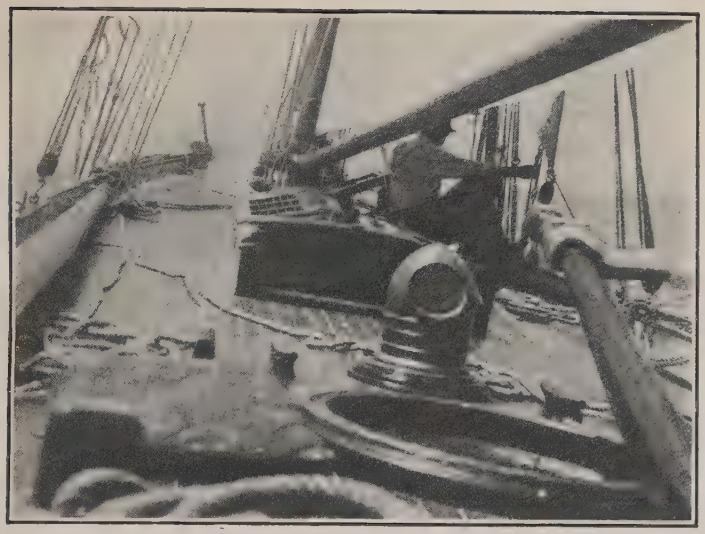
It was still March, with northerly wind, raw and blustery, but youth and enthusiasm made it all a joy to me. We slipped out of the canal and down the Delaware with the ebb like a steamer; but alas, snow came on, and in one of the thickest squalls I ran on the bar at Kinkora so hard that she reared up and almost submerged her counter, and then swung around and lay on her side. I was in an awful stew, and thought she was going to lay over at low water and fill, but reason reassured me. I saw that nothing we could do on the falling tide would be of any use, so I had Banks put me ashore on the Jersey

side, and finally got a train to Camden; and, at the shipyard at Cooper's Point, arranged for a tug to go up and get her. Of course they promised to do so at once, but, as a matter of fact, *Mona* had floated off at flood, and was anchored in the cove when the tug arrived.

That spring was a busy one. I had her scraped inside and out, and of course had the changes made that every new owner feels are indispensable. When warm weather came we had some trials on the river and upper bay, all of which made me better satisfied than ever. We even won some prizes with her. But the great event of the year was the cruise to the eastward.

Banks, while a good hand at refitting, etc., had proved sullen and grumpy while cruising, so I parted with him, and was lucky enough to get Alec; a fine, big fellow, a splendid sailor and a fine specimen of a man, both physically and mentally, who had never been in a yacht, but who quickly learned the routine, which after all, though a desirable tradition, a simple enough matter. As a cook I got a cockney Englishman who was clever in every way, but who always got sea-sick if it was at all rough.

With these two in the forecastle, on July 11, 1894, I left the Corinthian Yacht Club Station at Essington, on the Delaware, twelve miles below Philadelphia, accompanied by a couple of friends who were to spend the night on board and be put ashore next morning at the most convenient place. It was a bright night, and we slipped along under a light air from the Jersey shore, but by-and-bye the breeze headed us and we beat down, but the ebb was with us. About ten o'clock we had ale, Edam cheese, and crackers, with the result, Joe Jeanes claimed, that when we tried to find a quiet spot for the night at New



MONA: SOUTHWARD HO!

MONA: OFF THE POTOMAC.

Castle, I, at the lead, called three fathoms, and next moment we were aground in mud.

Managed to work off however; all slept soundly until late the next day, and after late breakfast my friends left me. Getting the spinnaker pole, which was thirty-four feet long and unusually large for such a boat, on deck, I got under way about noon and by one o'clock was off the red buoy at Port Penn. Here I set log and barometer, and slipped down the bay with light air. Off Ship John Light at three, Elbow Ledge at five, and abreast Brandywine Shoal at eight. The patent taffrail log, which I had set at Port Penn, here registered thirty-eight miles.

It was now getting dark, and to be in accord with the old fellows in the story-books, I took in my jib- and gaff-topsails which had been doing good work all afternoon. Cape May Light was off southeast, and I kept, as I thought, well off to round it, but must have kept closer than I intended, for about nine o'clock I ran into a considerable tide-rip which must have been the Overfalls. There was quite a little breeze just then, and the strong ebb shoved me up against it, so that it was just as well I had been careful about the light sails. Some water came on deck, but nothing heavy, and we soon shot through the rip and went peacefully out to sea. Barometer steady about 30.1.

Except for a slight haze it was clear and pleasant with a very slight breeze from the southeast. Bound to be far enough off shore, I went out close to N. E. End Light-ship before heading up. My old log-book shows we got along faster than, at the time, we seemed to, for at two o'clock, July 13th, we logged seventy-two miles. Then it got very light, and we used up an hour and a half doing seven miles. It was then four o'clock, and not far from

dawn, and perfectly quiet, so I had Albert, the cook, who, by the way, was sea-sick in the Overfalls, make coffee; and then I turned in and slept until I was awakened by hails exchanged with a fishing smack.

Going on deck, found a lovely morning, and several fishermen about. We were then just off Absecon, and had a nice, cool, little breeze off shore. This carried us along until after breakfast, but gradually died out. When below Beach Haven a chum, Harry Jeanes, came out, some distance astern, in the *Irex*, cutter, a little shorter, but wider and more powerful than the *Mona*. He brought a spanking southwest breeze with him out of the inlet, and rapidly overhauled us. We kept together for awhile and exchanged messages with code signals for a time; but when he signaled, "follow my movements," and headed inshore, I mutinied, and set signals for the course, and went off on my own hook for Barnegat sea-buoy. When we met at Bay Ridge next day I learned that he had run inshore to salute his sister at her cottage.

Barnegat Shoals at eleven o'clock were a boiling mass of surf. Log here showed one hundred and eighteen miles: at four o'clock we were off Long Branch Pier, log one hundred and fifty-two, which, if correct, was thirty-four knots in four and a half hours, or about seven and a half knots an hour. There was probably some "set" up the beach in our favor; except in northerly weather there generally is. However, the run was not to be sneered at, as we passed in Sandy Hook about five o'clock, and I was anchored off the Atlantic Yacht Club House at Bay Ridge, sails furled, dressed, ashore, and stowing a tenderloin and modest pint of claret at eight o'clock.

If all runs around could be made as this was, in twenty-eight hours from New Castle to Sandy Hook, it would be

very pleasant; but there are stories of fellows fog- or wind-bound at the Delaware Breakwater for a week before an opportunity for a run occurs. Undoubtedly the best way for a small boat is to pass out the capes in the afternoon, then there is a good chance to arrive at New York in daylight, if wind proves favorable. If headed by northeasterly one can then always run back. All the inlets are bad enough for strangers in daylight, and dangerous, on account of absence of leading-lights, at night. Even the skippers of local, light draft craft have come to grief in daylight in bad weather.

My wife, who had gone over by rail, was waiting for me at her people's in Brooklyn. Next morning, Saturday, we went down to the club, and Jeanes and I bargained for a tug to take us through East River and Hell Gate, and we had a fine run through, one boat on each quarter, so that we were abreast. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and the panorama looked its best. We dropped off at Whitestone, and *Irex* went on to Piepgras' Yard, at City Island, for improvements.

We had dinner at the Frenchman's, and in the evening had showers and mosquitoes. Sunday, bright and hot, and no breeze all day. Friends, who had been phoned for, came, and two of us had a swim. After luncheon we set mainsail, but had not a breath of air. As we had forgotten the ensign halliards, Alec gave us some amusement by going out on gaff to reeve them, and then sliding down the leech as we used to do the banisters when children.

About five o'clock our friends left us, and we up anchor and managed to get to the Stepping Stones with the tide. Here a nice little breeze came off the southern shore, and, all sail set, we slipped along. It was a beautiful,

moonlight night, the black hills of the Long Island shore in strong contrast to the bright sky and glittering water. After dinner we lay on the sloping deck looking to the south and intent on the beauty of the night, when suddenly we were taken aback by a sudden shift of wind from a squall in the northwest that we had not noticed coming down on us.

I was certainly caught napping: the boom came over against the preventer, and the headsails, including jib-topsail, were aback. I at once kicked down the tiller with my foot, drove my wife into the companion way, and had the men get off light sails and staysail. We were fairly caught, and driving along towards the entrance to Oyster Bay, where I had never been; and could not believe that one was expected to go between the light and the black, cliff-like hill which seemed to touch it. My chart did not show red-sector, and I had not time to look up the sailing directions, so was puzzled by the red. I noticed a working schooner cut in between me and the red, so I took a chance and followed him, and got through successfully. I have since, to avoid tide, done the same thing in daylight.

We boiled up to the anchorage under head of mainsail. Of course, as soon as we were anchored, it cleared off, and we had a beautiful evening. It was then about nine o'clock; fortunately there had not been any rain, so we sat on deck, and by-and-bye ate watermelon.

Next morning, the Sixteenth, we went ashore and up to the Seawanhaka Club; there was not a breath of air, and it was hot and uncomfortable, so back on board, and managed to work out of the harbor with the last of the ebb about noon. That day was one of the most tiresome that it has ever been my lot to endure on a boat; we had the

faintest airs all day and night, and only anchored in Morris Cove at four o'clock in the morning: it was almost as bright as day with the moon. I tumbled below and into bed the minute the anchor was down. Mosquitoes all day, even in the middle of the Sound.

What was left of Tuesday morning, after we had had breakfast, was used in visiting friends in New Haven. In the afternoon we ran, in a nice southerly breeze, around to the Thimble Islands, twelve miles east of Morris Cove. At the western entrance to the islands we met Mr. Wayland in a naphtha launch, and he told me where best to anchor, but I wanted to run in near the village to be near friends, and disregarded his advice with the sad result that I got ashore in mud, but hauled off and finally anchored just astern of *Viola's* mooring, with mainsail standing.

After spending the afternoon and evening ashore we rowed back in the moonlight. When on board my wife at once went below to bed. It was perfectly still and bright; the men lying on deck forward sucking at their pipes. I remembered the trouble yachts had beating out of the western entrance, and thought it would be a good plan to tow out and anchor for the night outside; so the men got ahead in the boat, laughing and talking. When we were out near Outer Island, at what I thought would be a good place to anchor, I went to the side and put over the lead, leaning over and feeling for mud. Just then the boom came over ever so gently, and slowly but firmly put me, all clothed, and watch in pocket, overboard. When I came up I was laughing so I could do nothing, and had taken in some water when the men came along in the boat and hauled me out. We anchored there, and had a quiet and peaceful night.

Wednesday we had another drifting match—with mosquitoes. Finally had a little breeze that carried us down to the mouth of the Thames at dark, and there left us. With the faintest airs we managed to get inside the breakwater at Noank, but went ashore on the mud in trying to go up the Mystic River, a foolish thing to attempt at night, as it is bad enough in broad daylight and low tide. Low water is the best time as then the grass on the mud banks gives warning.

Next day towed up to Mystic, and stayed there three days, painting, varnishing, and giving a party. The party was on Saturday night; the regulation thing, with Chinese lanterns and claret-cup on a table on deck. Just as the ice-cream was about to be broached along came a squall, whipped up the awning, and smashed the Chinese lanterns hung along the edge. This created excitement among the twenty-three people, mostly young women, but all, including the claret-cup and ice-cream, were saved and taken to a large studio nearby and stowed one inside the other. Albert, the cook, wrote a pathetic and melodramatic account of the party and secretly sent it to the *New York Tribune*, where it actually appeared in print, and set us all roaring.

Sunday, the twenty-second, it rained and blew; so, having nothing else to do, I took Colin Campbell Cooper and a friend for a sail around to New London; came back too late to sail up to Mystic, so left the vessel at Noank. Next morning there was a spanking northwest breeze, and a lot of women thought it was too fine a day for a sail to be missed, so we set out from Noank and ran out to The Race, where, when we came on the wind to turn up to New London, we got it, butt end first, and the party was drenched, but quickly dried in the fierce hot sun when we got into the Thames.

We discharged passengers at New London. The little packet seemed almost lonely with just my wife and self on board; so, when we had run down to the Pequod, we left her and spent the balance of the afternoon and night with friends in their cottage at Eastern Point. Next morning it was very foggy, so we did not go back on board until about noon, when it had cleared up. The afternoon breeze finally came along at three o'clock and we started for Newport.

I would not nowadays commit the folly of leaving New London in a small boat at three o'clock in the afternoon, not knowing when I'd get to sleep; but in those days I did not know what discretion or discomfort was. We had a nice run through Fisher's Island Sound, but found more sea than I expected when we got outside: the breeze began to die out, and soon we had nasty rolling and boom-jerking. However, what breeze there was, was free, and we rolled along pretty well considering. Got in by the Dumplings just as the Fall River steamer came along to annoy me; to make matters worse a government search-light was kept on us for a long while, almost blinding me: this seems a favorite trick. My wife, below in her bed, heard me growling about this and the port side-light, which would not burn, in a way that she said was swearing. Managed to get in at the upper entrance to harbor and found it full of yachts; so full that they looked like horses in stalls. I had to potter around for awhile before I could find a place to squeeze in. Next morning the harbor-master came along and said I was half a length too far out in the fairway; so, after breakfast, I had to kedge ahead.

After a couple of days here my wife left me, and my brother George joined me for the run back to New

London. We made an early start with a nice southeast breeze so that we could just stand down to Point Judith. The breeze held, and we had a quick run to New London, where my brother left me.

I had had such a poky and tiresome trip down the Sound that I called it names, and said I would go back to the Delaware capes outside, so the next day, Saturday the twenty-eighth, I left New London about noon, first taking on fish and fruit, and a new chart of the coast. Just as I was about to sail had a visit from Withers, of the *Muriel*, who had been staying in New London ever since he got there, which was before the boat races. Had no wind at all; dipped our ensign to friends in passing Eastern Point. Reached Race Rock at lunch time, and there got a spanking breeze, which kept increasing so that we had to take in jib-topsail, then topsail, then foresail, and got so strong, as we neared Montauk, that I tried to house the topmast, but the boat was pitching so much that I was afraid we would snap the stick when it got half way down, so gave up the idea.

Passed Montauk at five o'clock in the evening, having made thirteen and a half knots in two and a half hours; it was blowing awfully hard as we neared Montauk, and we prepared for very heavy weather outside, but, strange to relate, there was hardly any wind at all on the ocean, and we set all sail again, including jib-topsail. What wind there was, was from the southwest, dead ahead, so I started to tack along the south shore of Long Island, but finding there was such a strong northeasterly current running there I started on a long tack to the south about nine o'clock; soon the breeze began to get stronger, and we had again to shorten sail, and the wind and sea rose so that about one o'clock it was blowing what seemed to

me, half a gale; at any rate, every sea was a comber, and it was like sailing up and down little mountains. Just before daybreak, in a very heavy squall, we burst the eye in the starboard side of the cranse-iron. The bowsprit was going under every sea; but by at once lowering the jib we saved it.

I reckoned we were now twenty-five miles south of Montauk. I hove to and waited for daylight, and then started to repair damages; the jib-topsail, which had not been taken on board during the night but stowed in a wad at the bowsprit end, had got adrift, and was so wrapped about the stay, bowsprit, and bobstay that Alec had to go out and cut it adrift, the bowsprit burying him up to his neck nearly every sea. After the wreck was cleared away I decided that we would reef the bowsprit, as I was afraid it would snap; after reefing it we set the storm jib and reefed mainsail, and started for the Long Island shore about seven o'clock, and did not sight it until lunch time; then we headed west, and soon reached Shinnecock Light; all this while it was so rough we were all kept soaked and could not light a fire, so had only fruit, crackers, and whiskey. About four o'clock the wind, killed by thunder storms which were over Long Island, suddenly died away. Of course, there was a big sea on, and one can imagine how we pitched about—I thought the boat would wrench apart—the sun came out terribly hot, and soon I felt sea-sick. Alfred, the cook, had been actively so most of the time. About six o'clock the thunder storms drew off; we got a little breeze, and at once stood off shore, as the strong north-easterly current there had been setting us on shore all the while of the calm, and I was afraid we would go aground. As we had two reefs in mainsail, having had

to put in another, we did not make much headway, and still remained near shore.

About nine o'clock the thunder squalls came back: as soon as the first struck us, we lowered mainsail and drove southward under headsails; but soon the wind died away, and we got the rain and lightning, both of which were wholesale. Of course, when the wind died out, the boat was pitched about terribly by the seas, and so furiously that the boom took charge of the deck, and we had to lie on the deck to escape being crushed by it. It burst several lashings and tore out cleats, and we only got it under control by lashing it with heavy lines to the mainsheet bolts on each side. Meanwhile, this pitching about had so stretched the main rigging that it slapped about so much that the side lights were jerked out and could not be kept burning. Just as luck would have it, plenty of steamers came along, and we were kept busy showing lights. This thunder squall excitement was repeated five times during the night, and I never was so thankful to see daylight; when it came we headed for the shore again, but, as the wind was very light, we did not make much headway. About one o'clock, however, we passed Fire Island Light, and here got a good breeze from the southwest, which drove us along at the splendid rate of eight knots for an hour, which was very fast traveling for a small boat. This breeze was right ahead for a Cape May course, and the nearest we could point was for Sandy Hook, and we boomed along in that direction for a couple of hours, then the wind died out when we were off East Rockaway. Here the current, which runs very strong in an easterly direction all along the Long Island shore, drove us in so far that we struck a bar off one of the inlets, thumping

three times so hard as to knock us off our feet. Fortunately, we got a light breeze just at this moment, and managed to claw off shore.

This was just at sunset, so I kept going southwesterly all night until I sighted the Navesink lights and the glare of Long Branch about three o'clock, having missed the Sandy Hook Light Vessel on account of a rainy haze over the water. I stood about until daybreak, keeping well out to sea. At daybreak there was not a breath of wind. It was now Tuesday, and we had been three nights and days at sea without decent meals and very little sleep, and we were all pretty well disgusted with the weather, the breezes having been presistently dead ahead whichever way we pointed. I made up my mind my people on shore would be worried if we were not heard from soon, so I decided to go into Sandy Hook and telegraph. As we were without breeze, could not even do this. About six o'clock, however, a spanking breeze came blowing up the Jersey coast, dead ahead, so even if we had kept on for Cape May we would have made very little headway.

I therefore headed for Sandy Hook, and passed in about ten o'clock, but concluded to send the ship home through the canal, and so sailed through the crooked channel across the bay to South Amboy, which is at the mouth of the Raritan River; anchored there about one o'clock, and at once went ashore and sent telegrams, and had a big, fat, country dinner at a hotel. As Alec was going back to the boat a heavy thunder squall came up, immedeiately raising an awful sea, so bad that the tug-boatmen wanted to stop him going out. It was very lively for awhile, three big schooners driving ashore, although they each had out two anchors; tug-boats

increased the excitement by tooting and shrieking. When the squall struck the *Mona* it threw her on her beam ends, although everything was snugly furled, and shook up everything on board and spoiled the crew's dinner. She dragged a little, but Alfred had sense enough to pay out chain, and so she held.

I was delighted with the way she behaved in the nasty weather we had during the trip, and she was none the worse for it, except that she had such a washing with the seas that the varnish was worn off nearly everything. The bowsprit was perfectly white, and the copper brightly scoured. I left her at South Amboy, and the men brought her home through the canal. I joined them at Bordentown, and had a fine but uneventful sail down to the club station at Essington, and so ended a pretty good four weeks' cruise.

I went east again in the *Mona* in 1895, but it was over practically the same ground, or water, except that I made New London my headquarters for a couple of months while suffering from eye trouble, and there gave *Mona* an entirely new cabin arrangement, new rail, etc., and pottered around Fisher's Island a good deal. The next year I could not get away for any length of time, and so, as I was "Rear" that year, there was a flag-ship in the station all summer, which is something very unusual. We sailed up and down the river and bay, and sailed some races, and even won a couple of prizes, but nothing much in the way of cruising came off until the next year when we discovered the Chesapeake.

A Cruise to the Chesapeake

Reprinted from "The Yachting Monthly Magazine," London

Man that is born of a woman
Has very little time to live:
He comes up like a fore-topmast staysail
And down like a small flying jib.

—*Old Sea Song.*

A CRUISE TO THE CHESAPEAKE

Most sailing people do not realize what magnificent cruising waters we have in that noble bay, the Chesapeake, which might reasonably be called a sea. In point of fact, it was called a Gulf, or Sea, by one Daniel Gookin, a couple of hundred years ago. It is about two hundred miles long, ten to twenty miles wide, and full of bay-like tributaries, the exploration of which alone would make months of sailing.

The scenery is varied, and always picturesque; whether the pleasant sheltered bays of the Eastern Shore, the bold bluffs of the Patuxent, or that of the tropic-like pine-fringed Piankatank. Fish, oysters, and game are all plentiful and cheap. The supply of crabs, indeed, seems to be inexhaustible. Ice is cheap, but not always to be had, and cruisers' necessities—milk, fresh butter, eggs, and chickens—are found at every farm. Strange to relate, fresh vegetables are the hardest things to get, and when found require more persuasion to induce owners to part with them than any other of the desirable things in which the country abounds. The best of cruisers are doleful when only "canned" things are aboard.

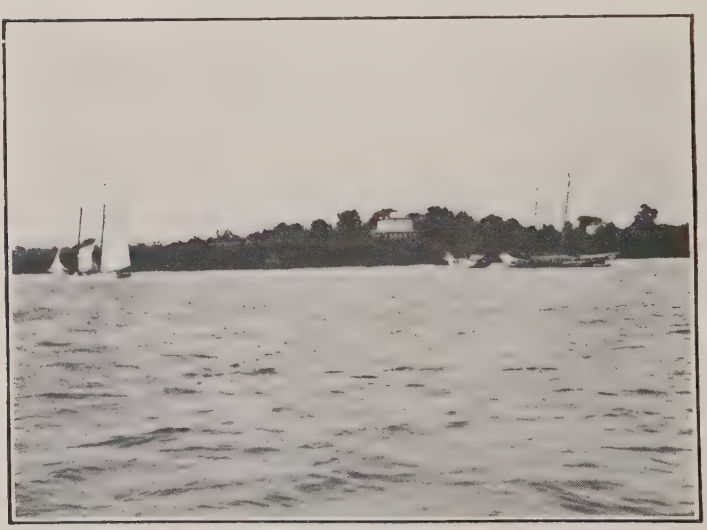
As we had only one hand we had put on *Mona* a storm trysail, kindly given me by the last owner of *Ulidia*, the Fife boat sent over here on the deck of the *Umbria*.

The old packet is quite stylish in her way, but looked rather queer in her "ocean" rig; so, at the club, at once received the sobriquet of *Fram.* The rig was quite enough for us, in one gust we had, and as all hands, including my brother George, a boy of seventeen, only made three, we were quite content. *Mona* had carried a big rig from Philadelphia to Newport, outside Jersey and Long Island, so we were not ashamed to be comfortable when we felt so inclined.

One July evening in 1897 we left the anchorage of the Corinthian Yacht Club, Tinicum Island, Delaware River, about five o'clock, light head air, but with tide got down to Claymont; tide ran awhile longer, but we stopped there on account of a good anchorage. Went very well with the small mainsail, small jib, and balloon staysail.

Next morning, up about four o'clock, we ran down with he ebb against a light head wind—fine sunrise over thet Jersey marshes; and a freer wind after Deep Water Point. Just within a mile of the canal at Delaware City the tide turned, and the air died out entirely, so we had to anchor about nine o'clock. Fixed up some odds and ends, had a swim, and lunch at about eleven. Discovered a very marked "sun-dog," at which we marvelled, but did not realise its import. About three o'clock we got a breeze, and worked down. Got off jib and shot into canal dock under balloon staysail and main, lowering latter as we neared. Locked in at once, paid tolls four and towage three dollars, got provisions, mailed letters, and got off about four o'clock, but lost time almost at once by going aground in passing a steamer. Aside from the entrances, there is only one lock in the canal, that at St. George's, which is a rise. Just beyond it the canal opens out into

MONA WITH TRYSAIL, OXFORD, 1897.



DRUM POINT HARBOR, PATUXENT RIVER.

quite a lake, where, we were told, there is good shooting in the fall.

Arrived at western lock, Chesapeake City, about eight o'clock, and were lowered about fourteen feet into the Chesapeake, here really Back Creek, where we tied up to a siding for the night. Took on two hundred pounds of ice, some milk, and other trifles. In the evening no mosquitoes, wonderful to relate.

Next morning, by appointment with the tug, we were up at five o'clock, but as some expected schooners were late we did not get away for a couple of hours. The tug, for a dollar and a half, took us down to the Elk River; there we made sail, setting balloon staysail and jib-topsail, and ran down the Elk, S. W. ¼ W., to the mouth of the river, passed Turkey Point at ten o'clock, and shortly after had a squall out of the East which caused us to stow the jib-topsail. The wind continued easterly, and, notwithstanding there was very little of it, we made fair time, passing Betterton on the south side of the Sassafras River, at a little after eleven o'clock. About noon we were off Still Pond; then, as thunder storms were about and wind seemed to be dying out, we decided to anchor for the day in the cove at the mouth of Worton's Creek, where we let go in fourteen feet.

We then rigged up the spit-sail on the dinghy and beat up to a lonely-looking pier, where we found an old man who knew absolutely nothing. However, at a farm-house, after a long argument, we induced the people to part with four young chickens, for which they asked only a dollar, and then some peas, beets, and squash. Sailed back to *Mona* through brisk puffs, and were soon shelling peas, our legs hanging over the counter. The man scalded and picked the chickens. At sundown we had a bully dinner

of the above-mentioned purchases: two chickens, fried Maryland style in cracker dust, were delicious. After that we went ashore and bought a few crabs from a lone boy. Then sailed awhile in the gloaming, and at nine o'clock went to bed and slept like tops.

Sunday, wind southeasterly and occasional light rain; sailed out at seven, after breakfast, and were able to stand down the Bay; passed Tolchester Beach at eight as two men-of-war were making colors. One seemed to be a battle-ship, and the other looked like the dispatch boat *Dolphin*. They appeared to have on board the Maryland Naval Reserves, as they had an old hulk with them. About this time it began to blow and we were soon boiling along. As we got to Swan Point the squall got harder and the rain heavier; here the wire of the port backstay runner parted at the bend, having been set up too tightly the night before and now made tighter with the rain. We had a regular soak of it down to Sandy Point, then the nearby Eastern Shore smoothed the water some. Here we passed under the stern of the United States schooner *Matchless*, anchored, apparently on some scientific job. Ran in to Annapolis and anchored at noon among the schooners off the Academy, in about three fathoms.

After a gorgeous Sunday dinner we went ashore in clean togs, the weather having cleared, and found the town shut up as tight as a drum; finally found the boy who runs the telegraph and sent off messages; had some queer fun trying to buy tobacco for the man. The Capitol was closed, so also the Naval Academy and Museum; but we walked about the grounds, admired the fine old bronze cannon captured in Mexico, and saw some queer ones taken from the Confederates. Walked

SMITH POINT LIGHT, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

on the *Santee* wharf, where the chief object of interest seems to be a little hot-bed where mint, presumedly for the mint-juleps for the officers, was the only crop. Then around by the old octagon Fort Severn, where a tablet gives date 1808. The fort has been turned into a gymnasium. Glad to get home to the boat with three Sunday papers. Had a queer supper of cornmeal mush with milk, then potatoes and onions, cheese and coffee. Government was very slow with sunset.

On Monday we had a light southeasterly wind, which made the beat out of the harbor take nearly two hours. When abreast of Tolly Point buoy we got a fresh breeze with rain from the northeast; running down S. ½ E. or so, we made good time, the wind freshening all the while: when abreast of the mouth of Eastern Bay it came very hard and a good sea on; rapidly getting worse, passing Poplar Island we had all we could stagger under with the small mainsail and small jib. Knowing we would have to beat up when through the Sharpe's Island Channel, we shook her up and put in two reefs; the sea washing us meanwhile. When squared away we rushed for the light-house off Sharpe's Island, then bore up when we thought we were far enough down to clear the bar running down from Tilghman's Island, at the north mouth of the Choptank. It blew a gale and we thought the mast would carry away. In our carefulness we kept much farther down than necessary, and passed far south of the black buoy.

It was blowing so hard we felt we must find some place to anchor, and as it looked so wicked to westward we knew we must do so soon. Running to the east, in Tripp's Bay, we found it too exposed and went about to try to fetch Black Walnut Cove. Soon a tropical down-

pour shut out everything: fortunately it beat down the sea, and going about we fetched behind Cook's Point, where we let go in about three fathoms. It was roaring down the Choptank from the northeast, but we lay pretty comfortably behind the point. We stripped and had some hot soup; this was about two o'clock. In an hour the worst was over, having blown a gale for just two hours: we made sail, and although we had plenty of rain, we worked up to the sleepy little village of Oxford and anchored opposite the School House green at about five o'clock. The evening was quiet: and as there were occasional showers we set the awning.

Tuesday, it was blowing and raining from the southeast, and we were unable, as we had expected, to do some refitting. Crabbed in the afternoon.

On Wednesday it was bright and clear in the morning: we soon dried everything; put the dinghy on the beach to dry, and then gave the deck a coat of varnish. After lunch, about two o'clock, Mr. W. O'Sullivan Dimphel came along in his launch: we exchanged enthusiastic welcomes, and had a few drinks; he insisted on taking us over to his place on the north shore of the Tred Avon River, at the mouth of Plaindealing Creek. Mrs. Dimphel kindly gave us tea, and D. insisted that we sail over next morning and fill our tanks, the water at Oxford being rank poison, as George had learned. Dimphel showed us plans and models of his yawl *Panola*, which is the Indian name for cotton seed, and in the early evening took us back in the launch.

Thursday was fine and warm; and while the man was varnishing the boat we walked about the pretty little village. There was a fine westerly breeze later, and we set our ensign on jackstaff, and sailed over, close-hauled

under the balloon staysail to Dimphel's cove; gave him a gun, and anchored alongside his yawl, photographed, and meanwhile man filled our tank with the cool, clear rain-water from the splendid cement arrangement Dimphel has for storing the water from his slate-roofed house. He says the fevers of the Eastern Shore are caused by the shallow wells which fill with surface drainage.

After a visit on board from Mrs. D., who berated us for not dining with them, we set sail, and Dimphel came along in his boat, beating us; but our anchor was hanging in the water, we were towing a great big sharpie we had hired to take the place of our boat, and the wind was very light for our small rig. After waving farewells, Dimphel went home, and we went ashore for ice, and made ready to sail next morning.

Friday was cool and clear, with fair breeze from the southwest. After early breakfast we were away at six o'clock; a dead beat all the way out. Air got very light at Cook's Point, and kept so all the way down the channel behind Sharpe's Island; standing in too far towards the long pier where we grounded on a hard sand-bar; lowered everything at once and pushed off with the boat-boom.

The breeze freshened then, and after a couple of tacks we were able to clear the south end of Sharpe's Island, and stand all the way across the bay. The western shore is very fine; bold, with cliffs about a hundred feet high, in between which are green valleys, or gullies, running down to the bay. As the breeze freshened we soon ran due south, close-hauled, down to Cove Point Light. Here it blew *very* fresh, and the *bobble*, as the local men call it, was bad, the tide running out the Patuxent making a short confused sea, and we got pretty well washed.

Mona pitched very badly, and the jerks were hard on the forestay. We got a hard dusting heading up to Drum Point Light, where we anchored with some schooners in the cove. The boat that followed us, a heavy working schooner, had only a reefed mainsail and jib; showing how hard it was blowing. We went ashore, and the surf on the beach was so bad that we had to take off our shoes and roll up trousers to make a landing. Hauled the boat up under the cliff; it was too steep to climb, but we found a sort of ladder made of two logs and cross planks. At the top was a great deserted house; found a store, but it was locked up. As we were coming back met a man on a horse, who turned out to be the post-master of Drum Point Landing; he kindly took our letters and told us where we could get milk: we found it in an old ramshackle house. The pull back to the boat was very tough. Having only had chocolate and bread and jam during the day we were very hungry. After dinner we rigged up preventer forestay of our tow line, and felt easier about the mast.

The steamer came down the river using her search-light, and, as one passenger was going to Baltimore, she was signalled and made her landing, and so we knew our letters had gone. The early part of the night was all thunder storms, not very bad with us, but they gave a great display over Eastern Shore. About two o'clock in the morning I noticed we had wind from the westward. At half after four we were up and getting under way, and at five, as we ran out of the cove, the sun rose in a magnificent immense red ball. We passed Cedar Point Light, and the breeze freshened so that at eight o'clock we had made the fifteen miles to Point No Point buoy in three hours. We had light airs after that and did not round

BUGEYE GOING TO WINDWARD WITH STAYSAIL.

BUGEYE BEATING INTO A NORTHEASTER.

Stingray Point and anchor in the bay-like mouth of the Piankatank until four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we put sail on the dinghy and sailed in to a wharf on the north shore, which we learned was called Jackson's Landing, and where we were able to send telegrams *viâ* telephone to West Point, forty miles away on the York River. Back for dinner, and in the evening had a strong west wind, which came warm but dry and pine-laden. At sunset the scene was lovely: the bay seemed like a tropical one, with white sand beaches surrounded with tall pines, each with a clump of branches at the top, sixty feet up; exactly like the palms in the East Indies. A glowing red sun and a pale pink and green sky completed the really tropical scene. That night we lounged on deck until after dark, and felt quite as though we had gone foreign: say to the South Sea Islands.

Next morning we found a fresh northwest wind, and were under way at five o'clock, eating breakfast as we rounded Cherry Point. Then we put the dinghy on deck and made very fair time down past the Wolf Trap, and kept going until abreast of New Point Comfort, where the breeze began to die out. Below York Spit it died away altogether, and by eleven o'clock we were in the doldrums. We were delighted with the clearness of the water; could see everything below distinctly, not merely the outline, but each seam in the copper: discovered a small piece was loose near the rudder-stock where it chafes. This calm kept up for a couple of hours and then we got a light easterly wind, which worked us down to the Thimble; there the flood tide caught us and rushed us into Old Point. The entrance to the anchorage is very narrow and good steerage way is necessary; a steamer coming out from the wharf bothered us, but we worked inside the bar,

near the Hotel Chamberlain, and anchored among the pilot boats in three fathoms; the chart gives no idea of the amount of space and the depth of water there is in there.

We arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and after furling the sails and setting awning, had early dinner; dressed and went ashore, walked through the hotels, all about the fort and over to Hampton, where we saw the old church, built in 1726. Back and read Sunday papers.

On Monday we went over to Norfolk by boat to Willoughby's Spit, and then by trolley through the pines. Saw some immense strawberry beds.

In Norfolk, wandered about, saw fine old residences, then over to Gosport, where we inspected the Navy-yard and went aboard the new gun-boat *Nashville* and over the *Amphitrite*, and through the boat shops. Back to Norfolk and had lunch, bought a ham; then back on board *Mona*. In the evening it rained, but we were very comfortable under the awning: crabbed and caught a dozen.

Tuesday it rained during breakfast, but we set out at nine o'clock with southwest wind; got into the doldrums, off Back River, as on Sunday, and only reached York Spit at three o'clock in the afternoon. There we got enough breeze to take us up to the Wolf Trap Light, where, at eight o'clock, we had a squall and ran for awhile under the foresail; as the wind died out again and the rain came down we set half the mainsail; afterwards set jib; soon we had another squall and had to again take in sail. It kept up alternate squall, rain, and calm; finally, about ten o'clock, settled down a fair breeze from the southeast, and began to look as though it was going to blow from that direction. We headed up for Windmill

Point Light with the intention of going under the north shore of the Rappahanock, but as it cleared a little and we could see the land in the flashes of lightening, we decided to run for the Piankatank and managed to get in about midnight without further bother; as soon as we anchored it of course cleared off nicely.

Next morning the breeze was very brisk from the northwest. While waiting to see if it would change we went ashore at Jackson's Wharf, and up to a farm-house for a gallon of milk; seeing a fine laurel rose-tree I got a cutting and bought a stone jar to fill with earth to try to keep it until we could get home; it looked pretty in the cabin the balance of the cruise, but alas! it died. I now have a living cutting from the same tree as a souvenir. After taking milk on board we sailed in dinghy up to the beach on north side of harbor, called Pine Top. It is a beautiful hard white sand stretch, with pines, fresh water ponds, herons and hawks hovering about, for all the world like a tropical island. Soon a bad squall drove us back on board. About lunch time we discovered the tank was empty; so sailed up near the wharf and found a house where the owner let us pump his well dry: two dozen buckets did it. While this was being done we bought a basket of melons and one of corn, tomatoes, and other vegetables.

Then ashore again with the intention of walking to the village, a mile and a half away; when half way there, along came the man from whom we got the water and vegetables, who invited us to ride; he was going over to North End, a landing on the Rappahanock, to try to buy some fruit baskets. We went with him, had a pleasant ride for about eight miles through interesting country. On our return secured a piece of ice which

had just come down on the steamer from Baltimore, got some vinegar and molasses and sailed out to the boat in another squall. After dinner, again went on shore for *another* gallon of milk, and then to the beach, where we filled one of the sail-bags with pine-needles, or as nearly so as we could before the mosquitoes drove us away. Up to this time the only place the mosquitoes had annoyed us on board was at Old Point Comfort.

Thursday the wind was still northwest, but not so stiff, so we started out and made fair headway to Windmill Point, the north shore of the Rappahanock; there the breeze died away and we had a calm for a couple of hours, then light breezes; but a bad squall in the north made us decide to put in to the Great Wicomico River and not attempt to cross the ten-mile stretch at the mouth of the Potomac late in the afternoon; the wind was so light that it was five o'clock before we anchored among the bugeyes in Cockerell's Creek, behind Fleets Point bar. We bought three watermelons for a quarter, had a bully dinner, and after it had log-writing on deck. It was cool and pleasant. Yesterday, on shore, everybody complained and said it was very warm for that region, but we found it very pleasant; in fact, it is much cooler here than on the Delaware; the large body of salt water must make it so. Even before the thunder storms it does not seem to be so warm, and we seldom noticed the heat. Sampled the melons and found them poor.

Friday the breeze was brisk from the northwest; after breakfast, however, we sailed at seven o'clock, but as soon as we got a couple of miles beyond the light-house we found such a head sea and strong wind that we reluctantly put back, and were again at our anchorage in an hour. After hauling up the dinghy to repair a leak in it,

put the sail on it and sailed about three miles up Cockerell's Creek, where we got milk and vegetables, posted letters and found a telephone in Reed's store, Reedville. Back on board, shelled lima-beans, and after lunch sailed down the north beach of the bay and had a beat back.

Next morning the wind was still northwest, but we made a start and were soon across the mouth of the Potomac; there the wind died away, and later we got a weak southerly air, which carried us up to abreast the Patuxent at three o'clock. As the usual thunder storms were ahead we put in, and were anchored shortly after four; bought fish, went ashore for tobacco and milk: on our return we went in to swim and unfortunately were both badly stung by sea-nettles. I had it all over, and particularly bad on the neck; tried everything, and as Dimphel had told us the sting lasted twenty-four hours, we were almost crazed by the thought; however, after a couple of hours it abated, aud in four hours was gone enough to allow sleep.

Sunday morning, wind still north, but we put out nevertheless; it was a lovely fresh morning, but with ebbing tide and head wind we made little headway. On several tacks we stood close into the Devil's Wood-yard on the western shore. This picturesque place is described by James Hungerford in *The Old Plantation:* "There could scarcely be a more impenetrable wilderness. Seldom, except in the winter days when the branches are bare of leaves, did the sunshine have an opportunity of looking into its secret places. Briers and various undergrowth filled up the space between the trees, and over and among these lay, at frequent intervals, vast piles of decaying trunks. The ground, too, on which the forest stood was almost a continuous swamp, either because of the numerous springs,

or because the rain water, being retained from oozing through the soil on account of its clayey base, and receiving but little heat from the sunshine to cause it to evaporate, remained where it fell, or still more probably, on both accounts." We made rather short tacks off this spot, wishing we had time to anchor and make a landing.

What there was of the air was ahead, but we were just able with jib-topsail to screw up to Walnut Cove, where we anchored about nine at night. Next morning, as the wind continued ahead, and as I had to be home soon on account of business, we decided to run up the Choptank to Cambridge and get a train there; but off Castle Haven, the air beginning to get light, we crawled over to Oxford, where we deserted the ship. Got a train at one o'clock and were in Philadelphia at five. The man got a hand to help him and in a few days worked the boat up to the club house.

The Chesapeake Again

Reprinted from "The Yachting Monthly Magazine," London

O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows.

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

AFTER THE SQUALL: MONA IN THE OLD DRAWBRIDGE, WYE RIVER, 1898.

THE CHESAPEAKE AGAIN

Our second dash to the Chesapeake did not cover quite so much of the Bay as that described in the preceding chapter, but we saw more of it in out-of-the-way places, and what we saw increased our liking for it as a cruising ground. We came back more enthusiastic about it than ever, vowing that we would go again in the fall and there and then become peaceful outlaws, cheerful hermits, Omoos, Typees, or some such people; at any rate forswear work and shore clothes, and live in old ones, and abhor money for the balance of our lives.

A charm of the Chesapeake, aside from the clear sparkling waters, the beautiful scenery, and the accompaning fat of the land, seems to be the immaterial one of association. The Bay has a history: a cheerful one of days of ease and plenty, slightly salted with war and adventure. Relics of both are yet to be found; but sad to relate, those of war and adventure are rapidly disappearing. The days seem still to be all of ease in a great many cases, and the plenty, so far as game, fish, and fowl are concerned, remains. On the banks of the River Wye we found a relic of the quintessence of luxury of colonial days in the home of the first yachtsman, at any rate, the first so far as the unofficial world is concerned in America. Opposite our club house in the Delaware River

is Little Tinicum Island, which, history says, was given by the Swedish Governor Printz to the keeper of his yacht. The Maryland yachtsman was Edward Lloyd, Esquire, of Wye House; but of him anon.

To begin at the beginning of the log. We went down to the club on a June Sunday afternoon and slept the deep sleep of the free until daylight; then we got our naphtha launch and towed the ship in to the beach, where the mate and the hand scrubbed her off, while the skipper went to town for the finishing touches to the stores. On returning he found her sporting a fine new green petticoat, and alongside the pier filling tanks from the hose, the decks covered with boxes; one really innocent one being branded "Scotch Whiskey," so the whole fleet of rocking-chair skippers wanted to go with us. After bending mizzen we towed out to mooring.

Mona was improved this year for cruising purposes by removing the twenty-four-inch deep lead keel and placing ballast inside, so that she now draws only five feet four inches. She is not quite so stiff, especially as she has a ton less than before, but she is drier in a seaway, and sticks as soon as she gets to her bearings. We rigged her as a ketch, and found it a most handy and safe rig; in many ways superior to the yawl.

After breakfast, Tuesday morning, we started down with the tide, wind very light, but with our new paint slipped along pretty well until off Wilmington, where air died out completely and we had to anchor for several hours. Loafed about until about five o'clock, when the usual afternoon thunder squalls came along. As we were south of the centre of it we up anchor and scudded down to Delaware City, where we anchored for the night.

Next morning we warped into the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, but as it has already been described, we need only say that with an easterly breeze in very hot weather it is better not to go through in the middle of the day. We had up the awning, which made things pleasanter, but as the awning doesn't extend aft of the mizzen, had to expend a great deal of ingenuity rigging tiller-lines that reached to the shade. The only excitement was the knocking overboard of the iron mizzen boom-crotch which we fished up with a long boat-hook.

At Chesapeake City we fortunately came out of the lock just as the usual afternoon down trip of the tow was starting, and by quick work got a line to the last schooner. As we were going down Back Creek the thunder storms began, and we put on oil-skins and sou'westers. It was well we did, for the rain came down heavily and steadily for two hours. We anchored in the midst of rain as hard as ever I had seen in the tropics; so hard that from each scupper came a stream like from a hose. It rained off and on all night, but we had the awning tent-like over the boom, and so were quite comfortable below. We afterwords saw that the papers commented on the unusually heavy rain. Luckily for us it seemed to have rained the heavens clear, for we afterwards had fine weather.

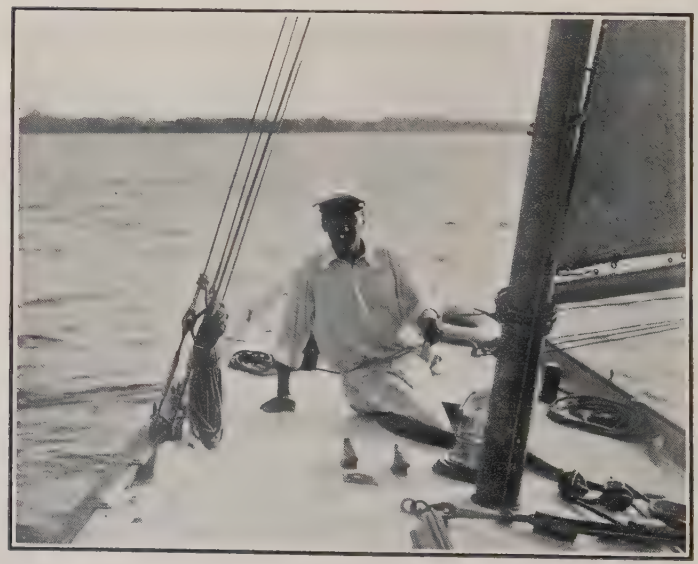
After a swim and breakfast, Wednesday, we left the upper Elk, and beat down against tide; air very light. Off mouth of Cabin John's Creek began lunch, and after a few more boards were compelled to anchor for lack of wind. We let go in two fathoms in the cove above Wroth's Point, just opposite Turkey Point light. The bottom is hard and sticky, a fine holding ground, but very exposed; so, although it was late in the day, we took advantage of a spanking breeze that came up to run

over to Havre de Grace. As we rounded Spesutie Island we noticed a bugeye following us, and as the channel on chart looked very narrow, we took in jib-topsail to wait to get a lead. Much to our surprise, we had to let gaff sails flow before the bugeye was able to catch up. We held him all the way up, and felt that we were doing very well with a little rig. Anchored just above the light-house, and after dinner inspected one of the many scows which are used here for shooting on the Susquehanna Flats. These flats go almost dry at low water, and show about fifteen square miles of weed.

We rather liked Havre de Grace. It has some quaint buildings, but is dead except for the canning and shooting. Next day, after getting telegrams, ice, and vegetables, we ran out about noon with a light northerly air; met the southwest breeze at Sandy Point, ran over to the Eastern Shore, beat down to the Sassafras River, stood out to Howell's Point, and just as we rounded met a Philadelphia yacht, the *Mull*. We set our code number and she dipped her ensign. At sunset we anchored in Still Pond Harbor. After dinner we rowed up to where Still Pond Creek should be, but in the twilight could not find it. Rowed along the beach, and, as the moonlight became stronger, finally did find the gap in the beach where the creek was pouring out at the rate of several miles an hour. We rowed in and found a weird, dismal place, that looked as though it should be full of alligators; the dead trees, the croaking of the frogs, and the shadows of the moonlight had a depressing effect, and we turned and fled. The place gets its name from the fact that the water is so often still. This is probably caused by oil springs up the creek.

Saturday morning was cheerful, cool, and pleasant, while a westerly breeze carried us down past Worton's

BEFORE THE MAST, MONA.



QUARTER-DECK, MONA.

Point and along the Tolchester Beach stretch to Swan Point. Here we couldn't find red buoy No. 22, although the air died away and it was slack water. We looked in every direction, and finally when the breeze did come from the southwest we had to give up the job. We started off with the hopes of making Annapolis, but the flood began to make, and the best we could do was the Magothy River; commonly pronounced "Maggoty" River. The tide swept us in past Persimmon Point in fine style, and we anchored early in the mouth of Deep Creek, just north of the tide-gauge. Had a ramble on shore in the afternoon, found the clearest, strongest, and most picturesque spring we had ever seen, and wished it near enough to the creek to be able to fill tanks; not that they needed it, but because we admired the spring so much. Back to the boat with plunder of chickens and milk, and after dinner sat on deck admiring the sunset and taking great interest in the big fleet of bugeyes that came in for the night. Our fifty-five-foot friend from Havre de Grace was among them.

Next morning the clanking of chain and slatting of sails awoke us about six o'clock, and as there was a fine north-northwest breeze we immediately joined the concert, and were soon slipping out with the fleet. In the Bay we found a regular fleet of schooners running wing-and-wing. Immediately after breakfast we followed suit, and were soon over the twenty miles to Bloody Point Bar light, on the south end of Kent Island; here we got the wind on the beam, set balloon staysail, and had a most glorious bit of sailing across Eastern Bay; when we got over, however, we had to pinch up, the wind came out more ahead, and the tide was strong ebb; we managed to keep the tide on the lee bow, however, and the old boat did

wonders, and we were up at Tilghman's Point buoy before others who had been ahead of us. The run into St. Michael's was easy, and we anchored close to the town just before noon. While at dinner we had a visit from the ice-man, who shocked us with the sad news that ice, being artificial and imported, was ninety cents per hundred.

St. Michael's is a clean, out-of-the-world place; the white oyster-shell streets fringed with grass, giving a look like Holland. The harbor is very cosy, and little oystermens' houses huddle close about it. There is, of course, a ship-railway. It is owned by a courteous gentleman of the old school, who in a kindly way gave us much interesting information in reference to the history of the town and surrounding country. One rather amusing incident he related, told how the inhabitants, on the approach of a British expedition in 1812, fooled their cousins by darkening their houses and hanging lanterns in the tree-tops, and so inducing the gunners to overshoot the mark. The wily townsmen managed to beat off a landing-party at dawn with the aid of a couple of guns charged with nails. There is a British cannon ball on exhibition at Royal Oak, the next town back, but we could not learn if it had been shot or carried there.

St. Michael's has quite an atmosphere of the sea about it; many of its sons have had places of rank in the navy; many of the old men have been captains in the merchant service, and we were anchored opposite a house in which a navy purser had lived for forty years. The fact that the house has *never* been painted is a sad commentary on the ingratitude of republics.

On Monday, after provisioning, we started with the idea of circumnavigating Wye Island, having been advised that

on the Wye we would find the finest scenery in Maryland, and the oldest and best houses on the Eastern Shore. We heard some discussion among the natives as to whether or not the drawbridge at the head of the island was in working order; but as the latest advices were about a month old, the sense of the meeting was that it must be by now working, so we started out past Deep Water Point with a fine breeze, past Herring Island, and were soon in the Wye.

It is a wonderfully pretty English-like river, very narrow, with trees down to the water's edge; very deep, three or four fathoms in the centre, ten feet right up to the banks and no middle-grounds. It seemed curious to be taking *Mona* up this placid stream, which so very much resembled the Upper Thames, and until we had tested the accuracy of the chart on several reaches we felt rather nervous. But the chart was faultless, indeed, the whole of the work for the Eastern Bay Section is a triumph of the chartmaker's art, and we never touched all the way up.

Just after entering the Front Wye, we saw Wye House, famous as being typical of all that was grand and gorgeous on the Eastern Shore, or indeed, of all of Colonial Maryland. The lands have been in the possession of the family for generations, in fact, seven Edward Lloyds have, in succession, been the owners, and in the zenith of their glory are said to have owned a thousand slaves. It was probably at that period that one of the Lloyds, who seems to have been a yachtsman of the first water, wrote to his London agent: "*Be pleased to send me a Complete Sett of American Colours, for a Pleasure-Boat of about 60 Tons burthen. Ensign and Pennant with 15 stripes; my arms painted thereon, the Field azure, the Lion Gold; let these*

Colours be Full-sized. Six Brass Guns, with hammers, screws, &c., complete, to fix on Swivels, and to act in such manner as to give the greatest report, with the letters E. Ll. thereon; fitted to fire with Locks."

This fine old place lost two wings and a lot of furnishings by fire during the War of 1812, but is still the great show place of the country.

Swinging past Lloyd's Cove we turned sharply to port as per chart, but the river ahead looked so narrow we could hardly believe we were following the proper branch, so anchored and went ashore at a lovely place to get posted on the subject. It was *Presq'ile on Wye*, the home of Charles Sydney Winder, who received us in shirt sleeves and with offers of drinks, and gave us a lot of information about the Wye.

Back on board and turned the boat on her heel by backing mizzen to starboard and jib to port, and slipped up the little river with a fresh southwest breeze. It was a unique experience, and we were sorry when we arrived at the sort of cross-roads formed by the junction of Skipton Creek and the two Wyes. Here we anchored and rowed up to Wye Landing, where we found chickens, ice, milk; and one of the old brick tobacco-houses with barred windows, which used to act as the banks of the country.

We were told that the new drawbridge, built about a mile and a half west of the old Paca Bridge, was in order, so we up anchor in the face of a thunder storm, and moved along under jib and mizzen; setting the awning low like a tent, so that we could keep open sky-light and hatch in spite of the rain. We had a few puffs, but just as we got between the piers of the deserted bridge the wind left us, and we concluded to tie up, and did so.

We were right in the old draw, and it made a snug place to pass the heavy storm that soon broke. In twenty minutes it was over, and the sun shining so that the mate, although there was still a little rain, was able to go over to the other pier and photograph the ship.

Much to our disgust, after successfully getting through the Narrows, we found the draw was hopelessly out of order, and could not be moved, so we anchored and dined in the most romantic out-of-the-way spot imaginable. The night was lovely; moon full, and we put up the riding-light as a joke; it was so cool, too, that at night we each needed two blankets.

Next morning, Tuesday, we had strong northwest wind, and to our delight were able to sail out almost as well as we went in, having to pinch up only in a couple of reaches. Just at breakfast we reached the rebuilt Paca House, owned by the descendants of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, so had the second cup of coffee on deck as we passed. Saw quite a number of ducks, which seemed to be butter-balls. Opposite Bruff's Island, as we were coming out of the Front Wye, we went ashore on a sandy bar, but soon slipped off into deep water. We ran over to St. Michael's again for ice and provender, and in the evening went down to Tilghman's Point, where we anchored for the night. On our run in we had seen a large turtle, fully five feet long, occasionally rising at this point, and we seemed to hear him this night; but it might have been schools of fish.

On Wednesday we made a fine run under spinnaker to Annapolis, wind southeast, and rapidly growing stronger. We did not stop at Annapolis, but ran up the Severn, through two drawbridges, to Round Bay. There we met a sand-schooner, whose skipper, in reply to our hail,

asking when it was ebb, said it was ebbing then. We concluded, therefore, although the wind was dead ahead, and very strong, to try to beat back, and followed the schooner down.

It was exciting work; as the banks of the Severn are quite high, the puffs from the strong southeast wind out of the gullies were vicious, and the boards were of course very short; sometimes we simply held the head-sheets around the cleats. After six miles of this sort of thing we shot the draw of the railway bridge, having to luff as we did so. It then seemed that we made very poor headway for a fair tide.

The next draw works so hard that the men do not open it all the way if they can entice the unwary seaman into trying to dodge through. With the strong wind and little headway, our friend the sand-schooner was seduced into trying before the draw was properly open, and luffing hard up he shot into the draw, but did not quite clear, and tore away his port quarter davit and part of his rail as he fouled the lee pier, but he got away. We were following him so closely that we were inside the piers leading into the draw before we saw that he was going to foul, and in the effort to kill *Mona's* headway, to avoid running into him if he should be held, we drifted against the lee one. If we had not been told the tide was ebbing we would have pushed back *Mona* and made another trial, but, under the impression that we had a fair tide, although a strong head-wind, all hands pushed forward and out of the draw. Just as we cleared the end I noticed that the tide was still *running in* strong; it caught us, and threw *Mona* across the end of the piling, where we began to batter away at a heartbreaking rate. We soon lost part of the cap of the rail and the spreader,

GRANERY CREEK, WYE RIVER.

FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, ST. MICHAEL'S.

and if we had not had out two large cork gangway fenders we would have lost a lot more.

The sea was so bad we could not stand on deck as she thumped, and as some of the bridge timbers were rather rotten, there was soon a litter of kindling-wood all over the deck. With sails let go by the run, and halyards in every sort of tangle, we looked a complete wreck, and if we had not soon got out the sixty-five pound kedge and the forty fathom of cable, I have no doubt we would soon have been pretty well broken up. Although there an hour, *Mona* never started a seam, but we lost most of our white paint. With the kedge we hauled off as far as we thought safe, and then dropped the large anchor and chain; as ill-luck would have it this had fouled, although we were as careful as possible, and when the kedge came in we again drifted back against the bridge.

By this time we had plenty of spectators, and there happened along in a buggy one of the Naval Academy professors, who told us to set inverted ensign at half-mast, saying that one of the powerful Academy launches would come over and help us off. After enthusiastic thanks on our part he drove over towards Annapolis, stating he would send over a launch at once if one had not already started by the time he arrived. Our ensign at half-mast stood out like a tin one until sundown, but no launch came. It was the first time in eighteen years of boat-sailing it had ever done so over any boat of mine, and I was delighted to haul it down when, at a second trial, with the help of the bridge tender and two other men, we got the kedge out and it held, and we were soon riding clear.

But we were still in a very dangerous position, the strong southeast wind was getting harder, and although

we had both anchors down, we might drag the hundred and fifty feet between us and the bridge at any moment, and in the night that would have ended the boat, stout as she was, for we would have been too short-handed to do anything to save her; so about eight o'clock, when the tide had turned, with the help of two bridge tenders, we got in large anchor, set the jib in stops, then the mainsail, and by a lucky sheer went on our way rejoicing. It was dark and blowing a summer gale, so we were glad to have the two extra hands as we beat down past the point and around into the harbor. The sea was high and hollow, but the boat behaved splendidly, and under the small sail plan was comfortable and worked to perfection.

All next day it blew a gale. Heller, of Eastport, made us a new spreader and repaired about ten feet of rail very successfully. We took advantage of the delay to have a new baby-jib-topsail made, and photographed, provisioned, and antiquarianized to our hearts' content. After sundown we noticed the Eastport life-boat putting out, and soon discovered that a bay-boat of about forty feet, capsized, was washing in from the Roads. The life-boat picked up the men, and setting her stumpy little sails, made a line fast to the wreck and towed it into the harbor. That night the harbor was crowded with bugeyes. We had all been putting out chain in the extra hard gusts of the afternoon, and it looked so wicked, and there were such a lot of boats to windward of us, and such a hard sea-wall at the Academy grounds behind us, that we were delighted when, about midnight, a heavy cold squall came out of the northwest and made us the weather-boat and under a good lee.

The wind changed with that squall and blew almost just as hard all day Friday from the northwest, but the

day was cool and cloudless, so we had a delightful rest. The *Flirt*, little cat-yawl, belonging to a friend, put out, south bound; she had tried it the morning before, but came back in a hurry, looking half-drowned.

By Saturday the wind had gone down, but still from northwest. We were up at daybreak, and soon making a short cut across the shoals from the light-house to Hackett's Point, having canteloupes and coffee meanwhile. We were soon up to Sandy Point, and getting from under the lee, began to bowl along; cooking was hard work, and the boy came aft and said he would like to borrow the chafing-dishes, as he thought he could prop them up to leeward; the Primus stove being to port and windward. One of them capsized and he got a great scare. Just then the wind suddenly died out, leaving us off Love Point Light, the north end of Kent Island, marking the entrance to Chester River on the Eastern Shore. With a feeble air we worked in and down behind Love Point about two miles, and anchored off Kent Landing, just south of the red buoy.

Kent Island is one of the oldest settled parts of the country, and on it are the ruins of the oldest church in Maryland; the Episcopal St. Paul's. We found a man who knew where the ruins were, and something about the country in addition; he was an interesting old fellow, had been a coast survey-man, and in the old *Palinurus*. I asked if he had been in her in 1883–1884 when the survey of the Thimble Islands was made, and it turned out that he had. The *Palinurus* was a wonderful old tub, looked half as wide as she was long, and covered high with the greenest of old copper; I wonder if she now exists?

Driving down the road that forms a spine for the farms of the island—there are only four that do not touch the

water—we passed through the village of Kent Island, where we photographed the shingled house, said to be the oldest on the island, inhabited by one "Weston *Shoemaker* Ash," a cobbler. About a mile to the southwest we came to the site of the old church; a Druid-like grove of ancient oaks on the shore of the Bay, at Broad Creek. It had been burnt down, sad to relate, and nothing remained but heaps of vitrified bricks; most of them had been taken away to build the newer church up in the village, and we plead guilty to further reducing the number by bringing away a couple. After photographing we drove back to the landing, passing on the way, a speciality of the island, some enormous geese, which were so large that, at first glance, they looked like sheep.

As we were back early with nothing to do we had an "afternoon sail" in the Chester River; read on deck before and after dinner, and went early to bed.

Just at four o'clock next morning we made sail by moonlight, feeling very weird and spooky the while. As soon as we were under way had coffee and rye-bread; the northwest wind meanwhile increasing and swinging, as it had done the day before. We laid our course north-northwest from the light for buoy No. 22, which we had been absolutely unable to find the week before, and as luck would have it, while we were at breakfast, the boy almost ran over it. The run up was made in pretty fair time, and we anchored off Court House Point, in the Elk River, in time to receive company and have a swim before dinner. Distance run, forty-six miles, as we went out of our way up the Sassafras to Betterton, to inquire about a cousin who was coming down in his launch.

Next morning we had a little excitement catching the tow; the tug had picked up seven schooners and started

IN THE CANAL BEHIND THE SEVEN SCHOONERS.

WATERMELON BOATS IN THE LOCK AT CHESAPEAKE CITY.

for Back Creek, showing no intention of coming near us, so we hurriedly set staysail and mizzen, awning still up, and with the strong breeze managed to get alongside the last schooner and get a line on board. In the canal we made quite a procession, the tug taking us all right through, and we found it more comfortable than mule-power. At the Delaware end we had headway enough to shoot up to the head of the line, and managed to lock out with the leaders, two fine schooners, one of which we dropped and the other got away from us off Chester. Arrived at the club house at eight in the evening: pretty good time for a little boat.

Haunts of the Bugeye

Reprinted from "The Rudder," New York

Pray, dear reader, make no fuss,
As I'm no literary cuss.
When you find your English torn,
Heap me not with caustic scorn,
But close your eyes and gently dream
Of days you've floated with the stream;
For I've but tried to take you, here,
Back to those days you hold so dear.

PUNGIES IN THE INNER HARBOR, ST. MICHAEL'S.

HAUNTS OF THE BUGEYE

On Thursday, June 5, 1899, there was great activity and excitement on board the antique ketch *Mona* and the modern yawl *Fidelio*, at anchor off the club house, for on that day was to begin our long-looked-forward-to third run to that perfect cruising ground, the Chesapeake.

The small boats plying back and forth from yacht to shore were loaded gunwale-deep with sundry cases, piles of clothes, and other odds and ends. At three o'clock we were all ready to start, but as a black thunder squall was rapidly coming up from the northwest we decided to wait until it had passed over. About five o'clock the rain stopped, and unfortunately the wind dropped, so we had supper, and then, as the tide was running ebb, the *Mona* slipped her mooring and went down the river stern first.

On board the *Fidelio*, forty feet over all, were Joseph Y. Jeanes, skipper; J. A. Inglis and Knute, son of Knute, paid hand. On board the *Mona* were R. Barrie, skipper, one paid hand, who went under the name of Gustaf, and myself.

After drifting about a mile, stern first, we decided to anchor, as it was not worth while blundering through the dark without headway. The *Fidelio* wisely did not start at all.

Next morning, bright and clear, we were up at daybreak, and found a nice, fresh northwest wind blowing, which would carry us to the canal in fine shape; so we up anchor and started off. As soon as the halyards were coiled down and the deck made tidy, Gustaf was sent below to start breakfast, a custom which was adhered to very carefully throughout the cruise. When off Chester we saw that the *Fidelio* had left her mooring, and off Marcus Hook she passed us. After breakfast we set the jib-topsail and hauled the yawl boat on deck, using the backstay of the mainmast and the forestay of the mizzen as slings; off New Castle Flats we had to take in the jib-topsail, as the wind had a fair sweep across the marshes, and we got some pretty hard puffs. We arrived at Delaware City about half-past nine, and found the *Fidelio* anchored on the river. Here the skipper and I had our first argument, he wanted to anchor off the mouth of the canal, and I wanted to lower all the sails, except the mizzen, and shoot in under it. After short but rapid talk he accepted my plan, and we shot in in fine style. He says anyone can get along with a person who has thin lips and red hair if one lets them have their own way. After paying dues and towage we passed through into the basin, where we tied up to do some marketing and wait for the *Fidelio* to lock in. As the tide and wind were both down the river, and as they had anchored below the canal to wait for us, it took them about an hour to beat up half a mile.

About eleven o'clock we started off with a fine mule breeze, *Mona* ahead and *Fidelio's* lines fast to our counter. Just before reaching St. George's a large steamer, the Baltimore boat, passed us at full speed and caused such a suction that the *Fidelio's* tow line parted, and it took us

considerable time to get straightened out again. We arrived at Chesapeake City about four o'clock, where we got a tug to tow us down Back Creek and into the Elk as far as Corn Landing, where we made sail and ran into the mouth of the Bohemia River, anchoring there for the night. Most of that night it was very uncomfortable, as the tide was running out and the wind, still from the northwest, blew straight in, and so we hung across stream and wabbled in an annoying manner; the rudder groaned and the main-sheet block banged and creaked. We did not mind that, but what did ruffle us was that things in the galley jumped around in a lively manner and somewhat delayed dinner. As Gustaf did not know exactly how we liked things cooked, I spent most of my time, when meals were being prepared, in the galley, superintending. After dinner we went over to the *Fidelio* to arrange for the next day's sail. Although it was the middle of June, we needed heavy coats while sitting on deck, and during the night we had two blankets, and double at that, on the bunks. About eight o'clock we returned on board and turned in for the night.

Saturday we were up at four-thirty. The wind still blew from the northwest, and "right smart," too, and when I went on deck, dressed in pyjamas, to take off the sky-light covers, I got pretty well frost-bitten. The shore about the Chesapeake may be very warm, but on the water we never noticed the heat, and the nights were always cool. As soon as Gustaf got his eyes open he was told to start breakfast. Then the skipper went over to the *Fidelio*, and I hovered around the galley. At exactly six o'clock we made sail and started for Annapolis; beat out under jib and mainsail, and when we got over to the north side of the Elk set the mizzen and

staysail and boomed along in great shape. The north shore of the Elk is quite high land, and on that particular morning it looked very beautiful, as the air was very clear from the thunder storm of Thursday afternoon.

Ahead of us was a large bugeye and a schooner, and when they got out from under the shelter of Turkey Point we could see them heel over and throw out spray from their bows at a great rate, and when we passed the point we found it pretty fresh, as the wind had a clear sweep of many miles across the Susquehanna Flats.

Off Howell's Point we could see the sails of the *Fidelio* as she came down the Elk; they did not start until seven o'clock, as they wanted to put a reef in the jib and mainsail. Off Worton's Cove we set the balloon jib, as the wind was getting light, and by the time we reached Swan Point, on the north side of the Chester River, it had died away almost completely, and we rolled around for some time, making very little headway. It was off the Chester River that a very amusing circumstance occurred on an early yachting trip made by one William Black, Esq., secretary to the commissioners appointed by Governor Gooch, of Virginia, to unite with those of Pennsylvania and Maryland, to treat with the Six Nations of Indians at Lancaster. He and the other commissioners were on their way from Stratford, on the Potomac, to Philadelphia, *viâ* Chesapeake, on board the yacht *Margaret.* The following is an extract from his journal:

"Wind at S. W. 15 min: past 4, had Chester River on our Starboard and Patapsco on our Larboard Side, at which time we were at Dinner, but properly speaking, some of us made but one Meal a day, and that lasting from morning to night. The Biscake Barrell standing upon deck by the Pump, every other minute one hand or another, would be Diving in it, so that you might hear our Grinders, like so many Hoggs under a Peach tree

in a very high Wind: the Wind blowing very weak, we made little or no way, having a strong Tide of Ebb against Us towards the Going down of the Sun, seeing a Boat and Canoe a Fishing Inshoar, we hail'd them, with, have you got any Fish, which they returned with, have you got any Rum, we Answered, yes, will you come on Board and Taste it, then they unty'd and made Directly for Us, but was very much Surprised with the manner of Reception they met with, which was as follows: We had the Blunderbuss ready loaded, and Stil'd on the side they were to board Us, Littlepage who was to Act the part of a Man of Wars Lieutenant, was Accoutred with four Loaded Pistols, and the like number of Swords, which with his lac'd hatt and Romantick Countenance, made an app'nce much like another Blackbeard, several more of our Company was Arm'd with a Drawn Sword & Cockt Pistole, several Pistoles, three fowling Pieces Loaded, and some Drawn Swords lying in view on a Table on the Main-deck, in this manner was we Equip'd and Stationed ready to receive the poor fishermen, when they came near enough to observe our Postures &c, they immediately lay on their Oars & paddles with no small concern to know what we was, but on a little time the Ebb Tide drawing them along side (which they did not observe being so surpriz'd) Littlepage ask'd them in a Sailor like manner, If they would come on board and Serve his Majesty, to which they made no Reply, but kept gazing at us like so many Thunder-struck persons, at last with a Discharge of our Great Gun and small Arms, Flourish'g our Swords round our heads, we desir'd them to come on board Directly, else we would Sink them, on hearing of which, as if Recover'd from a Trance, they call'd out to one another, with marks of the Greatest fear Imaginable, in their Countenances, pull about! pull about! for Gods Sake! with all the Eagerness possible they Sett to pulling and padling as if pursued by a Spanish privateer, on which calling to hawl up the Barge, an Man her, it being done, Littlepage and my Self, got in with each a pair of Pistols and a Sword, and made directly after them, on which, they did mend (if possible) their Strokes, pulling for life directly to the Shoar; now & then one or other of them would look behind, & then cry out, pull away, pull away, or we are all taken, at last they gain'd the Shoar, and so soon their Vessels Struck the Ground, they got their Jackets on their Shoulders, & without the least care of them, made Directly for the woods: to have seen Us pursueing, hollowing, and brandishing our Swords. & them flying with their whole might, one time looking behind them to see how near we were, and then before them to see how far they were from the Shoar, was a Scene Sufficient, to Create pleasure and a Laugh in Gentlemen less Blyth and Gayly dispos'd, than the Honourable Commissioners or any other of their levee; on their gaining the land, we

turn'd and lay on our Oars (it being all we wanted to Surprize them a little), which as soon as the fear and terrible concern they were in, allowed them time to look behind and observe, they Rallied, Seeing this, and being now on Terra firma, in some measure freed from that dreadful Apprehension of serving his Majesty, they opened on us all at once, like so many Hounds on a warm Scent, calling us a parcell of ——— ——— ———, if we would only come ashore Man for Man, they would teach us what it was to Fire Guns at People, and fright them in so unaccountable a manner; after Exchanging a little Billingsgate with them, we returned on Board, where we found the rest of our Company very much pleased with the Adventure. It was now quite calm, about Daylight Shutting in, we had a small Breeze from the S. S. W. which in a little time shifted to S. E. the forepart of the Night appeared Cloudy, looking very Squaly, when I betook my Self to my Cabbin, when in a very little time I got into the Drowsy Gods' Dominions, where let me rest, till you turn over the leaf."

And so they yachted in colonial days!

Off the Magothy River the wind freshened from the northeast, and we were soon around Sandy Point and heading for the Severn, anchoring off the oyster police boat wharf at two o'clock. The *Fidelio* arrived half an hour later. While coming up the harbor we saw the yawl *Panola*, belonging to Dimphel, of Panola Manor. We had no sooner dropped our anchor than he was aboard with a hearty welcome to the Bay. After furling sails we went on shore with baskets; first to market for chickens and vegetables, then to the baker's, then the telegraph office, and from there to the post office, and back again to the baker's and market to pick up our numerous purchases. After getting on board Dimphel with a friend again came alongside in his canoe. Dinner over we went to the *Fidelio* and sat there until about nine o'clock, when we returned for sleep.

Next day we did not get up until late, seven o'clock, as we intended remaining in Annapolis during Sunday and Monday; went in for a swim and then had breakfast.

CANOE PARTY ON THE MILES RIVER.

THE ROBERT E. CENTER AND THE GLOUCESTER, NAVAL ACADEMY.

During the night the bugeye yacht *Retsilla*, of Baltimore, belonging to Mr. McAllister, came in, and about ten o'clock we made an official visit. The *Retsilla* is not a regular out-and-out bugeye, as she has an overhanging stern. We were interested in her, as ever since the skipper and I first went to the Chesapeake we have been talking of having a bugeye, but it will be an out-and-out one, with a sharp stern.

After returning from the *Retsilla* the *Fidelio* company and we went ashore and walked about in the Academy grounds, going on board the *Gloucester*, the little converted yacht that did such fine work at Santiago. To a yachtsman's eye she is spoiled. All the deck houses, which were of mahogany, had been painted, the inside fittings ripped out; and one of the men said that they were nearly frozen last winter on account of the ceiling being taken out and that frost would gather on the inside. They were going to start very shortly for the Norfolk Navy-yard to have new ceiling put in. But business is business, and I suppose the varnish and comfort had to go. From the Academy we went to the State House, where we rested our weary limbs. After walking about the town for some time, admiring the fine old houses, we went back on board.

Annapolis has some of the finest colonial houses to be seen in this country, and many tales are read of the splendor of the balls and routs given by their ancient proprietors, and of the merry meetings of the Hominy Club and the Tuesday Club, where punch flowed freely, and often after the meetings the members no doubt went struggling home, aided by their black servants carrying lanthorns. The laws of the Tuesday Club provided that the club should meet weekly at a member's house, and

that each steward should provide a gammon of bacon; later they resolved that cheese was not a dish of "vittles." The same club also introduced large sand-boxes for the members to spit in, as most of them smoked and chewed, and these were carried from one steward's house to another with great pomp. Later on they were abolished at the suggestion of the married men, as they were afraid of being "chided" by their bachelor companions for "incurring the displeasure of their wives."

After supper I took the small boat and rowed past the bridge and up pretty Spa Creek, going on board of a large bugeye which is used for working in winter and as a yacht in summer. When I got back I found the skipper on board the *Fidelio*. We soon turned in, as we were rather tired after our jaunt.

On Monday we got up about six o'clock, had a swim and then breakfast. This morning the waters of the harbor were covered with canoes, each one containing a nigger and a barrel; these are the catchers of the famous Chesapeake crabs. When one of them gets a barrelful, and it does not take long, he goes on shore to the crab-house, where they are boiled and picked. Many pounds of crab meat and deviled crabs are shipped daily.

After breakfast we all went on shore, I taking my camera to get some views of the best of the houses. First of all we photographed the Brice mansion. It is a fine, big, square building, three-stories high, and peaked roof; from each end long, low out-buildings extend, terminating in a small square building. From there we went to the antique store, where we spent some time looking over McCusker's stock of curious pieces of furniture, etc. After buying a few things we went up to the State House and climbed up many stairs to get to the top of the dome,

but when we reached there we were well repaid for our exertion in the fine panorama stretched out before our eyes. To the east and southeast lay the broad Chesapeake, and we could see as far as Bloody Point, on the Eastern Shore. To the north was the river Severn, quietly flowing between high wooded bluffs. To the south and west was a rich, rolling farming country, here and there dotted with snug farm-houses and patches of woodland, and below us was the ancient city of Annapolis.

After coming down from the tower we prowled about the State Library, and from there we went to the Academy in order to see the museums, which had been closed on Sunday. After lunch we all got into the *Mona's* small boat and rowed around Horn Point to the shore east of Back Creek, where we had a fine swim, after which we went on shore to replenish our ever-failing stock of provisions, as on the morrow we were to sail for South River. After dinner paid our usual short visit to the *Fidelio*, and then turned in.

Got up at four o'clock Tuesday, June 20th, and immediately proceeded to get under way, having breakfast as we slipped out of the Severn. There was a fine wholesail westerly breeze blowing, so we had a beam wind to Tolly Point; from there it was close-hauled for two miles to the light-house off Thomas Point. Half-way between Tolly Point and Thomas Point the *Fidelio* passed us. After passing the light the wind gradually lightened until off Mayo's Point it died out completely. We wanted to go up South River as far as the alms-house, but the *Fidelios* were afraid we might be delayed in getting out on account of head winds. We then turned into Selby's Bay, where we anchored. Rigging the sail on our small boat, we all

went ashore in it, scudding along before the now freshened wind, water spurting up the centreboard casing, we were going so fast. On shore we found a carpenter, and we contracted on the spot for a cover for the case at the enormous expense of twenty-five cents. As we wanted to visit an old church called All Hallows, lying several miles inland, we inquired where we could get a team to take us there, and were directed to "Gresham," the old Mayo place, about a mile from the landing. So we set out along the road, and at last arrived at our destination and made arrangements for a man and team to be at the landing at two o'clock.

The Mayo house is built of wood, and over the door is a large wooden spread-eagle, evidently from the stern of some ship. Among the numerous objects of interest around the house are a couple of stone columns from the island of Apollo and an old bronze bell from a Spanish convent, probably captured in the Mexican War.

A fine romance could be worked up about the old Commodore, as the negroes relate legends of how, after returning from a voyage, he would take his ship into Whitemarsh Creek, and then for many nights the groaning of the ox-carts would be heard bringing over loads of silk, etc., and how the neighborhood would be filled with men whose boots and clothing had many stains of blood upon them.

After returning on board we ordered lunch; then sailed over to the other side of the bay and had a fine swim. Lunch over we went to the landing and found the wagon. We had some difficulty in getting five into the two seats. Finally it was arranged that I should sit on a box put between the two seats and dispose of my lower extremities in any vacant space I could find. When we had driven

about three miles we came to a post office. The skipper went in to post some letters, and as he stepped in the door the postmaster quickly snatched up an old muzzle-loading pistol. We afterward discovered that he thought the skipper was an officer, as he had on a yachting hat with the club device on it; but why the pistol, did not develop.

About a mile further on we passed the home of the old South River Club, which is one of the oldest in the country. Finally we arrived at the church. Here we found a very old bell, also many curious tombstones. After making a photograph we started for the old alms-house, but stopped on the way to make a view of another curious old house. From the alms-house we returned to the landing, and then on board. After supper Inglis and I went on shore for a gallon of milk, as he and the skipper are very fond of this beverage. Turned in at the usual hour of nine.

Wednesday we got up at five o'clock and started for West River before a nice northeast wind. We had considerable difficulty in finding the buoys, as they were washed nearly white, but with the liberal use of the lead line we succeeded in getting in all right and anchored off Cox's Creek in eleven feet of water. After ham and eggs, with a small dash of coffee, we all bundled into our boat and sailed ashore, as we wished to visit the famous old brick-house called "Tulip Hill," standing on a hill about three-fourths of a mile from the water. The wife of the owner very kindly showed us about the grounds, and also the first floor of the house.

"Tulip Hill" is built out of black and red brick, or English brick, as it is called. There is an oblong three-story building in the centre, and with the usual wings at

each end. These wings consist of a small two-story building, connected to the main building by a passage one-story high. The front or side facing the water is approached by a long, gradually-rising terrace. When the house was first built there were no porches, but later on a small one was added to the rear; the colonials were too English in their ways to have porches. Nearly all the rooms on the first floor are wainscoted up to the ceiling.

The house was built by Samuel Galloway, who came to this country some time previous to 1753, as is shown by the following advertisement that appeared in *The Maryland Gazette:*

"22 March, 1753, Just imported from London in the Brigantine *Grove*, Capt. Robt. Wilson, to be sold by the subscriber on board the said brigantine in West River, for sterling or current money, a parcel of healthy indented servants, among whom are tradesman and husbandman, Samuel Galloway."

After making a couple of photographs we sailed back on board, left the camera, and then sailed up to a place called Galloways in search of that luxury somewhat scarce in the Chesapeake—ice. After many inquiries we were at last guided to a house where we could get it. After raking around in a deep pit filled with rotted straw we discovered a few pieces of soft, mushy ice, which we piled into sacks, and each member of the party proceeded to struggle down to the boat with one. As the wind was against us going back we had to row, for we were afraid the mush would melt before we could beat back in such a light air. We were no sooner on board than we fell overboard and had a fine swim, which greatly refreshed us after our hot row. After lunch the skipper of the

Fidelio and I rowed over to a boat builder's on the south shore, where we saw a large skipjack, or dead-rise bateau, in course of construction. The builder's name was Leatherberry, and when he is not building boats he carries watermelons to Baltimore and Philadelphia in his bugeye.

On returning on board it was decided that we should drop down to the mouth of the Rhode River so as to be able to get out easily in the morning. The wind was very light and ahead, so we did not get there until after four o'clock. The *Fidelios* went on shore for a swim, but, as they were to dine with us that night, we had to stay and shell peas. After a dinner of fried chicken, vegetables, raspberries, and some ice-cold Chablis, we sat on deck for awhile and then turned in. About twelve o'clock we were awakened by a terrible racket; water in the tanks sloshed around, pots and pans rattled, blocks creaked, and things in general made as much noise as possible. On going on deck we found it blowing pretty hard from the northeast, and as it had a full sweep of ten miles across the Bay it kicked up considerable "bobble." The sky was perfectly clear, and the moon was shining so bright that it was about as light as day. We could see that the *Fidelio* was dragging as though she did not have out an anchor, and, hanging the lead over the side, we found we also were dragging, but very slowly, so we got up the anchor and ran up to Cedar Point under the staysail, passing the *Fidelio* on the way; by that time her anchors were holding. Once more we turned in and slept like logs.

Started for Cambridge Thursday just as the sun was rising. It was still blowing pretty hard from the northeast, so we set only the mainsail and jib. Off Curtis Point

we found that we could not pass to windward of buoy No. 11, so we decided to risk going south of it. We got across all right, never having less than two fathoms, but the *Fidelio*, which was some distance behind us, and north of the buoy, hit twice very hard. After getting past the buoy we set the mizzen and staysail; off Poplar Island we had breakfast and soon after set the balloon jib; off Low's Point the wind got very light, and by the time we got to Cook's Creek we barely had steerageway. We had considerable difficulty in finding buoy No. 1 off Low's Point; once before we had a hard time to find the same buoy, when it was blowing a small gale from the north-east and we expected to go aground every minute.

Off Tred Avon River the *Fidelio* made signals that she wanted to speak to us, so we hung in the wind until she came up. There was some talk about going into Oxford, but it was finally decided that we should keep on to Cambridge. After passing Castle Haven we had lunch, and anchored off the steam-boat wharf at Cambridge at two o'clock. While the skipper had a nap I fixed some string-beans. In the midst of the operation a large canoe containing a couple of fellows came alongside and gossiped awhile; finally, as their boat gave a few hard thumps on our top-sides, the skipper was awakened, and about four o'clock we all went ashore to obtain a fresh stock of provisions. After visiting several different stores, the telegraph and post offices, we returned on board, had supper and then turned in.

Friday we did not get up until about eight o'clock, and after having a swim and breakfast went on shore. While the rest went up into the town for provisions I rowed up the harbor to make some photographs. The place was filled up with bugeyes and canoes, some being painted

CORTELYOU MANSION, SOUTH RIVER, NOW USED AS COUNTY ALMS-HOUSE.

TOMBSTONE USED AS DOOR STEP AND COLUMN FROM THE ISLAND OF APOLLO, COMMODORE MAYO HOUSE.

and others hauled out and being caulked. At this time of the year the bay-boats are not very busy, it being just between the oyster and watermelon seasons.

Here it was that we first saw a curious type of Chesapeake Bay canoe rig. In place of a jib they have a small mast, about half the size of the foremast, stepped in the stem, raking forward over the bows, the masthead being considerably outside of the boat. The small triangular sail, called a "jigger," which sets on this mast, is sheeted to the foremast.

At noon hoisted the homeward bound pennant, as this was as far down the Bay as we intended to go. After lunch we set the mizzen, jib, and staysail, kept the awning up between the masts and started off for Oxford before a light southwest wind. While passing Hambrook Bar the tide, which was flood, set us in toward the shore, and we touched bottom very lightly, but did not stick. Off Island Creek passed a small naphtha launch hailing from a port on the Miles River. Reached Oxford about four o'clock and anchored just above the steam-boat wharf; went on shore to the telegraph and post offices, came back, had dinner, and went on shore to the post office again. When we got back we found Dimphel, Esq., on the *Fidelio*, and after talking with him for half the night we turned in.

On Saturday got up about seven o'clock, had breakfast, and then Skipper Jeanes and I went on shore for provisions. On returning found a Mr. Dunop, of Baltimore, aboard. After lunch the two skippers went up to Easton by train. I took the small boat and sailed up past the town to a nice sandy beach, where I had a swim. I then proceeded to scrub a pair of duck trousers, using plenty of sand and soap. Dined on board the *Fidelio* with

Inglis. About eight o'clock the skippers returned loaded down with antiques, which they had either purchased or stolen.

The skipper did not get up this Sunday morning, in fact all day, as he had trouble in his interior department. After getting dressed I started on shore to forage for milk, telling the man to start breakfast. When about fifty yards away Gustaf shouted in his Anglo-Scandinavian, "Hoo-ee! Hoo-ee! Iss no potatis; iss no potatis!" This was sad news, as all the provision stores were then closed.

Milk is evidently scarce in Oxford, as I had great trouble to get even a quart. After breakfast I sat on deck log-writing, and the aforesaid Dunop came down to show off his canoe. About four o'clock the *Keren*, yawl, and *Zeeland*, knockabout, belonging to members of the C. Y. C., came in and anchored near us. They had hardly anchored when a thunder squall came down from the north, and with plenty of wind and rain. After it had partially passed, the owner of the *Keren* came over to "gam." They had started a few days after we had. On Saturday they had beat down the Bay from Annapolis to Cook's Point against a hard southwest wind. We did not sit up long after supper, as it was too wet to sit outside, and a lamp in the cabin made it fearfully hot.

Monday we got up about six o'clock, had a swim and breakfast, then, as the skipper was not yet altogether well, we went on shore to the doctor, who gave him some medicine which he never used, and so, of course, got all right. About nine o'clock we took the small boat and rowed up Town Creek to the old Tilghman residence, of which we made a photograph; then crossed to the

other side of the creek to the grave-yard, where there is a monument erected to Colonel Tench Tilghman, secretary to General Washington.

From here the skipper of the *Fidelio* and I went to look for an old house on Boone Creek, the other two returning on board. After walking for about a mile we came to a large square frame house. On inquiring at a nearby farm-house we found the name of the place was "Bonfield," that it had been owned by the Chamberlain family. It was built as early as 1775. We got a key and went all through the house. From the outside it looked like an ordinary frame building, but we found that the walls were of brick clapboarded. In the cellar there are small rooms which make you think you are in some German castle, so like dungeons are they. A fine pair of andirons made us crack one of the commandments, but we went off without damaging any other. When we got back to Oxford we found Bob and Inglis waiting for us at the steam-boat wharf.

After luncheon Dimphel came over in his launch and towed one of the small boats over to Bellevue, where he left us, we promising to go to his house later on. We walked about half a mile to the Scott house, and were shown through by the owner. We were told, among other interesting things, that no two windows in the house were the same size. After making photographs of it and of the old Bozman house we got in the boat and started for Dimphel's, he meeting us just at the mouth of Plaindealing Creek and towing us up to the Hardcastle mansion. Most of this old house has been torn down, but we were told that the original hall of it was big enough for a coach and four to turn in and that it had actually once been done. There still stands near by a

small brick building which was used in early colonial days as a place to trade with the natives.

When we were in the grave-yard looking at some of the old grave-stones, one of the boys, who were showing us about, said, "Do you see this large stone here and that little window up there?" pointing to the house. "Well, when the man who is buried here died, his wife sat up in that window looking at his grave, never coming down for seven years, and on the day she came down she got married again." "And she must have sat on a step-ladder," chimed in another boy, "for the window is six feet from the floor."

Coming back down the creek we passed a small building about the size of a hen-house which we were told was the first tobacco custom-house in Maryland. We stayed some time at Dimphel's, looking at models of different boats which he intended to build. Before we left, Mrs. Dimphel served some lemonade and cake, and then they came back to the *Fidelio* with us in their launch, which is a very handy little affair, being an old whale-boat with a Pierce engine fitted amidships. We turned in as soon as they left us, as we wanted to start early next morning for Eastern Bay.

Got up Tuesday about four o'clock and started off under jib, staysail, mainsail, and mizzen before a good northeast wind; had breakfast after passing Choptank Light, then set balloon jib, and we boiled along until off Sharp's Island, where the wind began to lighten, and when we were a little above Low Point it was about a flat calm. We generally found that there was a good northerly breeze from before sunrise until about nine o'clock, when it would die out, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the breeze would come up again from a southerly direction.

WYE HOUSE, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

THE ORANGERY, WYE HOUSE.

We slowly drifted up the Bay with the tide. When off the north end of Poplar Island the wind came up from the southwest, gradually increasing in force. Off Claiborne we passed the *Fayelle*, launch, belonging to a member of the C. Y. C., bound for Norfolk. On nearing Tilghman's Point we took in the balloon jib and set the staysail and working jib. By this time the *Fidelio* was rounding Herring Island, at the mouth of the Wye, while we had to beat from Tilghman's Point up to buoy No. 8 before we could run for the Wye. About five o'clock we anchored off the west side of Bruff's Island in about four fathoms. After dinner I sailed around the north end of the island in the small boat, while the skipper made the usual visit to the *Fidelio:* there were very few nights that we did not go over and sit in the *Fidelio*, talking over what had happened during the day or planning for the morrow.

Wednesday morning we put on neckties after breakfast, as we intended to visit Wye House, the estate of Colonel Edward Lloyd. It was blowing very hard from the southwest and there was quite a little "bobble" where we were anchored. About nine o'clock we all got into the *Fidelio's* small boat and rowed around the north end of Bruff's Island and landed on the east side of Shaw's Bay. Going across this small bay we had a hard pull and got pretty wet. A few minutes after landing we met Colonel Lloyd in a buggy on his daily drive through the different fields, and asked permission to make a few photographs of the house, who told us to go up and present ourselves.

Wye House is built of wood and on the plan of most Southern houses. During the War of 1812 part of it was burned down by the British. About a hundred yards

back of the house is a fine old green-house, and back of that is the family grave-yard. The grounds are very beautifully laid out and very English-looking with their boxwood hedges, etc. After making a photograph of the front we went around to the rear, made one of that and also of the green-house. Then, after walking around for some time, we returned to the house and sent our cards in to Mrs. Lloyd, who kindly invited us in, and we spent a most pleasant hour chatting about the history of the old place. Mrs. Lloyd told us that among many things which the British had taken away with them, were ladies' dresses, paintings, and many other valuable things, including, of course, silverware, and a table of silver, part of which they afterward returned.

We returned on board by way of the small passage between Bruff's Island and the mainland, two of us having to get overboard and push the boat through. After lunch we got into the small boat, rowed up to the south point of Wye Island and walked up to a farm-house, passing on the way a remnant of one of Bordley's windmills, where we hoped to get a wagon to drive us to the Paca House, at the north end of the island. Once more we were taken for the police (oyster police this time) by the small boys who were playing around the house. After much persuasion we succeeded in getting the wagon. On arriving at the Paca House we were very much disappointed to find that the old building had been burned down, and the present one was only sixteen years old; but we were very kindly treated by the owner, Mr. Raisin, and his son, who took us across the river to another old house, Wye Heights, now owned by a New York man. On returning on board, had supper, made the usual visit to the *Fidelio*, and then turned in.

Started for St. Michael's Thursday morning at five o'clock, having to beat against strong south wind. It was pretty ticklish work beating out the narrow Wye. Anchored on the south side of St. Michael's Harbor about six-thirty. After breakfast we went on shore to the telegraph and post offices, incidentally taking in a few provisions. We had to hurry back on board, as a bad-looking squall was coming down from the northeast. The *Fidelio*, which had anchored outside the harbor, had to get up anchor in the midst of it, and ran in under the mizzen and jib. It rained in spells until about two o'clock, when it cleared up and we went on shore; visited some of the oyster police boats which were being repaired at the ship-yard. One of the captains showed us some of the cannon balls, bombs, and canister which they carry. He said that he had used the balls and canister, but never the bombs, as he was afraid of the "durned things."

While walking around the town we saw a man building a dugout canoe. The canoes are built out of from three to five logs and take about eighty days to make. We were told that some of the builders are so expert that they can work one log in one place and another several miles away, and so on, and when brought together these logs will fit perfectly. After supper we were visited by Mr. Lambkin, a local builder, who told us some very interesting things about the canoes.

We started for Annapolis Friday at four-thirty, wind blowing strong from the north. As the tide was running out there was quite considerable "bobble" off Deep Water Point, where the channel is very narrow. Before starting we had hauled out the yawl boat, but we heeled over so much that it was necessary to lower and tow her. Just after passing Deep Water Point we noticed that the

Fidelio had gone aground at the mouth of the harbor, so we turned around, but she got off before we reached her. It was decided that we should anchor and see whether the wind would go down, as it was too close work and risky beating out the narrow channel.

After breakfast I went on shore for mail and to get a few provisions. We loafed around all morning, doing nothing except take a swim. About two o'clock the wind began to lighten, and we soon got under way, but the wind fell rapidly to almost a dead calm, so that we did not get to Tilghman's Creek until after four o'clock, where we anchored in over four fathoms. After putting up awnings all went ashore for another swim, but as we had to row a half mile we were not much the better for it by the time we got back. Intending to start early next morning it was not long after dinner that we turned in.

At a quarter-to-four o'clock on Saturday, after much labor at the windlass, we got away under working sails. There was a light north wind blowing, so after rounding Tilghman's Point we set balloon jib, but did not get even as far as Bloody Point Bar Light before the wind dropped entirely. About ten o'clock could see the southwest breeze covering the Bay with cat's-paws, and it was not long before we were booming along, carrying everything.

Off South River passed some of the Baltimore Yacht Club bound south. At two-thirty we anchored off the Naval Academy grounds, and then went ashore for mail and provisions and a visit to McCusker's antique shop. On returning we found that the *Keren* and *Zeeland* had come in, and soon after them Mr. Long's bugeye, from Oxford. Later that afternoon the harbor began to fill up with all sorts of bay craft, and it certainly seemed as

ZEELAND.

though it was blowing outside, as schooners and bugeyes came in under reefed mainsail and jib.

On Sunday we were up and away about four-thirty, and as the southwest wind was still blowing we expected to make a quick run to the Elk. While getting up sail we saw a schooner-rigged bugeye very cleverly back, for about a couple of hundred yards, out of a tight place. While running close to one of the schooners going out her skipper told us that for that time of the year he had never seen the Bay so rough as it had been the night before, and there seemed to be some signs of it yet. Off Hackett's Point we heard loud shouts from the galley, and going forward I found that the coffee-pot had fallen off the stove; so, to ease her up a bit, we took off the balloon jib, which had been pulling like a horse.

Off Sandy Point there was a nasty sea in the tide-rip, caused by the south wind and the ebb tide. We did not make as good time as we expected on account of the head tide. Passed Swan Point at eight o'clock and Tolchester at nine. We could not find the red buoy off Worton's Point, so we went considerably out of our way over to the western shore to escape the shoal. Off Howell's Point set the spinnaker, and at two-thirty anchored at the mouth of Back Creek, about an hour after the *Fidelio*. We had not been anchored long before a tow of two large timber barges from Pamlico Sound came along, and we found we were in the channel; so got out the kedge and moved nearer to the north shore. After dinner I sailed around with the small boat for about an hour and then turned in.

Next day we did not get up until five o'clock! Had breakfast and then sat around waiting for the tug to come down from Chesapeake City. About ten o'clock we

became very impatient, so Skipper Jeanes and I went on shore to investigate, and learned that one tug was being repaired, and the other was busy with barges on the canal; but a man offered to pilot us up the creek for a couple of dollars. After lunch we started off under balloon staysail and mizzen, with the awning still set. About half-way up we passed our cousin's launch, the *Corona*, bound down. On arriving at the canal we got a mule outfit and set out immediately. At St. George's we got mixed up with a lot of barges, and half-way to Delaware City passed two which had gone aground; at Delaware City ran into about a dozen. We did not lock out until about eight o'clock, so ran over to the Pea Patch Island side, anchored, and had a dinner and then turned in.

Started off Tuesday, July 4th, about four o'clock before a very light southwest wind, but a fair tide. Our run up was uneventful. Off Marcus Hook the wind freshened, and we arrived at the club house about one o'clock.

Two on the Chesapeake

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TWO ON THE CHESAPEAKE

My brother ruined me! As far back as I can remember he always had a boat and used to take me along with him; short sails at first, longer ones as I grew older. He led me on the downward path by taking me to boat shops and ship-yards, so that before long the faintest whiff of cedar or tar would drive from me all desire to follow in the footsteps of the busy little bee. He made models for me with which I sailed miniature *Volunteer-Thistle* races against those of a chum. The craving for salt air and sea-weed, bright days, and sparkling waves came upon me.

My first sail alone was in a small row-boat in which I drove before the gentle breeze under full press of an old umbrella until I got a hundred yards to le'ward and then slowly rowed back for another run. Next, I made a sail out of burlap for a sort of a sharpie belonging to my brother's wife's cousin's husband, and had a terrible scare one day when I got too far out of the mouth of the Mystic River. Then came a fourteen-foot Barnegat sneak box given me by my brother—again he led me on. Now came the taste for scraping and painting—many blisters I had and much paint on hands and clothing. A whole day's trip was the greatest adventure in this craft. A twenty-one-foot naphtha launch came a few years later, but lasted only a short time: too monotonous and noisy;

and in two years I was back again to sail, with a Lark, and won a first or second from a fleet of six in every race in which I started. Three other vessels have followed, each of which will be described later in the accounts of cruises made in them, each successor a little larger than the former, but I think I am now at the top size, and if ever I change it will be down the scale.

This year, 1900, the aforesaid brother being abroad in the pursuit of the elusive simolian, I was compelled to get a vessel of my own and be my own boss for this year's expedition to what Leonard Calvert called "these delightfullest of waters."

The last day of June went out with a fierce squall, which left a fine northwest wind, just the kind for leaving the club early in the morning and anchoring in the Bohemia River in time for supper, with a chance before dark to feast the eyes on clear blue water, hills covered with green woods and tilled fields, a chance to breathe real air, not the foul, gaseous, dirt-laden air of the cities; to stand on deck leaning over the boom, with the gentle breeze fanning your cheeks, and an odor of supper coming up from the galley, and feel almost as care free as a South Sea *papalagi tafea*.

We just missed doing it this time by not being ready on Saturday, July 1st, but on Sunday morning at five-thirty the keel bugeye *Corona*, A. G., owner, twenty-eight feet over all, four feet six inches draught, and my own little yawl *Seminole*, twenty-eight feet over all, four feet six inches draught, each containing many stores, one owner, and, much to our regret, one paid hand, left their moorings at the anchorage of the Corinthian Yacht Club.

There was a light west-northwest wind, so we had to make one leg over to the head of Chester Island and

then back to the Pennsylvania shore before being able to stand down the river, then it was close-hauled to Edgemoor, the wind gradually freshening; anchored a little below the New Castle range-lights at about ten o'clock; went ashore to get some milk and visit the lower light, having quite a chat with the keeper. About two o'clock got up anchor, and ran down to Delaware City under mizzen and jib. We anchored just below the mouth of the canal, while the *Corona* ran alongside one of the piers. By-and-bye her owner came over and stayed on board all night, sleeping on the floor, as he decided it was too hot, and that there would be too many mosquitoes in alongside the pier.

Ran into the lock next morning at four o'clock, had breakfast, made purchases, and started off at half-past seven, *Corona* towing us—I forgot to say that *Corona* had a one and a half horse-power gasoline-engine. Reached St. George's before nine o'clock. Just after getting into the deep cut we met a long line of timber rafts, so tied up to the bank to let them pass, there being not more than a foot between the logs and our sides. When A. G. went to start the engine it refused. He moved various cocks, then turned the fly-wheel, moved more cocks and did more grinding, but it still refused. After waiting for about ten minutes I went on board and did a little grinding myself, the thermometer was about ninety-two degrees, then A. G. used language and ground again, but all to no purpose; so, taking a line ashore, I began to tow. Once the boats got started it was not hard work. When a mile had been gone over this way the engine suddenly started to cough, and we were off once more. Reached Chesapeake City after one o'clock, had lunch, bought ice, and started down Back Creek under power. On reaching

the Elk River set sail, but, as there was very little wind, had to fall back on the power; anchored in the Bohemia about four o'clock. Had a swim, supper, and a row up the river before turning in.

By five o'clock next morning we were up and had breakfast preparing; in an hour we were under way. Wind, southeast, light, set all sail, the *Corona* trying her topmast-staysail, but it seemed to hold her back. Passed Turkey Point at nine o'clock, having drifted nearly all the way. *Corona* gradually dropped astern, and, much to our surprise, did not use her engine; the reason, we afterward found out, being that it would not run. But this was the last time that it refused during the whole cruise. Had to anchor in the middle of the Bay off Howell's Point, as the wind had died out completely. Did a little log-writing and fixed up below; about eleven o'clock the wind came up from the southwest, the usual afternoon breeze. On the first leg we made the north point of Still Pond; the next leg, the south point, or Plum Point, as it is called; and in another we made red buoy No. 2, off Worton's Point, and then stood out until we could lay up the cove. Just as we started in it commenced to breeze and get up a sea. On the north shore of the cove, about a half mile outside of Mill Creek, there is a steamboat wharf, where I anchored, and went ashore to get chickens. After a good deal of persuasion, succeeded in getting them to part with two. The people had lots of them, but were too lazy to make an effort to catch them. By the time I got on board again *Corona* came in sight past the point. We then got up anchor and beat up Worton's Creek, anchoring in eight feet. On the way passed a pungy aground, but she soon backed off. There is plenty of water here, a steam-boat coming in every day from

CORONA : ELK RIVER.

SEMINOLE.

Baltimore. At the narrowest part, or just before getting to Mill Creek, the bowsprit can almost be put over the bank before going about. Went up to a farm-house for ice and more chickens, the two I had bought not being enough for both boats. That evening rowed about half a mile up the creek before turning in.

Worton's Creek is one of the snuggest anchorages imaginable. Seven feet can be carried up the creek to where it is completely landlocked. The wind can blow from any direction and one does not get a breath of it. This I can vouch for, as the night we spent there was as bad as the Black Hole of Calcutta is said to have been; the banks are very high, and on the top of them are high trees. It would be a grand place to lie on a winter's night with a hard northwester blowing. One could sit peacefully near the cabin stove with no fear of dragging.

Up bright and early next morning in the hope of getting to Annapolis in the afternoon. After breakfast we got away with light northwest breeze, set all sail to beat out the creek. When we got into the cove the wind shifted to west-southwest, which compelled us to head over to Poole's Island. Quite a little "bobble" left from the squalls of the night before. From the middle of Poole's Island made the mouth of Fairlee Creek, and from there passed south of the island. *Corona* passed to the northward, and, the wind dying out, she came down the narrow channel to the westward of the island under power. Strange as it may appear, the engine ran beautifully then and forever after. We stood over close to Miller's Island; then, the wind shifting again to northwest, came about and headed for Rear Light, on the north point of the Patapsco River. Here we had a fine piece

of sailing; as the wind freshened we ran along with the rail awash and sometimes under. From the Patapsco were coming all sorts of craft—steamers, bugeyes, canoes, skiffs; in short, anything that would float, all laden with mortals bound for Tolchester Beach, to spend the Glorious Fourth and their money.

Off Seven-Foot Knoll Light the wind lightened, and we caught up to and passed *Corona*. In a good breeze she could hold us, but in light airs we walked away from her. Going down the western shore from above Poole's Island to the Patapsco is not safe for a boat drawing more than six feet, as there are some unbuoyed lumps. The regular channel is close to the eastern shore.

The wind was almost dead before we got to Stony Point, so we hauled our jib to windward and went below for lunch; by the time we were finished *Corona* came along, and we passed her a line to tow us into the Magothy River. We decided to give up Annapolis, as the wind was light, and, besides, we knew the town would be filled with fire-works. Just west of black buoy No. 1 *Corona* stuck, evidently on a piece of wreck, as there was deep water all around. She soon got off, and we proceeded up to Deep Creek, anchoring in nine feet outside the mouth. Just as we anchored the breeze came up, and a canoe came along loaded with farmers. After passing us she gybed; the fore boom was so long that it caught on the mainmast; we expected to see her go over, but in an instant they raised it up, thus allowing it to swing clear.

After setting awnings we collected our various water-jugs and went ashore to a spring, where A. G. washed a few clothes; after we had filled our jugs: then rowed up the creek to where an old canoe was being tarred by a

still older man. Just as we got back on board a miniature squall came out of the northeast; had to pay out chain and take in awnings. During the evening rowed up to the head of navigation of the creek, passing an old yacht laid up, evidently owned by some well-to-do farmer. Walked about a mile over a sandy road to a farm-house, as A. G. wanted some milk for his porridge next morning. House shut tight, old nigger in the barn milking a cow, whose tail he had wrapped around his neck to keep her from switching out his eyes; inquired why he milked into a cup, and were informed that the cow always waited until the pail was three-quarters full, then kicked it over. The owner and family were away celebrating, and he would not sell any milk. About ten o'clock went below to sleep; cabin felt like an oven, so, after tossing for half an hour, tried the cockpit, but had to double up like a jack-knife; dozed off and on in various places until morning.

Needless to say, we were up early. Had breakfast at four-thirty, getting under way immediately after. Still hot; light northwest wind, which died out when we got to the red buoy at the mouth of the Magothy. *Corona* came along under power and towed us to Sandy Point, where, the gasoline giving out, the engine expired; we tried towing with the small boats, but we also nearly expired, so anchored and had a swim. Water was fine and clear. Soon a light southerly breeze came up, and we slipped quietly down past Hackett's and Greenberry Points into Annapolis Harbor, anchored off Heller's shipyard at noon. Had another swim, after which we put on "store" clothes and went ashore for letters, provisions, and ice. Visited Heller's before supper, and A. G. arranged to have his sails altered and I purchased ten yards of

canvas to put on the deck, being tired of seeing it open in a fresh place every two or three hours, while more rain came inside than ran off through the scuppers. Went on board and commenced to tack it on, A. G. superintending. Found we needed three yards more, so I dashed over for it, but on getting back found supper ready.

Had a fine night's sleep. Quite cool, and, being dead tired, slept like the proverbial log. Immediately after breakfast we took our cameras, two apiece, and rowed around the harbor to photograph some bugeyes. Were very much taken with one about sixty feet over all; so much so that if the owner had been there would have made offers. Ordered a large awning at Heller's, then rowed over to the town, where we bought two niggers to carry the cameras. Photographed several of the old houses, including one occupied by the Sisters of Notre Dame, twelve in number and all over fifty, where, when A. G. showing his handsome person at the door, we were allowed to pass through the hall into the garden at the rear. This is supposed to be the Carvel House of novel fame. At ten o'clock we arrived at McCusker's shop, in the back of which is a work room, with an old sofa and easy-chair for lounging purposes. Bought a few small articles, and chatted for about two hours, and then, by superhuman effort, succeeded in getting A. G. up from the sofa. The heat was terrible, and we consumed many glasses of soda at a drug store, where our numerous appearances afforded much amusement to the clerk; also sampled every pump, of which there are not a few, in the town. In the afternoon climed several hundred steps to the top of the State House tower, where we sat for a considerable time enjoying the

CORONA TOWING SEMINOLE IN THE CANAL.

A. G. EXPLORING TILGHMAN'S CREEK.

cooling breeze and the magnificent view up and down the Bay. Visited McCusker's again, from there to Heller's to get the awning, and then back to the town once more to get poles for same. Supper over, we went at the canvas again, and did not finish until long after dark, having to work by moon and lamp-light. *Corona* also got her altered sails, and ordered a new suit to be ready when we returned next week.

Light westerly breeze, a clear, cool, sparkling morning, one of the kind you remember for years. Just as we were about to get under way A. G. discovered he had left one of his cameras in McCusker's, which necessitated his going on shore and routing McCusker out of bed to get him to open his shop; so it was eight-thirty before we catted our anchors. Ran down the Severn with nice beam wind; when half-way between Tolly Point and the black buoy off it, I saw that the chart showed six feet over the shoal, so decided to cut across. Hauled in sheets and told the man too keep her as close as possible and yet keep her moving, then I began to put finishing touches to the canvas on the fore deck; had driven about six tacks when she suddenly jumped in the air, and stopped as though she had run against a stone-wall, which was true, as on looking over the bow I saw the bottom two feet under water and covered with large stones, while over the stern were two fathoms. Paid out all the sheets, and, between the flood tide running against us and my pushing with an oar, we slipped off. During the whole operation the man stood looking on, seeming too surprised to move.

Before getting to Thomas Point Light I finished the deck and put poles in the awning (breaking one). It began to get very flat, the wind gradually petering out,

till, when opposite the light, we had hardly steerageway. Soon we saw the dark blue line of the southwest breeze advancing up the Bay, then sparkling patches appeared here and there, schooners and bugeyes to the southward suddenly awakened, and, with the gradually increasing breeze, got on their courses once more. Now we feel a puff, then another, and finally we heel over, headed for red buoy No. 2, south of Thomas Point. During lunch, before getting to the buoy, had to sit on the floor, as the little boat was rail under and jumping over the short waves. Ran well over to the shore above Saunders Point, then came about and stood south; headed as close as possible for black buoy No. 1, off Curtis Point. A few more tacks and we were off the mouth of the Rhode River; paid out the sheets and tore into the narrow channel, passing to the westward of the cedar bush which marks the bar running out from the eastern point. Ran in close to a wharf and inquired through the megaphone where a friend lived; receiving the information, we went a half-mile further, dropping our anchor in seven feet off his tobacco store-house; furled sails and set the new awning. What a fine mass of shade! From main to mizzen and six inches over each side, with a five-inch flap all around. By the time this was done *Corona* came in; she had gone to the eastward of the bush and had to jump over the bar. We made good use of our lead line coming in here. There are few things on a boat which are as much used and by which as much knowledge may be obtained as a lead and line. It can never be used too often.

After a swim (look out for sea-nettles!), A. G. and I went on shore, walked up to an old well, where we stretched ourselves out on the grass in the shade of

THE SO-CALLED CARVEL HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, NOW A NUNNERY.

some chestnut trees, having filled ourselves with blackberries on the way. While lying here admiring the view across the Bay we got to talking about the hands, and decided that there was not a greasier, dirtier being in existence than his, and that mine was of a disposition similar to that of a chronic dyspeptic, finally concluding to discharge them when we returned to the head of the Bay.

At seven o'clock we rowed around the point to the house, where we were very kindly asked to join at supper, but we had to regretfully decline, having unfortunately just supped. Spent a most enjoyable evening, returning on board about ten o'clock.

I was up shortly after five o'clock on Sunday, had breakfast, and then got in the small boat to row about a mile up the river on a search for an old tombstone which I had been told marked the grave of a British officer who was drowned in the river while rowing with his wife. After some search, found it in a clump of bushes in the middle of a field. The name, Major Thomas Francis, and the date, 1685, were just discernible; made a photograph, and started back; on the way ran into a shoal of porpoises; expected to be heaved up in the air at any moment, so I put on a burst of speed to get out of them. This was another fine morning, bright and clear, fairly cool, and the water a deep blue; when one thinks about mornings like these it causes an intense desire to throw dull care to the winds with an extra strong throw and make tracks for the land where trolleys, gas-meters, and oil works are far away. On returning to the boat had a swim, put on shore clothes, gave my hair an extra brush, and with A. G. started for the house to go to church with the family. After a pleasant drive of about ten miles we

arrived at the church, having passed through one of the prettiest pieces of farming country to be found anywhere, tobacco here, corn there, wheat in the sheaf waiting to be thrashed, snug little farm-houses, and best of all, now and again a peep at blue water. Church over, we were asked to dinner. My! how good it was to get real fresh vegetables and ice, *real* ice in the glasses. In the afternoon made some photographs and sat under the trees; were also asked to supper, and, although we refused at first, we did not have the strength to withstand their kind urging. In fact, we almost followed in the footsteps of the Frenchman and his wife, who, while traveling through Virginia in its palmiest days, stopped for a night at one of the numerous manor-houses, and were so hospitably entertained that they stayed several months, but about nine o'clock we reluctantly took our departure for the boats.

Up at daylight, and before we were finished with breakfast one of our host's men came down with a large piece of ice, and a horse for A. G. to inspect, after which we got under way for St. Michael's. Had a light northwest wind out of the Rhode River and then close-hauled to the northward to get around the black buoy off Curtis Point. By the time we were squared away once more, headed for Bloody Point Light across the Bay; the wind had become very light and there being considerable "bobble" from squalls the night before, we jumped around, gybing several times; once the boom knocked off the man's hat. When about two-thirds across, the *Corona* started her engine; ran alongside and we passed her a line. Were towed for about five miles up to black buoy No. 3, where we got a northwest breeze, which gave us a nice piece of sailing up to St. Michael's, first running

with the wind on the starboard quarter to red buoy No. 6, then close-hauled on the starboard tack to black buoy No. 7, then free to buoy No. 8, from there to No. 10 had it on the starboard quarter, and so on up to the harbor, anchoring at noon off the oyster-houses in about the same spot where we anchored in the *Mona* two years before. Went on shore for ice and provisions. While at the ship-yard I made a photograph of a bugeye at anchor; while doing so two beautiful young ladies, who had been hovering around in a small row-boat, got almost in line. As I turned away one of the workmen remarked with a smile, "Did you get them?" "I was taking the boat," I replied. He seemed quite surprised, having been used only to the ways of summer boarders.

By three o'clock the wind had increased considerably, but, being sheltered by the land, we did not notice it until outside, bound for the Wye River. *Corona* was under full sail and we under mainsail and jib; once past Deep Water Point we got it after a ten-mile sweep up the river against the ebb tide, and I have never before seen such steep seas. Being over canvassed, we took them green over the bows, and they ran six inches deep along the weather side of the cabin house; the fore hatch leaked, the chain pipe also, and the lee deck, which was under water, leaked like a sieve in spite of the canvas, which had not been painted; with all of this the water was soon over the floor. The man was scared: I believe he expected that she would capsize, or else that the planks would drop off, for he turned to me with a scared look and said, "She's straining bad." The *Corona* took in foresail on passing Deep Water Point, and we could see her jumping up and down at a great rate. On entering the Wye we were in comparatively smooth water.

Reaching the upper end of Bruff's Island it was necessary to gybe in order to run into Shaw's Bay, but, as it was blowing so hard, came about instead; just as we were around a harder puff than usual came along, tearing the jib sheet out of the man's hands, and the sail slatted at a great rate. Between it and the pressure of the mainsail I expected to see the mast go, and thought surely it had gone when I heard two loud cracks, which we afterward found out were caused by the goose-neck band twisting around the mast. Anchored in three fathoms of water close to the eastern shore of Bruff's Island, a little to the north of the gut between it and the land. Below was a fearful mess, water had come in until it was over the floor, on top of the water was a layer of oil, as the stoves had upset; pots, glasses, matches, dishes, and odds and ends floated or sank in this mixture, cushions and blankets were soaked. A pair of the man's unmentionables, which had been placed under his cushion, came out a beautiful thunder squall blue. Pumped out and spread things out to dry. Soon the *Corona* came in under mainsail and jib. The crew were soaked, but below everything was dry, while we were dry but soaked below.

After supper A. G. and I rowed ashore and stood on the bridge that connects Bruff's Island to the mainland, watching the puffs driving across the river; saw some canoes beat down under all sail and then run for St. Michael's; they threw a good deal of spray, but otherwise did wonderfully well. After walking up a lane and getting some blackberries we went on board and turned in.

Next morning we started up the Wye on the *Corona*, under power, leaving the men on the *Seminole*. The Wye is one of the prettiest rivers emptying into the Chesapeake;

woods, pastures, tilled fields, and colonial houses, line its banks, while numerous little creeks open out everywhere, each one well worth exploring. Ran close up to Wye Landing, anchored and went ashore with the cameras. The granary on the wharf was being filled with wheat from a farm on the hill to which we rode in an empty wagon. Made some photographs, and then tried to get someone to drive us to Wye Mills, but all were too busy, so we returned on board, got up anchor and ran up through the Narrows to the drawbridge, which was in the same condition as it was two years before—not working—so we had to return the way we came, instead of circumnavigating Wye Island, as we had intended. When we got back it was lunch time, after which we started for St. Michael's, the wind having died down to a fitful breeze, first shifting to southwest, and then varying back and forth from east to west. On rounding the island, the *Corona* started her engine and in an hour we saw her disappear into St. Michael's Harbor, while we were only at Herring Island. After the wind had played with us for about two hours we managed to drop anchor close to *Corona* and in no humor for more sailing that day. There seems to me to be no more annoying condition in sailing than a baffling wind. When A. G. came alongside and proposed running back to Tilghman's Creek for the night I positively refused, but after considerable coaxing and noting that there was now a nice breeze from the southeast, agreed. By doing so it would shorten the next day's run to Annapolis and perhaps allow us to get in before it commenced to blow so hard as to make it uncomfortable to be in the Bay in small boats. Afterward I was glad we had done so, as we ran into a snug little harbor.

A fair wind carried us there in about an hour; as we did not know the channel, I went ahead in the small boat with the lead line; just as I found it the *Corona* came along under power, threw a line to my man, then followed after me until we reached the bushes which mark the narrow entrance; ran inside a short distance and anchored. While supper was preparing we rowed along the shore, making photographs here and there. In the evening we rowed up the creek about a mile, where we landed and inquired the way to Claiborne on Eastern Bay, to which we came after a mile walk; posted letters, bought eggs, then walked back to the boat and slowly drifted down the creek in the moonlight.

How pleasant and peaceful to anchor in one of these out-of-the-way creeks where the air is laden with the odor of pines and wild grape. Listen to that faint ringing of cow bells coming from that little marsh. Cow bells? No! Thousands of small turtles at "even song." A sunset of marvelous coloring over the wooded hills. Hear the whippoorwills on starboard, then on port, now very faint from the other side of the river. Now a boat load of tired, light-hearted niggers row slowly past, returning from their day's berry picking, some singing, others talking in a low tone, now and again a loud peal of laughter. Happy-go-lucky outfit! There is a side of bacon at home and crabs or fish for the catching. Over yonder is a bugeye slowly drifting down the river with her load of berries and truck for the Baltimore market. Soon the moon rises and the soft night breeze rustles the foliage on the neighboring bank, but the daylight starts and the unused-to-abundance of fresh air makes one soon crawl below to the hard bunk which feels like eider-down to one's tired out frame.

Up before daylight and got under way by light of the moon. Fresh breeze from the south. Ran out of the creek under mainsail and jib just as a gray streak of dawn appeared in the east. Took a long while to find red buoy No. 4 off Tilghman's Point, but finally spied it just as we were certain it had been moved from its position. Jumped around quite lively, the which caused much strong language from the man who was below cooking breakfast. As we neared the buoy I went below, squatted on the floor, gobbled down a couple of eggs and scalded my mouth with some hot coffee. After rounding the red buoy, hauled in the sheets for a beat down Eastern Bay. The *Corona* was a short distance behind, we having passed her half-way from the creek to the point. On the wind we drew away from her rapidly, but when off Claiborne it commenced to breeze, which made a short, steep sea into which we dived, taking green water over the bows, a good deal of which found its way down the fore hatch and chain pipe; came about off the Kent Island shore, opposite Wade's Point, set mizzen and took in mainsail into which we put two reefs during the leg across to Wade's Point, where we came about and set the reefed mainsail. During the operation the *Corona* passed us in great style, carrying all sail. In about two more tacks we passed the black buoy off Kent Point, but, before getting to it, got in a bad tide-rip which gave us a tossing. From the buoy to Bloody Point Bar Light had the wind on the quarter, but gradually lightening; off the light *Corona* set spinnaker, we shook out reefs and headed for Thomas Point Light. Lots of schooners in the Bay bound up and down, it being a nice wholesale breeze for them. Shortly before getting to Thomas Point the breeze and sea increased, which caused

the dinghy to try and board us, or harpoon itself on the bumpkin. Gybed around Tolly Point buoy to run into Annapolis, where we anchored off Heller's Yard at twelve-thirty. The *Corona* got in about fifteen minutes ahead of us and anchored on the Annapolis side, but afterward moved close to us. Went ashore for provisions and to see McCusker.

About five o'clock the *Zceland*, a C. Y. C. boat, came in with peak dropped, as by this time there was a good stiff breeze. The oyster police boats were in harbor for repairs; which, together with schooners running in for shelter all afternoon, gave the place quite a lively appearance. One feature was a seventy-foot bugeye sailed in by one man, who had beat her down the Bay. He handled her splendidly until he got inside, where he became entangled with a schooner, not getting free before he carried away her main topmast. About four o'clock had to take in awning and get out large anchor and cable, but did not have to use them, as at sundown the wind lightened.

Next morning we went on shore to look at the Academy, and on our way back stopped at McCusker's, where we stayed nearly all morning. Used up the afternoon by rowing up Spa Creek to photograph an old place called "Acton," and one or two others. Turned in early, as we had arranged to start up the Bay next day.

Weighed anchor at four-thirty, slipped out before a gentle northwest wind; passed several canoes beating in, one of which contained two men and a calf. Made an easy run to Sandy Point, there had to haul in sheets and head up as close as possible in order to stand up the western shore. Wind headed us more, so had to take a short tack off the Magothy; gradually it lightened and

became baffling. Died out completely a little below Bodkin Point, where we boxed the compass until the *Corona* came along to take us in tow. When off the point we could see a dark line of breeze coming down the Patapsco, which turned out to be a brisk northwester. Had a fine run across the mouth of the Patapsco, past Miller's Island, Poole's Island, and then over to Worton's Cove. *Seminole* touched bottom on the south side opposite the steam-boat wharf, but on gybing slipped off. Just inside of the mouth of the creek anchored in eleven feet, had a swim, made some photographs, and rowed up Mill Creek, where we discovered an old slave burying-ground. On returning had supper in the cockpit, but were interrupted in the middle of it by a steamer coming in, the swell of which caused everything to fall off the table; one cup must have become suddenly possessed of a pair of legs, for it made a clean jump off the table, over the cockpit rail and almost overboard, while roars of laughter came from the Coronas, who were further away, and who besides could not boast of the luxury of a real table. In the evening visited a farm-house up the creek, the owner of which insisted on giving us a basket of apples. Very pleasant rowing home in the moonlight.

During the night the wind came out quite fresh from the west, so we put in a reef for the beat out of the cove, but were able to carry full sail once we laid our course for Howell's Point; from there we ran to Betterton to leave the men, whose homes were in this locality. Anchored there about ten o'clock and were off again at eleven with good northwest breeze, which died down off Grove Point. A. G. then started his engine and towed me up to Turkey Point, where we anchored and had lunch. Before we were finished a breeze came up from

the southwest, enabling us to make a nice run up to the anchorage at Back Creek. Had a swim, supper, and went to bed.

Sunday morning we put everything on deck so as to scrub below decks, in order to get rid of the grease left by the men. In the afternoon slept and read until about four o'clock, when A. G. went ashore to get chickens for our suppers.

Up at four o'clock next morning and towed up to the canal, where we got four mules to tow us through to Delaware City; arrived there at twelve-thirty; had lunch and then caught the last of the flood, which, with the strong westerly wind, rushed us up past New Castle and Wilmington. Off Cherry Island Flats it died out, and we drifted up to Marcus Hook, where it came out fresh from the south. At the head of Chester Island the tide turned and the breeze lightened, but we managed to anchor off the club in time for dinner. The Chesapeake cruise is over for another year, and both of us are eagerly looking forward to the time when those blissful days will once more be at hand.

Three Men and a Nigger in a Big Boat

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It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
  It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts the weather and sends rain,
  W'y, rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

LIRIS: OFF SCHOONER LEDGE LIGHT, DELAWARE RIVER.

THREE MEN AND A NIGGER IN A BIG BOAT

In the fall of 1900 I bought *Liris*. She had a past, but I reformed her. She was a very powerful boat, designed by Gardiner, and when she first came out had hollow spars, which she kept shedding every time she raced. Her dimensions then were: fifty-seven feet over all, forty feet water-line, thirteen feet beam, eleven feet draught, and a boom fifty-five feet long; she was an utterly useless affair, not even good for racing, as the new-comers with small displacement entirely outclassed such boats.

But she had her good points; even with her big rig she made a fine trip round from New York in the latter part of November. As I saw that she was overloaded with spars and ballast I had her hauled out, and her keel, forty inches deep and said to weigh eighteen tons, was sawed in half horizontally, the bronze bolts being knocked out and shortened, and the whole hove up again in a very workman-like way, and at a reasonable charge, by John Sheppard, of Essington. I put less ballast inside than I cut off, so that she floated about five inches higher than when I got her, and drew less than eight feet. I cut eight feet off the foot of the mast and ran the bowsprit into the first reef-fid, and cut off several feet at the heel; shortened the

topmast and rigged her as a ketch, having a mizzen made from the big boom, and two new booms from the spinnaker boom. The result, as far as I could see and for my purpose, was a success; as to speed, little can be said, as we had small chance of trying her. We sailed in two club races against an old Herreshoff forty-footer, and in a light air she beat us easily; but on another day, in a strong northwest wind, we beat her; soaking out to windward of her beautifully, although she almost caught us running home. For cruising, however, she was vastly improved in seaworthiness, being very comfortable and able.

I used her with but one man, a big negro, who had been recommended by an official at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Everything worked very easily, as the blocks were large and I used smaller sizes of gear than had been needed for the large rig, and a Spalding hollow gaff on the main made it easy for one person to set any sail. A gaff and a sharp-headed mizzen were made, but we used only the latter, and even then she had a strong weather helm. *Forest and Stream* seldom grows enthusiastic, but in a notice probably longer and more appreciative than any it has ever published apropos of any boat said: "The clipper stem is very long, being carried out by a handsome trail-board and figure-head, as in the English boats, while the after overhang is light and graceful. That Mr. Gardiner has the eye of an artist, as well as the skill of a successful designer, is amply shown by a glance at the boat from any point of view when at anchor or under way." And after very complete details as to construction adds, "while *Liris* was designed and built for speed, she will be used for two-thirds of the year as a cruiser, the home of her owners, and to this end nothing

LIRIS: EASE UNDER AWNING

has been sacrificed that could make her comfortable; in fact, the fitting and furnishing are both very elaborate." So much for the boat. Except for enthusiasts I have no doubt so much description of her is tiresome, but my object is to show how easily a large craft with ample room and comfort can be handled by a few hands and how great is the advantage of having a good sized weatherly boat in case of a breeze.

About July 1, 1901, my youngest brother George and I, with Isaac the negro in the forecastle, took *Liris* down the Delaware River and through the Chesapeake Canal in good time under strong breeze and mule-power; and one bright, sunny, breezy afternoon anchored in the mouth of the Bohemia River. This we ran up a couple of miles in the launch until we came to a spot where the water was beautifully clear; there we had a most enjoyable swim. The surroundings were delightful; none more ideally perfect could be found anywhere. It would have required a Daubigny to paint the picture of the blue sky, the pretty river ripples sparkling and glistening, the bright green of the reeds and grasses, the intense dark green of the trees, the hills already covered with yellow wheat-sheaves, the cows standing in the water, and the bright varnished launch tied to a stake which we luckily found at the spot we had picked out for our bath. We were back on board at five o'clock, the southwest breeze blowing so fresh that we were glad to sit in the sun. At sunset the breeze went down, and as the Elk was as smooth as a pond we went out again after dinner in the launch in the twilight. Meeting an old friend coming down from Elkton in his launch, ran down to Ford's Landing with him and gossiped awhile, then home on board, and, as Pepys says, "so to bed."

Next morning we were up at sunrise. Of course we see the sun rise only when cruising. What a charm there is in the dawn and early morning! Unlike the twilight, the day is before us; there is a feeling of hope and buoyancy; even the chirping of the birds up in these placid inland waters adds zest and vigor to the feeling of freedom.

The breeze was light from the southward, but increased as the sun rose. We breakfasted off Turkey Point, and, coming on deck, found a good stiff wind and a swirling wake. We had a splendid piece of sailing over what the poets would call a summer sea; deep blue with splashes of white, brilliant with sparkles of sunshine. The grand sweep of the sky and the rush of the sailing added to the spirit of buoyancy, so that we soon had that true spirit of adventure which a cooped-up townsman cannot feel.

But this did not last long. Off Still Pond the breeze died out entirely, but we had a fair tide, and worked down with it until off Poole's Island, where I thought we might take chances across the shoals. I knew there was a six or seven-foot lump thereabouts, but thought it was farther west. In the desire to make time in the light breeze I took the risk, and got caught by the strong ebb tide driving us sidewise against the lump. There we stuck, although we hung the anchor under our boat and towed it with the launch to the end of a new fifty-fathom hawser and set it up with the capstan as taut as a fiddle-string. The tide dropped until we were showing two feet of copper, so we made up our minds that we would not get off until nine o'clock or so at night. As it kept getting hotter and hotter we had a swim and pottered round at small jobs.

About three o'clock, when we looked for the tide to turn, things got very black in the west. We put on hatch covers, preparatory to the usual afternoon squall, but this turned out to be a white squall, and the worst we had seen in our cruises on the Chesapeake. Long before we felt any rush of wind the water across the Bay was white. The squall came down toward us, tearing up the water in spiral swirls. We were struck hard, so hard that, instead of heeling as we were to starboard two feet out of water, we were blown over to port. The boats were thrown about and rattled in a deafening way, and it blew so that we lay flat across the deck, holding on to the weather rail. Although the worst part of it was soon over, or we began to be accustomed to it, a wicked sea was up in no time; at first banging under the counter, but soon big enough to lift us, aground as we were, and slam us down on the as hard as concrete sand-bar. Nothing could be done but hang on and hope that the spars would not fall on us, while the sea and the tropical rain drenched us, and the darkness gave us the blues. Soon we noticed that the hawser seemed to have slackened, so crawled forward to the capstan and found, to our joy, that, with two at the crank-handles and one holding end, we were able to set up tight when the sea raised us, and when we rose the combined tightening of hawser and increased depth of water enabled us to drag her off. The anchor holding and the sea increasing, we were in this manner able to draw clear of the bar and blow off into deep water, where we rode to three hundred feet; *Liris* behaving like a duck, sticking her bowsprit under but not taking any water on deck.

While the heavy rain and blow continued for about an hour we rested, having looked below to see if we were

making water. She was perfectly tight, and the fact that she was pumped out but once during the next month is pretty good evidence that she stood that awful pounding in a remarkable way. I really expected that she would at least be badly strained. About six o'clock we managed to get in our hawser and anchor, put on jib and mainsail, and stand down the Bay in a strong westerly breeze. It was a dirty night, but we had a boat big enough to move about on in comfort; we had plenty of dry, warm clothes, so had a good supper, and enjoyed the run immensely. I stayed at the tiller while George attended to the navigation, and under his directions we got into Annapolis inner harbor, thick and breezy as it was, without ever seeing one of the buoys, the whole job being as pretty a piece of that sort of work as I ever saw. We anchored at midnight.

The next day being Sunday, and having had plenty of exercise the day before, we had a late breakfast and spent the morning drying sails. It was a beautiful day, with a northwest wind, and by noon we had sail covers on and awnings set. After midday dinner we went ashore and pottered about trying to find some remains of the theatre which appears in an old print of the town. This "view" was made in water-color in 1797, by the Chevalier Colbert, a Knight of Malta and a descendant of Louis XVI's eminent minister of that name, who came to this country with Count de Volney in 1795 and returned in 1798. The sketch was made from Strawberry Hill, the residence of Samuel Sprigg, who later was governor of Maryland, and presented by the artist to E. Bordley. The most prominent building shown is, of course, the old State House which is yet standing. To the left is shown the old Episcopal Church, and on its right the theatre, a

LIRIS IN RHODE RIVER.

LIRIS: OFF SHARP'S ISLAND.

three-story building said to have been built on ground leased from the church. It is claimed that Hallam had here the first complete theatrical company seen in America, and that this theatre was the first on this continent that was built expressly for such a purpose. Tradition says that it was made of brick, tastefully arranged, and would accommodate six hundred people. The story goes that Hallam's company came over from England in the ship *Charming Sally*, rehearsing on the quarter deck to the great amusement of the crew, and landed at Yorktown, Virginia, in the month of June. The advertisement of their first performance reads:

"By permission of his honor the President. At the New Theatre in Annapolis, by the Company of Comedians on Monday next, being the 13th of this instant, July, 1752, will be performed a comedy called the *Beaux Stratagem*. Likewise a farce called *The Virgin Unmasked*. To begin precisely at seven o'clock. Tickets to be had at the Printing Office. Box 10/s, Pit 7/6, Gallery 5/. No person to be admitted behind the scenes."

It was called the "new" theatre because performances had previously been given in a store-house fitted up as a theatre. There had been theatrical performances of a kind in New York as early as 1733. The first professional company appeared there, probably from the Island of Jamaica in 1750, but it was incomplete, the same persons taking different parts in one play.

The Chesapeake country seems to have been in those days quite a gay and comfortable place: the Abbé Robin, one of the chaplains of the French Army in America in 1781, tells us that "female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France: a French hair dresser is a man of importance among them, and it is said, a certain dame here hires one of that craft at a thousand

crowns a year salary," and adds, "the furniture here is constructed out of the most costly kinds of wood and the most valuable marble, enriched by the elegant devices of the artist's hand. Their riding machines are light and handsome, and drawn by the fleetest coursers, managed by slaves richly dressed; this opulence was particularly observable at *Annapolis*. That very inconsiderable town, standing at the mouth of the river *Severn*, where it falls into the bay, out of the few buildings it contains, has at least three-fourths, such as may be stiled elegant and grand."

We had convincing evidence of the luxury of the past when, in the evening, we were shown through the old Shaw-Franklin house up on the Circle, opposite the capitol, by genial John McCusker, who had charge of the sale of the contents; the owner having recently died. The place was crammed with antiques; it was very weird going about in this curious old house, each a candle in hand, looking for titbits. We found some we wanted and arranged for their purchase. Then back on board, the stars shining brightly, with almost a frosty twinkle about them.

I went up to Philadelphia the next day and stayed there three days, while George spent the time pottering about on board, in the launch, and on shore. By Friday night he had ice and provisions on board, and on that day an old friend, Seymour Runk, went down with me, and we arrived at Annapolis so loaded with parcels that we had to charter three nigger boys as transports. It was nasty and wet, blowing hard from northeast, when we arrived at five o'clock, and, to make matters worse, the launch engine would not work, so we had a hard pull out to *Liris*.

It blew hard all night, and still harder next morning, so there was nothing to do but make up our minds to stay where we were. There was a pelting rain, but as we had a heavy rain-awning we were able to sit out on deck in camp-chairs. To some people a rainy day in a boat is a form of calamity, but what cannot be helped must be endured, so we settled down for a day's reading. Occasionally George would report that it was breaking away, but this was always the signal for a harder squall. About thirty craft were in the harbor.

On Sunday morning, although the weather was peevish and the wind still in the east, there were signs of clearing, so we put out. Rounding the buoy off Tolly Point we were able to lay our course down the Bay past Thomas Point, but, as the wind gradually getting around toward the south, we were soon close-hauled in moderate wind and some sea. Off Poplar Island we had a bad rain squall, driving through it under mainsail and jib. As we could not see the length of the boat we soon put about and stood over toward Herring Bay. Then it cleared and the sun came out, so we set mizzen and staysail, but made little headway, as the wind again fell, and we were putting the bowsprit under.

All this was very tiresome, so we had lunch. After that along came a spanking southeast breeze. In an hour Isaac had to go aloft in terror to furl topsail, and before long we took in the mizzen. The only other vessel in sight was a schooner under short sail standing down the eastern shore in comparatively smooth water while we were working down the western shore toward the Patuxent, getting the full force of the sea; so we decided to stand over. When off the lower end of Sharp's Island the bronze cap of the rudder-head began to twist about

in an alarming way, and we decided to run up the Choptank to Oxford. This we did in style, and anchored off the ferry wharf shortly after three o'clock. Just then W. O'Sullivan Dimphel and his party passed us in his big gas-engine whale-boat, so we had a few "refreshments." After dinner we had a walk on shore, then home, and loafed on deck for awhile, but soon went to bed, well tired after a strenuous day.

On Monday George and Seymour got off the bronze cap and found the rudder stock split both fore and aft and cross-ship; so they went after a blacksmith, who came and made some measurements and sculled away, returning just before lunch with a band fitted with two screws that drew the stock together in fine shape, so that we felt ready for anything; as a matter of fact, we had no more trouble with it. In the afternoon we all went, in the launch, over to "Panola," Dimphel's place, and there his wife gave us afternoon tea. Returning the little launch made wonderful work of a strong head sea, and carried three of us dry and comfortable. Such a little boat with a gas-engine is a great convenience, and adds much to the opportunities of a cruise, for many things can be done or seen with its aid that would not be possible with oars, or even sails.

When we sailed on Tuesday morning the wind was still fresh from the south, and after we had rounded the Choptank Light we were able to stand on the port tack to Cook's Point, and, by pinching up a bit, pass out close to Sharp's Island Light, which stands out in the water. The keeper, of course, tolled the bell, as they all do when a yacht passes, and heartily invited us to come on board. We returned the invitation just as heartily. The wind had rapidly lightened since the start, and we were under

topsail and jib-topsail. We stood close-hauled across the Bay, and when off Parker's Creek the air was so light that George went off in the boat and photographed us.

Although the wind was light and variable as we beat down, it was a bright, clear day, so we amused ourselves at all sorts of jobs, varying from polishing our outfit of shoes to going to the topmast-head with kodaks. It was an interesting day: the western shore here is a long hill constantly increasing in height from Herring Bay to the Patuxent River, where it ends abruptly in cliffs that the topographical charts say are eighty feet high. This stretch of shore runs with slight bay-like curves for about thirty miles without a break other than some little brooks that run down through the gullies and empty into the Bay. None of these afford shelter for anything larger than a canoe. It is a bold, rolling land, pretty heavily wooded, but dotted along the ridge with substantial-looking farms. There seems to be a wagon road running along the crest of this bit of country, which would probably be well worth exploring with a team.

The wind kept getting hotter and hotter until at last, off Point of Rocks, something happened. I have experienced sudden shifts of wind before, but nothing so sudden as what then occurred. We were standing south, close-hauled against the hot southwest wind and close under the high shore; ahead of us, and not two hundred yards away, was a working schooner doing the same as ourselves, when suddenly his booms swung out to windward, and, without changing his course to any apparent degree, he continued on his way rejoicing. As there was not much ripple on the water, and we still had a fairly strong southwest wind and nothing to indicate any change, it looked like black art. In a few minutes we experienced

the same change. Our booms went over suddenly—instantly, in fact—and we felt a change in the atmosphere, such as one experiences in opening the door of a large refrigerator. The southeast wind, which was cool and laden with moisture, with the scent of the sea in it, came up with an exhilarating rush that was fine. We slipped along in almost perfectly smooth water for a few minutes till the "bobble" began, when we had a spanking piece of windward work down to Cove Point and beyond, until we could stand into the mouth of the Patuxent. It seemed as though the southeast wind could not force its way in there, for we ran into a dead spot and then faced the hot southwest wind again coming out of the harbor. The tide was ebbing strongly, and we and a couple of pungies hitched back and forth, getting in each other's way and making slow work of it, so that we did not anchor inside Drum Point until after seven o'clock.

There is a fine harbor there, but the entrance is so narrow that there is little probability that some rosy dreams of making it a port rivalling Baltimore will ever come true. A railroad, with its terminal at Drum Point, has been projected. It even appears as large as life on a map we carried with us on our first trip here, but there is no sign of greatness on shore other than an enormous mansion of the Centennial vintage of architecture. This genuine "folly" is up on a bluff, in a truly magnificent situation. It is said to have been built by a New Yorker, who is reputed to have been one of the backers of the road. This place would make a first-class habitation for ghosts, standing alone, dreary and forbidding.

Next morning, Wednesday, we went in the launch to Solomon's Island, about two miles from the point. The harbor is one of the most interesting and picturesque

spots in the Bay. The island circles around and incloses an area of perhaps a square mile, which is dotted with little islands covered with trees; these trees are principally pines, and give a Scandinavian look to the place. This resemblance is increased by the groups of picturesque craft anchored and moored about in the most out-of-the-way places and in the oddest ways. As the water is deep close to the shore canoes or bugeyes, laid up "in ordinary," are moored in little coves with lines made fast to trees on either side. The place is a perfect nest of little ship-yards, where the bugeye is created in all its glory. These yards are pictures that would drive a painter crazy. Work is done in a leisurely, casual way, with a good deal of resting and gossip under the overhanging pines. It cannot be true, but it does seem as though riches were the last consideration here—unless we consider that time is money, and that the people here take out their share of the world's goods in that.

There are about half a dozen little marine railways scattered about in the coves and creeks, and all seem to do a good business with the large oyster fleet. These oyster-boats are fine, big, able bugeyes, rated among the natives according to the number of bushels of oysters they can carry. The sharp rake to their masts, criss-crossed as they lie in groups in the coves, heightens the effect, while an occasional sharp-headed sail set adds to it all. As we launched around this snug little world we all expressed the hope that some day before we got the final call we would be able to bring our ship up there in the autumn to spend some days at anchor.

On the island, which is a peninsula at low tide, as the connecting bar at the west end is bare at that time, we found a straggling village with a couple of ancient and

fish-like general stores, a fine artesian well, and the sole interests of the place oystering and bugeye building and repairing. On the southwest side there is a suggestion of Holland in the way that one has to climb up a steep dyke-like bank to look out over the water, and this effect is enhanced by the way in which the better class dwellings face along this bank. The houses have little garden fronts, and on the summer evenings the bank is no doubt the promenade, the breeze being generally from the southwest.

Here, then, we pottered about all morning, made some purchases, principally ice, and started for home and lunch about noon. On the way we passed an old negro and some pickaninnies fishing, and tried to buy some fish; but the old fellow did not care to be bothered, and it was only after desperate appeals that I could get him to consent to let me have a dozen of the little bits of things. When he was urged to name a price he did not seem to care whether he made a sale or got any money or not. Finally he named a price that made us laugh so that we almost fell out of the launch—the stupendous sum of six cents.

Then we went inshore. Loafing in the launch, I cleaned my half-cent fish, and Seymour and George went up and investigated the historic old farm known as "Rousbies," on the hillside overlooking the harbor. They must have had a good gossip, for the fish were all cleaned long before they came back, and I had to amuse myself looking over the side at some of their (the fishes') relatives playing about the propeller. The explorers found a tombstone of a former proprietor which relates how he had been murdered on board a ship, *The Quaker Ketch*, on the last day of October, 1684. An exciting and romantic

RAILWAYS AT SOLOMON'S ISLAND.

LIRIS: OFF HERRING BAY, 1901.

tale of long ago hangs thereon, but it is far too long to repeat here in detail. Such tales are without end in this country; they exude from the shores of the Chesapeake, as Mark Twain says ottar of roses exudes from an otter.

After lunch of the wonderful fish Seymour and I went in the launch under a hot sun to Solomon's to post some letters and to get some promised ice. On getting back we had a swim, and watched the antics of a crew of niggers on an old battered and tattered schooner. Some of them were fine specimens, two of them in particular having magnificent physique. They were all splendid swimmers and divers, and at slack tide loafed about in the water for an hour, as much at home as seals, and, with their black heads, looking very much like them. At the flood they up anchor and went off up the Patuxent in the most unconcerned way, each man apparently his own officer, doing just what seemed to him best, and doing it when he pleased, yet all doing the right thing. While the others went off in the launch on some expedition down beyond Drum Point, I had a nap, and then gossiped with an oysterman and tried to get some local history from him, but only learned that the British had once been here. A resident of the upper reaches of the river told us later that there are still to be found remains of American ships that were burned by their owners when chased up the river by our cousins.

It may have been on just such a typical Chesapeake day that the first active steps leading to the naval operations of the War of 1812 were taken. In May, 1811, the *President*, frigate, was lying at anchor off Fort Severn, at Annapolis, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Rodgers, who happened to be at his home in

Havre de Grace, seventy miles away; the sailing-master was in Baltimore, forty miles by water; others were in Washington, and I suppose everything slumbered in the usual Chesapeake summer afternoon *dolce far niente*. Suddenly, at the very sleepiest time of day, *i. e.*, three o'clock in the afternoon, a sailing gig bearing the commodore's pennant was seen in the Roads, and there was no doubt an awakening in the sleepy town when it was known that Rodgers had received orders to put to sea in search of a British vessel that had committed some high-handed annoyances to an American brig. They could be active here on occasion, for two days later the ship was under way, and in a few days had a misunderstanding with the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt*.

But the real excitement in the Bay did not begin until early in 1813, when the detestable Cochrane, Sir Alexander, vice-admiral, of diabolical memory, entered through the capes in the *Marlborough*, together with the *Dragon*, *Poictiers*, *Victorious*, all 74's, and the *Acasta*, *Junon*, *Statira*, *Maidstone*, *Belvidera*, *Narcissus*, *Lauristinus*, *Tartarus*, all small fry, from forty-four to twenty guns. Many others with just as romantic names joined later. The fleet was well supplied with surf-boats which were brought from the West Indies—a fact which showed real foresight on the part of someone for they were just the thing for the raids which eventuated.

One can readily imagine the *alarum* and commotion the appearance of this formidable flotilla would create; the beacon lights were promptly extinguished: this seems to have been the right thing at the right time. The old *Constellation* with a fleet of gun-boats and Old Point Comfort guarded Norfolk and Hampton, so the British fleet went on up the Bay and spent several weeks

destroying small craft and marauding along the shores. There was no doubt plenty of serious work, but I can imagine the fun the officers must have had if they were at all interested in shooting, and how the red-coats must have enjoyed the crabbing. What a pity some really personal account of their adventures here does not turn up. There is a full account of the naval operations, written by a captain of the British Navy, published at Portsmouth, England, in 1837, and the little volume contains a chart of the Patuxent as far as Benedict, the soundings on which are surprisingly like those in the government chart of the present day. Solomon's Island is marked Smith's Island, and a note states that there is only a passage for boats over the bar which connects the island with the shore, as is still true to the present day. *Two* points are called Drum Point, what is now known as Cove Point, being marked Drum Point as well as the inner one.

Quite a fleet assembled at the mouth of the Patuxent in August, 1814. Undaunted by the difficulties of exploring an unknown river, Sir Alexander made a pretty job of it and sailed his fleet of several frigates and men-of-war with twenty transports right up to Benedict, where the troops were disembarked and marched to Washington.

Apparently the run was accomplished with comparative ease, but the captain states that all hands were fagged out by the harassing operation of getting down; apparently they anchored four times before getting back to Drum Point. He writes very feelingly later on of the labor of getting up to Baltimore without pilots, groping their way with the lead, whilst boats ahead and one on each bow were also sounding. He thought the heat was very great and exhausting, and mentions that it varied from

seventy-nine to eighty-two degrees in the shade. I wonder what he would have thought of one hundred and three degrees or so in the shade, as we have had it.

Here a namesake of mine appears on the scene, and our author continues: "I was placed under the orders of Capt. Robert Barrie, of the *Dragon*, 74, and left with him in the Chesapeake, having on board part of Col. Malcolm's battalion of marines, while the fleet and transports under Sir Alexander Cochrane proceeded out of the Chesapeake to the southward. No sooner did our senior officer, Capt. Robert Barrie, find himself free to act according to his own able judgment, than, with a mind capable of planning and a heart as bold as a lion to execute, he undertook all kinds of expeditions."

Later the acting-commodore seems to have forgotten his canned goods, or that there are good shops at Annapolis, for he gave the following order to his squadron in the Chesapeake:

"H. M. S. *Dragon*, Nov. 1, 1814.
"Chesapeake Bay.

"The provisions of the squadron under my command are getting extremely low, and, it being very uncertain at this advanced season of the year when a supply can arrive, I find myself under the painful necessity of placing the ship's company and marine battalion on short allowance.

"You are, therefore, to place the crew and marines on board your ship upon half allowance, so as to make your provisions last for two months from this date.

"You will signify to your crew that I trust it will not be necessary to continue this restriction long, and that I shall try by every means in my power to procure temporary supplies from the enemy. In the meantime I am satisfied their zeal for their country's cause will point out the absolute necessity of persevering in the blockade of the Chesapeake to the last extremity, and that the temporary privations they are reduced to will be borne with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Robert Barrie,
"Captain and Senior Officer."

THE OLD SANTEE, NAVAL ACADEMY.

LIRIS RUNNING INTO WYE RIVER.

The writer further states that they are entitled to forage, and mentions that they paid for what they took; but I suspect that in many cases they would have had a hard time in finding the owners. He claims that "the orders of Admiral Cockburn and Captain Barrie were positive against plundering," and tells a curious story: "We used occasionally to purchase cattle from the Americans. The plan agreed upon was this: they were to drive them down to a certain point, when we were to land and take possession, for the inhabitants, being all militiamen, and having too much patriotism to sell food to 'King George's men,' they used to say, 'Put the money under such a stone or tree, pointing to it, and then we can pick it up and say we found it.'"

All of which may or may not have been true, but Captain Barrie was rewarded for his services. The little book is dedicated by the author, who seems to have been an ardent admirer, to Rear-admiral Sir Robert Barrie, C. B., K. C. H., as follows:

"My dear Sir Robert—

"In dedicating the following pages to you, under whose command I had the honour of serving in the Chesapeake, etc., I do it with the greatest respect, esteem, and admiration of your conduct.

"I must ever consider you as one of those officers upon whom the country may safely rely in the hour of peril, and in whose hands it may entrust its honour in the day of battle. Like the celebrated Bayard of old, your career has obtained for you a character *sans peur et sans reproche*.

"Your faithful friend,

"The Author."

The oyster fleet at Solomon's must include well toward two hundred craft: one evening we counted eighty returning. They are handled wonderfully well; we hear much of the cleverness of the Gloucester fishermen,

but no bayman ever made such a mess of a job as did a Gloucester fisherman I once saw in Newport harbor, fouling three craft while getting under way, officers and crew nervous and excited as chickens with their heads off. I have seen two baymen back a large bug-eye for several hundred yards out of the thicket of vessels in Annapolis harbor, and this simply wonderful feat excite no surprise among the neighbors. They are certainly expert sailors in their line. I do not know how they would be in deep-sea work or on large vessels, but they are certainly wonderful at handling the typical bay craft of fifty to ninety feet.

That night was a sad one for me. The effect of a too healthy appetite and too little exercise put me out of commission, so I went to bed shortly after dinner. During the evening we had a hard squall—George's log says it laid us well over, blew out the large and powerful riding-light, and the next morning he found we had dragged a hundred yards or so. I give all this as hearsay as I did not get up next morning until we were well out into the Bay. I rose while the ship's company were enjoying a state breakfast, and on looking out of the stateroom sky-light saw we were passing Cove Point with a fresh west wind. A little later I put on an overcoat over my pyjamas, got on deck, sat in an arm-chair under the lee of a sail on the sunny side, had an orange and soft-boiled egg, and soon began to feel like a white man again. These are trivial, and, from a certain point of view, ridiculous details, but they are little things which exercise considerable influence over life. The sunny side of that sail was to me the most desirable place on earth, and after a bad night the bright sunny world seemed particularly cheerful.

The breeze freshened, but George, determined to have a good run, opened out the gaff-topsail and set the baby jib-topsail, which gave *Liris* just the right balance. We boiled up the highway, overhauling and passing several lumber-laden schooners, whose skippers generally gave us a cheerful wave of the hand. There was quite a swing to the ship, so I had to move my chair alongside one of the boats, where, sheltered from the wind, I had a couple of naps, and thereafter felt fine. The navigators had it all their own way during the day so far as the ship went. Off Poplar Island it lightened, and they set the large jib-topsail; off Bloody Point, at the entrance to Eastern Bay, it shifted to southwest, and we were almost dead before, so they furled mizzen and set the cockpit awning. While off Claiborne we met friends in the *Dulwich* bound for West River, and farther up the Bay *Cynthia*, another Corinthian craft.

The wind changed to cool southeast as we turned Tilghman's Point, and then freshened again. Beating down was pleasant, but we approached Deep Water Point in some anxiety and with minds determined not to be surprised if we grounded, for we had a strong head wind and tide, and the gut is not much wider than a good sized street. Seymour at the tiller made *Liris* behave like a cork-screw; on one side we could stand inshore until the bowsprit was almost over the beach, but on the other we had no such certain guide. There was a buoy on the south end of the long bar which almost entirely closes the river here, but we had to depend on the lead long before and long after reaching it. The boat behaved splendidly and never faltered or hesitated in coming about, although we scarcely had time to get headway before we had to turn again. She swung around like a

knockabout, and was off on the other tack like clockwork. I was surprised and delighted, for it was a severe test. I had expected that cutting off of keel would have decreased her ability at this kind of work.

We anchored off the pretty little village of St. Michael's about half-past three. I kept ship and entertained some visitors, while the others dashed off in the launch for the inevitable ice, provisions, papers, and telegrams. This time we did not go into the quaint little inner harbor, but lay in the river; so-called, but really a salt arm of the Bay, cursed with strong tides. A pleasant old fellow came alongside and remarked that we had selected a pretty bleak harbor; and so we had, but the usual squall that night was not severe, and we did not suffer any unusual discomfort. A Baltimore yacht bound in passed close astern, partly to learn our ship's name and partly to advise us to anchor inside. These friendly warnings seemed very ridiculous in a river, but it could get very uncomfortable there with a wind against the tide.

Next morning we wandered about the village, which is very attractive. The green grass comes down to the water's edge all around the harbor, which is practically landlocked. There is an air of peace and quiet after the turbulent waters of the Bay, and the whole is a strong contrast to the rush of modern life. There is a charm in the haphazard way in which the older part of the village huddles about the harbor; in the grass-covered back lanes, where a broad ribbon of dazzling white oyster-shell runs along the centre; in the tarry smell of nets spread about, and the perfume of honeysuckle from old-fashioned gardens, and in the ancient and weather-worn houses. There are some fine large trees in the place. All this, as seen

OLD BARN AT ROUSBY'S.

OFF SHARP'S ISLAND: BUSTLING UP THE BAY.

from the harbor, with the church steeple rising up over all, makes a pretty picture.

There is, however, a brisk air about the place, both in the morning and evening, when the summer boarders, principally beauty and youth, go for the mail; the rest of the day and evening seems to be spent by them in or on the water. It is a great place for canoe sailing. Canoes are everywhere. In the morning the crews, both girls and boys, are in bathing suits; then, if there is a smart breeze, the sailing is more than reckless: to capsize means only another bath. They seem to dress for lunch, so that in the afternoon the sailing is more discreet. In the evening, when the girls have on white dresses, and the breeze is generally lighter, things are more placid, and banjos are in evidence. This seems to be the daily round; at Oxford it was the same, and I presume it is so at these places all the summer.

We inspected the steam-yacht *Vision*, hauled up in Kirby's Yard, after having been raised and recreated under Dimphel's supervision; then out on board and up anchor for the Wye River under jib and mizzen. It is only a short distance, and we were soon at our old anchorage off Bruff's Island. Here we were in the prettiest and most park-like scenery on the whole Eastern Shore, so we determined to run up the river to the westward of Wye Island and complete the circumnavigation of the island, in which we had been defeated by an out-of-order draw-bridge on a former occasion. We took lunch and bottles in a basket of ice, and picnicked ashore on the northeast point at the junction of the Back and Front Wye Rivers. We found that we had chosen a spot that had been used for picnics before, for all about us under the turf were tons of oyster-shells that had been cast aside by Indians

centuries ago. It was a lovely spot, and spoke well, in our opinion, for the red man's taste in these matters. The red man undoubtedly went up and down to the Bay in canoes and probably paddled; we degenerates, cursed by civilization, used a launch. We undoubtedly lost in physique by it, but it was very pleasant.

In the afternoon we returned on board and moved the ship down to Bozman's Flats at the mouth of Tilghman's Creek, where there is good but exposed holding ground. It is a nice retired spot, with few and distant signs of man, and a dash of wildness about it. After a bath from the beach we had an early dinner, and then sat on deck watching the picture made by the after-glow of the sun behind the pines of Tilghman's Point. The promised land of wilderness cast its spell upon us, and we sat silent in the late twilight until the stars began to show cold and frosty. It is impossible to do justice to the fascination of this sort of life; the probability is that any attempt I could make would become bathos.

Next morning my brother, the slave-driver, had us up before five o'clock, but it was worth it. At that time it was quite nippy, and there was a steely sharpness about everything that made one think of winter. The air was clear, wind east, the sun crimson, and the water a dark blue, and a pea-jacket very welcome. Having rounded the point, had breakfast as we ran down Eastern Bay, and the sun warming things up and bringing the wind with it, we had a spanking sail over to the West River, so much so that we carried away the jaws of the gaff when half-way over. This did not bother us, however, as we ran under headsails and mizzen while we made a temporary lashing, and were soon, about nine o'clock, at our proposed anchorage in the mouth of the Rhode River.

Then we amused ourselves for awhile by washing down decks and setting awnings, and I went ashore to interview a fisherman and then on to a farm for chickens, vegetables, and milk. The fascination of this marketing at farm-houses, or even in the villages, is curious. During eleven months of the year to carry a basket or a milk-can would be a degradation akin to servitude: then the only knowledge that such a thing as food must be bought is the monthly making of cheques. But on a cruise there is something very humanizing in the experience of sitting gossiping with the friendly country people, most of whom are possessed of an astonishing education and dignity of manner. There is generally a delightful calm independence about the bay folk in this lotus-land that seems to have been given them by nature in poetic justice as compensation for the lack of the doubtful joys of money-bought luxuries.

A simple manifestation of this bred-in-the-bone unconscious dignity is in the way in which the white man, while living on terms of equality and in friendly intercourse with the negro, exercises a *noblesse oblige* that promotes mutual respect and good-will. This manner is probably the result of atavism, and in it there is no doubt reproduced the manner that was in fashion during the couple of centuries that slavery existed in the land. This strain has continued here largely for the reason that few foreigners of any brand have come into this part of the country. The lack of fresh blood has perhaps been a loss to the bay folk in that they have not gained the commercial and artistic strength that comes from occasional adding of other blood; but, nevertheless, they have preserved a genuine and unaffected good-will, kindliness, and courtesy

that adds greatly to the pleasure of a cruise in these waters.

Well, I got back with the forage, and we had an hour's run on shore and a fine bath from the clean sand-spit that gives protection on the southeast and makes the Rhode River an attractive little harbor. There is absolutely no village here; only two houses in sight, and one of them, that of a gentleman farmer of the old school. You can anchor behind the low spit in deep water with good holding ground, and under the awning, with ensign snapping in a strong breeze, lie as unmovable as though on shore. On a busy day there is a constant procession of craft of all sorts up to the largest steam-ships passing up or down the Bay; the sailing craft generally all bound one way, as the wind may favor. All of this gives a feeling of being in touch with the world. A good sized sea-going sailing craft brings up day-dreams of the imaginary Spanish Main, or the Indies, or the Spice Islands of boyhood; or, more exactly and realistically, remembrances of the Hoogly, of Hong Kong, or of the Sydney of twenty years ago.

So we spent an ideal afternoon. Our appearance seemed to have excited the yachting spirit of the place, for two big farmer's boys appeared with miniature craft almost as big as themselves, and sailed them in exciting races for our benefit. In the early evening we went in the launch through the beautiful bay to the house mentioned above, and found a large party from the surrounding branches of the family gathered for Sunday. It was a scene not to be found north of Mason's and Dixon's line, unless it be on the stage—the courtly old gentleman and his gracious lady-of-the-manor, the cultured and intellectual women of the second generation, and youth and beauty of the 'teens, in a fitting setting of

old mahogany and family portraits. We were received as though we were princes from a foreign land. It was yet daylight, so we were taken up into the tower, from which, as the house stands on the top of a hill, we were able to view the land and Bay spread out about us like a map. We lingered there while the twilight darkened, and finally went below saturated with the legendary lore of the land. After a most enjoyable two hours we went back to the launch through the inky blackness of the woodland short-cut, guided by the lanterns of some youths of the party. On the way back we bumped the launch over a bar, but as we had good headway she went over like a steeplechaser.

Next morning, Sunday, was cool but breathless, so we towed out beyond the cedar-bush off the end of the spit about five o'clock, and a light southerly wind carried us around to Annapolis by the time shore folks were sitting down to breakfast. Here we had a day of resting, swimming, exchanging of visits, and a walk ashore through the Naval Academy grounds. Next morning Seymour had to desert the ship.

We laid at anchor a couple of days resting. Here again the choice spot is behind the spit, not too far from Heller's Yard and Sail-loft, so that one has the view out over the Bay. A part of the annual programme is to spend a little money there, ordering things in the most leisurely way, talking it over well, with the incense of boiling tar in the nostrils; not at all in the city fashion, as though you were slaves of time, but in the true Bay style. One afternoon we spent in an excursion in the launch to "Whitehall," which stands facing the Bay, in a small bay, northeast from Annapolis. This fine, old specimen, with its handsome columned façade, was formerly

the home of Sharpe, the early eighteenth century governor of the colony, but was, I believe, built before his time. Mrs. Story showed us about and told us the pathetic tale of the transported servant who did the wood carving in the hall.

Our entire ship's company was now reduced to two men. We do not count the cook, who is never called upon even to tend the traditional foresheet, as has been cook's duty from time immemorial; yet we navigated the ship home without feeling at all short-handed and without mishap. We had one burst of excitement on the way. Leaving Annapolis one morning with a light breeze we met a cousin in the cutter *Merlin* off Tolchester, bound down. As the wind was light we hove to and he came on board, while his man sailed about in circles. After a "gam" we parted company, and, the wind growing lighter and the tide being against us, finally anchored. Shortly after lunch there was a light northerly air, and we beat up slowly till off Fairlee Creek, when it came suddenly out of the northeast, butt-end first, and we went tearing along close-hauled down to the plank-sheer. As we were under the lee of the land we had smooth water, but when we opened Worton's Cove we got the full strength of it, so that we had to take in gaff and jib-topsails. It was almost a dead beat against a steadily increasing breeze; we had a fair tide, but it worked up a sea very quickly, so that by the time we reached the Sassafras River we were drenched with spray. By that time we were down to mainsail and jib; when half-way up to Turkey Point we again set mizzen and staysail, the wind being killed by a couple of heavy thunder squalls which blackened the whole western sky. We were anxious to make an anchorage, but did not succeed, and had to take

the fierce outburst from the northwest under staysail alone. It was as black as ink, the rain like a shower-bath, and the lightning fierce. But the wind was soon over, and we managed to get up into the Elk and anchored off Cabin John's Creek. It settled into a steady north-easter, so that we had to let go heavy anchor and put out a lot of chain. We rode comfortably, however, although in a very bleak harbor.

Next day the northeaster still blew, although not quite so hard. There was a good sea running, but the little launch did well against it, and we went up and spent the day with friends at the Bohemia River. Coming back in the afternoon before the sea we had trouble and had to keep out oars to prevent the launch broaching.

During that night the wind shifted to northwest, so that the high shores of Turkey Point made a fine lee for us, but next morning we had a job getting our anchors. We then worked up to Corn Landing, where we got the canal tug and went right through behind it to the Delaware, where we found a southerly breeze that carried us up to the club house in time for dinner.

We had had a most enjoyable month with plenty of exercise, and, on the whole, I think we were much better off than we would have been in a smaller boat. A small boat can, of course, make a harbor in a lot of little places where it is not safe to take a large one, but this disadvantage, I think, is more than counterbalanced by the big boat's ability to take the weather as it comes, in increased speed, thus shortening the runs and enabling one to make a harbor earlier in the day in greater comfort and in easier behavior at anchor. I do not mean at all to disparage the joys of small boat cruising—I have slept under a sail on the floor-boards of an open boat. I write this, however,

to show how it is possible for a few men wishing to cruise about handily in a ship sixty feet from figure-head to taffrail. Practically two of us worked the ship, for Isaac, the nigger, had cooking, dish-washing, bed-making, and the cabin-cleaning to do, and he was awfully slow at all of these, and came on deck only to take his ease with a pipe. This suited us exactly; we wanted exercise, and we got it. We might have had another man—there were four cots in the forecastle—but I doubt if we would have been any better off, and in another paid hand we would have perhaps had another of these spoiled children upon our hands to make pessimistic remarks and predict disaster.

Irex. *Merlin.* *Liris.*

BASIN OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, WINTER, 1903.

"Merlin" and "Frex"

MERLIN AND *IREX*

This year A. G. and I took our boats, *Merlin* and *Irex*, to Annapolis during the Decoration Day holidays, leaving them in charge of the Hellers. We made one week-end dash during June, and on the First of July he went down with Alexander, his son, while Bob and I did not get away until the Third.

The little *Seminole* was still on the shore, as last February I had become the proud owner of the *Irex*, built by Ford in 1894, thirty-eight feet over all, twenty-nine feet on the water-line, nine feet one inch beam, and six feet draught. Yawl-rigged and flush-decked. In the main cabin there is six feet headroom, as over the floor is a mahogany sky-light and hatch combined. On the starboard side of the companion ladder is a large locker three feet wide by four feet deep, extending from deck to floor, forward of this is a berth, back of which are three lockers; on the port side is a short sofa five feet long, at the after end of which is a china closet and at the forward end a book-case. A swinging table occupies a great deal of floor space, but is a convenience and a comfort which more than makes up for the sacrifice of room. Aft of the ladder is a stateroom, on the port side of which is a permanent berth with lockers underneath and also at the forward end; on the starboard side is a bureau

containing two drawers, overhead is a sky-light three feet wide by two feet six inches long which gives five feet six inches headroom, as the floor is six inches higher than the cabin floor. In the galley are two folding pipe-berths; one of which holds sails, vegetables, etc., and the other is used only when there is a third person aboard; no paid hands ever being carried. Two Primus stoves, a good sized ice box, lockers, and shelves take up the rest of the space. A quadrant hatch is on the port side. All locker doors have rattan panels which allow complete air circulation, and, therefore, prevents mould.

The *Merlin*, since broken up, was an old-fashioned straight stem cutter, designed by G. M. Ripley, and built by D. C. Bernard in 1884. She was thirty feet four inches over all, twenty-five feet on the water-line, seven feet beam, and drew five feet. A good, old boat, sound as could be, and with a good turn of speed in light airs. Her narrowness somewhat crowded the accommodations below, which were arranged in the usual way, *i. e.*, main cabin with two berths and a good amount of locker room; in the forecastle a berth for a man and the cooking paraphernalia.

On the morning of July Fourth we were all up early, and, after breakfast, set sail before a light northerly air for West River. The *Merlin* for some unaccountable reason got off before we did, a circumstance that never happened again during the cruise. As we drifted down to Tolly Point I repaired the awning torn by a squall, which during the previous afternoon had nearly blown Annapolis into the harbor. On reaching the point we set the spinnaker, but soon changed it to balloon jib and then kept shifting it back and forth several times before we rounded the old weather-beaten red spar in the

ST. GEORGE'S LOCK: IREX AND MERLIN.

mouth of West River. Headed up for Rhode River and anchored just inside the mouth behind a sand-spit, but not so far in that we did not have a view of the Bay.

Recollections of many pleasant days anchored in that same spot are brought up by the mention of the Rhode River Sand-spit. How pleasant to lie there on a bright day with awnings set, a breeze from the southwest sweeping across West River, the tall pines of Curtis Point, the bugeyes and schooners collected in Parish Creek, perhaps one or two with sails set ready to slip out with a load of wheat for Baltimore, the rolling country to the north, the peaceful "ondulation" of the sail of a canoe tied close to the bank, or the wierd appearance of sails traveling over the land as one comes slowly down a hidden creek, a few shore birds or a couple of crows strutting along the hard packed sand of the spit. But all the enchantments of Rhode River are not to be seen from here. First of all is Cadle Creek, on which is situated a small collection of tiny houses, known locally as Scrabbletown, while the post office has the old family name of Mayo. Beyond the first point the river becomes really a lagoon, the surface of which is broken by three tree-covered islands, while the mouths of three creeks lead one on with the promise of further beauties.

After lunch we sailed in small boats to the west shore, but did not stay long, as a heavy thunder-head gradually making up in the northwest sent us back on board to set the rain-awnings. The balance of the afternoon being taken up with two showers and the preparation of dinner, which we did not enjoy, as both were not feeling up to the mark. The Merlins went ashore to call on some friends, but we stayed at home.

Up at four o'clock, and after breakfast we started off under lower sail. Clear, with light northwesterly wind. Set the balloon jib when in West River, and stood on port tack for the black can; carried past it for a mile, and then gybed over for the run to Oxford. Had a grand run down the western shore, as the breeze had increased. Washed decks and straightened up. Off Herring Bay *Merlin's* balloon jib halyard parted and the big sail fell alongside in the water; we could see them having a terrific struggle to get it on board, and after doing so they set balloon staysail and working jib. Off Holland Point we headed over for Sharp's Island Light, breeze lightened, and, after entering above Sharp's Island, we hove to until the *Merlin* could make up on us. Had coffee and crackers to pass the idle time. When the Merlins came along we persuaded them to go to the Little Choptank instead of Oxford; so we again set balloon jib for the run down behind Sharp's Island, and for some time we kept side by side, and, after a council of war, concluded to go into Slaughter Creek, but when we reached there we were not attracted; so kept on up the river. Just beyond the next creek, which breaks the south shore, we, who were leading, ran plump ashore while traveling at a fair rate, as the breeze had shifted to southwest and freshened. *Merlin* had kept more to the north and did not touch. We quickly carried out the kedge, and, with the aid of the windlass, were soon off and following after *Merlin*. Ran close to a lumber-laden schooner in order to get directions for entering the next creek. The names of most of these creeks are not given on the chart, and we did not learn them from the natives. The instructions were of such length and so involved, that, not being able to make out the marks, we

soon anchored. After lunch we all sailed in our long boat up to the town marked on the chart: the name of this classic spot we learned was Madison. Breeze gradually dying, so the last part of the sail was slow work. Walked about the town trying to get meat and milk, but could not get either, so filled the milk-can with green apples. On getting back to the boat I left the others and went on to a house on the outskirts of the town to try for chickens. After many laughable attempts the man succeeded in catching one, then the others became too wily; although we needed four, concluded to take the one, and the price, after some hesitating, was set at thirty cents, but as he could not change a dollar and could catch no more I went back empty-handed. A long row back to the boats kept Bob and A. G. from getting chilled—ther. 90°. There not being a breath of air and great humidity, we ate dinner on deck; this over, A. G. brought over his phonograph, or rather the records and horn, as we carried his machine; and music was ground out for an hour or so. Fine moonlight night, but hot below, so I took a mattress on deck and slept wrapped up in a sheet. Never felt the heat so on the Chesapeake before or since.

Had early breakfast and made an early start for Oxford, the Little Choptank having no charms for us after the unpleasant afternoon and night; although we now have a craving to go there some Spring or Fall and explore this river of intricate channels, low, pine-clad shores, and many creeks. A few minutes after leaving, as we were running together with northwest breeze, we saw rippled water ahead and were somewhat confused; Bob said, "It is either very deep or very shallow," and just then we grounded, and all doubt was driven from our minds.

The *Merlin*, which was heeled over more, went some distance farther before stopping. Tried to get off by getting the sails over to the other side, but the tide was rapidly falling and we held fast, so carried out the anchor, but by the time we succeeded she was some inches out of water. Sailed around in the small boat looking for the channel, and, with the information from some natives who visited us later, saw that the chart was decidedly wrong, the first time we have ever found the Chesapeake charts to be at fault. A long bar stretched out from either shore, overlapping, with the channel running diagonally to the shore-line of the river. A heavily loaded bugeye came down and was guided through by a man in her bateau. Had a bath, being able to walk on bottom, which we found to be sand and oyster-shells packed as hard as cement. About one-thirty, the tide being flood, we slipped off, anchoring some distance above, and then went in the small boat to help the Merlins who were on tighter than we had been. Thunder had been heard for some time, and at four o'clock we got a squall out of the northeast, heavy rain and enough wind to cause us to drag back toward our resting place of the morning. Put over the other anchor, but we had drifted so near the rippled water that we did not like to stay there all night, so we hoisted sail in order to move, but just as the second anchor came out the breeze fell flat and we had to let it go again. At dusk, however, the breeze came down from northeast; the Merlins came to help us, and we once more made sail. The breeze turned out to be a small squall, but we beat up far enough to be well away from that bar which seemed to attract us like a magnet. Bed at eight-thirty.

Shortly after four o'clock, next morning, we saw the captain of the lumber schooner being rowed aboard, so we

IREX, PANOLA, AND MERLIN IN DIMPHEL'S COVE, PLAINDEALING CREEK.

hurried in order to follow him out, as he was evidently bound for Baltimore; but, much to our dismay and confusion, he did not head for the regular channel but went out a slue about which yesterday's visitors had told us and through which we had blunderingly come the day we came in. As we were somewhat panic-stricken after our late unpleasant episodes, I went ahead in the small boat to pick out the channel, while the *Merlin* and *Irex* followed under easy sail; found three to five fathoms. But we did not feel safe, after having been so deceived by the chart, until past Hill's Point, and we were glad to shake the water of the Little Choptank from our keels. *Merlin* slowly drew ahead in the light air and kept gradually increasing the lead all the time. Off Cook's Point we were disturbed by the rumbles of thunder and the breeze falling flat; then, what appeared to be a tide eddy, although no swirling of the water could be seen, caused us to turn a complete circle. Off the red buoy the flood tide helped us, and a light breeze aft pushed us slowly toward Benoni Point; set spinnaker, and enjoyed the sail. Passed to the north of the light and anchored above the steam-boat wharf at four-forty-five. Dimphel boarded us almost before the anchor was down and insisted upon our going over to his place, but as we had mail to send and were in need of ice we stayed where we were.

Next morning we scoured the village for provender; meat and vegetables very scarce. Had another visit from Dimphel just before lunch, and in the afternoon we touched up the topsides. In the evening we went ashore again for preëngaged chickens, and plucked them by moonlight on the school-house green.

Up at five o'clock this morning as Bob wanted to go to Easton to look at a semi-yacht skip-jack which we heard

was for sale cheap. Scurried around to get breakfast, and just as he was about to leave he looked at his watch and found that the cabin clock was twenty minutes slow, so he had to abandon the trip. We often wonder what would have happened if our clock had been right. Another boat on our hands? But instead of a train ride for him alone, we both enjoyed a fine sail in the long boat, running abeam to a moderate southwest breeze to the other side of the river, where we landed in front of a small deserted house; walked around, peeped in the windows, rested on the porch, admired the beautiful view down the Tred Avon and across the Choptank, lifted the bucket from the well, went into the barn, where we saw a pair of antique fire-tongs, the latter we concluded to give a kind home, as they were apparently unappreciated where they were.

On getting back on board we finished doing the top-sides, and then went to the ship-yard, making photos there, and also of the "Strand," as the shore drive is called. The afternoon was used up with a few odd jobs on board, and then, as the old Merlin was too fat and the young one too small to reeve a new jib-topsail halyard, I went over and shinnied to the topmast-head for them. A phonograph concert in the evening was greatly appreciated by the natives who gathered in numerous bateaux.

Thursday, up at six o'clock, straightened up and then set mizzen and jib for the run over to Dimphel's before a southwest breeze, which kept gradually hauling until, just as we reached the mouth of the creek, it came butt-end first from the northwest, dead ahead, so we anchored, but in a few minutes our host came out with his whale-boat launch to tow us in, and took us so far that we

IREX IN THE TRED AVON RIVER.

grounded. He then went back for the *Merlin*, but the breeze had become so heavy that the little launch could not make headway with her. Filled our tanks from his rain-water cisterns and then went to his house where, before lunch, we examined his numerous models of boats, built and to be built; every time we have visited him he has had some fresh design about which he was exceedingly enthusiastic. About three o'clock we prepared to leave, and had considerable difficulty in getting out of the tight place into which he had put us between his boat and wharf. We were now off the ground and had to turn around in a narrow space and then run sharp under the stern of his boat or we would have run into the bank. Managed it all right, and were soon at our old anchorage again. Ice and provisions were laid in as we expected to start early the next morning. *Merlin* came over about an hour after us, the skipper having fallen in the fore hatch and bruised his leg to such an extent that in a few days it looked like a tattooed savage's.

Beautifully clear morning with good northerly breeze, and although we were up at five o'clock it was nine before we got off, as we waited for the Merlins, and as usual they were like the cow's tail. Set big jib-topsail, and after rounding Benoni Point set the little one as a fisherman's staysail. Breeze gradually dying out, and before reaching Sharp's Island we were in the midst of a fierce Irishman's hurricane. Rolled around until two o'clock, when the northerly came again, and we commenced a tiresome beat up the Bay, *Merlin* gradually working ahead. Tacked about every three-quarters of an hour, making very little each time on account of the strong ebb, but vessels bound south slipped out of sight in no time, while we could not get any apparent

distance from Sharp's Island Light. Had dinner of fried chicken on deck, and as the sun set the breeze went down. At dusk we could just make out the red buoy off Poplar Island, while the *Merlin* appeared to be abreast if not a little beyond it. Suddenly a breeze, which rapidly freshened, came from the southwest, and we were soon slipping along at a good rate, but not so fast that *Merlin* had to lower her peak to allow us to catch up to her. Had intended when we started in the morning to go to St. Michael's, but in the dark and with the rapidly increasing breeze we were afraid to try Eastern Bay and the Miles River, so decided to make for Annapolis. While running from Bloody Point over to Thomas Point, where we almost hit the black can, which is just below the light, we passed through quite a fleet of Bay steamers bound out from Baltimore. Ran up the edge of the red sector of Thomas Point Light and hung a lantern in the mizzen rigging in order to show the *Merlin* when we should turn in on the Severn River course. Just before we were in a position to do so the band came off the head of the spinnaker pole, allowing the end of the spar to drop overboard, and it soon broke at the rigging. Anchored in the usual place at eleven-thirty with everyone ready for bed.

Saturday we were late in getting up, and, after a palaver, it was decided to go to Magothy to-morrow instead of back to Eastern Bay; so more provisions and ice were brought aboard in the morning, and in the afternoon, while the others loafed, I obtained from a builder of small boats a yellow-pine spar, the only one of suitable length, which I turned into a spinnaker pole, and although somewhat heavy, it served the purpose. In the evening sailed in the long boat, but turned in early.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS ON THE IREX.

Sunday, both feeling sickly from tomatoes and milk the day before, but we were off with the *Merlin* at nine-fifteen. Light southerly breeze into which we beat until abreast the red can just outside Greenberry Light, then we eased sheets and headed for the black channel can off Hackett's Point. Annapolis looked particularly attractive in the bright sunshine this morning, and we were loth to leave. When half-way to Sandy Point Light set balloon jib, and shortly before reaching the light changed it to spinnaker. Both running together, and we decided, as the breeze looked very favorable, to run up to Worton's Cove, leaving out the Magothy. After passing the light we gradually drew ahead of the *Merlin* as she did not set her spinnaker. Off Patapsco passed close to a bugeye thrashing into it under all sail, a very exhilarating sight; one man at the wheel, while two others were seated on deck at a small table, busy with lunch. As usual we did not see the red buoy off Swan Point, and the balance of the run up to the cove was uneventful. Lowered mainsail outside, but the *Merlin* did not, so she anchored above the steam-boat wharf some little time before we did, which was about three o'clock. Straightened up and had a swim before supper and afterward sailed up the creek, all in our small boat, to the house of an acquaintance, where we stayed awhile, returning on board in the bright moonlight; a dash of phonograph and then to bed.

For next morning we had planned a boat expedition to Fairlee Creek, but the young Merlin backed out, as a thrasher at the farm and some boys were more to his taste. Only three of us, therefore, started off in the long boat, but when half-way there, while beating into a light southerly breeze, Bob began to feel chilly, so he took to

the oars, and although he rowed at a terrible rate his teeth continued to chatter. Finally reached the mouth of the creek, where we landed, and, while Bob tramped in an effort to get rid of his chill, A. G. and I watched a seine being hauled, but as Bob was extremely uncomfortable we were soon in the boat and on our way back home. On reaching the boat Bob went to bed, and after a time he fell into a sleep, which lasted nearly all afternoon. I had a quiet time on board, and later on sailed, with A. G. up the creek, making soundings as far as the farm landing, where we inspected the thrasher and loitered until dinner time. Bob in a fever, but somewhat better by evening.

This morning the occupant of the sick-bay was much better, but decided to spend the day at ease. So I made some small repairs, while the Merlins took their boat ashore to finish putting on a rope fender which they had started at Oxford. A trip to the farm was made in the afternoon for ice and chickens, but as the latter had not been caught the evening before another journey was necessary. A small squall appeared in the southwest, so took in awning and paid out more chain. Three fishermen, a bugeye, and two pungies, who had stayed in the harbor all day on account of the Bay being too rough to permit fishing, got up anchor and sailed up into the creek. This made us somewhat anxious, and we became more so when one of them as he passed said there would be lots of wind. It did not last long, only about half an hour, and, although we dragged a little and put over the second anchor, it was nothing to what we had been led to expect by the actions of the natives; however, one can never tell what a squall will amount to. After dinner we became completely panic-stricken when

IREX RUNNING DOWN THE CHOPTANK RIVER.

THE HEIR HANDS THE STAYSAIL ON MERLIN.

another bugeye loaded with wheat, which had not moved for the afternoon squall, began to get up his anchor, and, with a very light air, move into the creek; so we held a consultation, but decided to stay where we were. At dusk I sailed to a house situated on a bluff on the north shore for milk, while the Merlins went up the creek for the chickens. Had to wait for the milk to be coaxed from the cow, but had a pleasant beat back in a freshening southerly breeze. When the Merlins came with the chickens they also brought the news that all on board the trading vessels were of the opinion that there would be a bad night. Sat on the counter and picked the chickens. Fine moonlight and no signs of bad weather.

Up at four o'clock next morning. Breeze northwest, bright and clear. Got away right after breakfast; *Merlin* took the ground for an instant on going about close to the south shore. After several tacks we made the red can off the point, and then eased the sheets a trifle as we stood for Turkey Point.

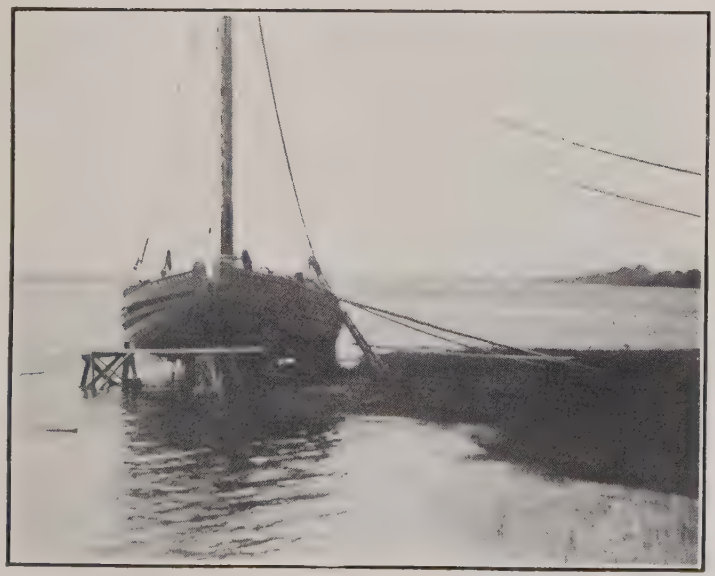
Breeze freshened rapidly until we had almost as hard a northwester as we ever have in the summer time in these parts. Met several schooners bound down, one large, two-masted vessel, looked fine as she passed well heeled over. After passing Turkey Point the Elk hills kept off some of the breeze, and we had a more comfortable sail up to the anchorage at the mouth of Back Creek, where we let go at noon. Immediately after lunch Bob, the young Merlin, and I sailed in the small boat to Chesapeake City for ice and butcher's meat; as the wind was fair we made good time, and were fortunate to catch the afternoon tow down. Dinner and early to bed.

As we were not to move to-day we did not get up until hunger made sleep impossible, which was not very

late in the early morning. Bob and the young Merlin sailed in the ducker while I house-cleaned and put two blocks of oak over each of the bibs as the shrouds had stretched so that the turn-buckles were chock up. This necessitated the slacking up of all the rigging, and by noon I had not quite finished. A southwester had been gaining strength all morning, until by two o'clock it was blustering, and the Merlins, who wanted to go to Betterton for mail, had a terrible struggle rowing the two miles in the face of it to Town Point Wharf. A large tow came down about three o'clock, and five or six schooners, some with reefed mainsails, made a pretty sight as they worked down the narrow river. Naps by Bob and tinkering by myself passed the time until dinner. A beautiful, peaceful, moonlight night was a pleasant successor to the turbulent day. Merlins not expected until very late, so we turned in about nine o'clock.

In the morning we were up about six o'clock, and saw by their yawl-boat that the Merlins had returned, so shouted to get them up, but no signs of life, then rang the bell fiercely, but all was peaceful as a deserted boat, and as a last resort fired the cannon, which brought the sleepy head of the old Merlin to the hatch, but the young Merlin never moved. To-day, instead of having too much wind, there was none at all, but about half-past eight o'clock we all got into our long boat to drift up the river. After going about a mile we came to a very large sloop, named *Carrie*, loading grain from a flat-boat. On boarding her found that at one time she had been a yacht, and it looked rather odd to see grain in bulk in cabins finished in white and gold. From her we went ashore, where an old Delaware River "strike-master" sloop somewhat over forty years old was having new

MERLIN: OFF LOVE POINT.



THE OLD DELAWARE RIVER STRIKE-MASTER.

timbers and new planking fastened to her old keel. A ramble over the hills in search of milk gave us exercise, but none of the desired fluid, and, as it was becoming very warm, we were glad once more to get on board, then overboard. A sewing circle and phonograph concert after lunch were brought to a sudden stop by the rapid approach of a squall from the northeast, which passed over with moderate wind and very little rain, then came a more modest one from the northwest, and finally a parting one from the southwest. Very vivid lightning brought out the lightning-rod—a piece of wire dropped overboard from the topmast shroud. Quite cool in the evening, which we spent below listening to music from the young Merlin, who performed on the phonograph.

Turned out at three-thirty, so as to get breakfast before the tug should come, as we intended to leave for home. Shortly before five o'clock the tug appeared, and, after picking up a pungy which had arrived during the night, he came for us, and we were in the canal and ready for the mules at six-thirty. After an uneventful trip locked out at eleven o'clock, just in time to catch the very last of the flood tide, but it did not carry us far, and by six o'clock we had made only ten miles.

Anchored for supper, and by the time we had finished the tide turned, so we once more made sail. A draught into a squall gave us about five miles of good sailing, but we finally ended up at the club at ten-thirty, going stern first. A good cruise, but the Merlins were awful hard to get started in the mornings, being addicted to much sleep.

A Very Old Girl

THE SEA GIPSY

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

—*Richard Hovey.*

AZALEA IN THE THIMBLE ISLANDS 1903.

A VERY OLD GIRL

After selling *Liris* it wasn't long before I wrote to the brokers asking for lists, and oddly enough the first description which I picked up out of the first batch received was of the old schooner *Azalea.* I had cruised and courted on her eighteen years ago when she belonged to my wife's father, so I threw the paper across the breakfast table and said I'd buy her for the sake of old times.

She is a fine, little centreboard schooner of most useful type, of the kind of which we should have more; built like a frigate in 1857, by D. J. Lawlor, at Chelsea, Massachusetts, almost entirely of white oak, which is apparently as white to-day as when put together—in fact, a fine example of what could be done in the olden days. Her lines are particularly easy and graceful, and it is not surprising that she has a long string of prizes, such as any modern freak might well envy, to her credit; many won in the days when she was the famous flag-ship of J. Malcolm Forbes, Commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club—"first prize in first class" as an inscription dated 1873 on her rather handsome binnacle puts it.

Recently, in an interesting article in *The Rudder,* Mr. Winfield M. Thompson told the history of *Azalea* and her sister ship *Edith.* Apparently, they were the first twin yachts built, in this country at least. *Edith* was the

first constructed of iron and the first to carry the New York Yacht Club burgee across the Line, when, in 1858, she made the voyage from Boston to Montevideo in forty-eight days, part of the time under jury-rig. As an instance of the hardiness of the men and the ability of the boats of those days, it is well worth noting that *Edith* made this voyage with three hands all told, and that with the same number *Azalea* during the Civil War went from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Beaufort, North Carolina, in five days. Mr. Forbes's summer home was on the Island of Naushon, and Mr. Thompson states that *Azalea* was used as a family carryall by Mr. Forbes in those days, that she made the passage of Buzzard's Bay in all kinds of weather and never failed in the roughest; one trip, at least, she had a famous passenger, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was sea-sick and woe-begone. About 1887, when my father-in-law, Mr. Blunt, bought her from the Forbes there were at that time about half a dozen vessels in the Forbes fleet at Woods Hole, and steam had infested it. When taken to Larchmont the little vessel was a most consistent and persistent winner in races of that club and of the New York Yacht Club, and some good prizes resulted. When sold to J. Clinch Smith he had a lead keel put on her, but I think it was a mistake. She later passed to the wilds of Raritan Bay for awhile, and while there I bought her. She could slip along well enough, but the particularly strong point of such a craft is her usefulness. With seventy-three feet over all, sixty-one feet water-line, eighteen feet beam, and five feet five draught, her accommodations are surprisingly liberal; a large cockpit gives comfortable space for four wicker chairs. The saloon, in mahogany, is fifteen by eighteen feet, and contains four extra large sofa-berths,

AZALEA: OFF PLUM GUT, STREET STEERING.

with very thick cushions, which make up into a bed at night. An extension table seats seven more or less comfortably. There are ample lockers for glassware and table linen. A large reversible sky-light and ports make the saloon cool and well ventilated at all times.

On starboard side are two connecting staterooms, each nine by seven feet, and toilet room forward. On port side is another stateroom of the same dimension. These three staterooms and toilet room are finished in white enamel and mahogany; washstands with running water and outboard wastepipes, and each has mirror and ample drawers and lockers, quite equal in comfort to the average steamship stateroom. All are well ventilated by reversible sky-lights and ports.

On port side forward of stateroom is large galley, nine by twelve feet, fully fitted with every necessity. The refrigerator holds seven hundred pounds of ice, connected with a large cold-storage space for fresh vegetables, which is very useful. The forecastle is fifteen feet long, with four cot-berths. Three large tanks hold an ample supply of water.

The Illustrated Sporting News, in an article, correct in some particulars, devoted to "the oldest yacht in America," fired a broadside about her in which it said:

"She is a perfect example of a schooner yacht of the days when we first gained the leading position in international yachting contests, and showed the world that Uncle Sam was as canny a sportsman as John Bull or any other tried veteran. The two splendid cup defenders, *Mayflower* and *Puritan*, were modelled on almost the exact lines of the *Azalea*, and she is a fine specimen of what enduring results could be obtained in the days when the building of wooden yachts was in its prime; for the oak, which is the principal wood used in her construction, is now as white and sound as the day it was put together. . . . During these years the *Azalea* has had but five owners, and was for years the flag-ship and favorite

yacht of her first owner, Commodore Malcolm Forbes, of the Eastern Yacht Club. Despite the fact that he possessed at least six other boats at the same time, Mr. Forbes was devoted to this dainty boat . . . the *Azalea* continued her remarkable prize-winning career, which has been the longest and most successful of any yacht in this country, with the possible exception of the *America*. The latter, however, has not always been used as a yacht, but at various times as a trader, blockade runner, and for Government purposes. The *Azalea*, on the other hand, has seen continuous service as a yacht, pure and simple, and sports the oldest American register number, 1911. She is a remarkable craft in many ways, being almost twice as commodious as the same size yacht of modern type, and is so perfectly balanced that she can perform the unusual feat of steering herself, *without* lashing the wheel, for an hour at a stretch."

I never could get her to go alone without a becket on the wheel, but be that as it may, she is certainly an example of what honest building should be, and a notable specimen of a type in the evolution of which this country has been particularly successful. Considering her accommodations and date of launching, one may well ask if naval architecture has made any great advance in the direction of cruising vessels.

During the summer of 1903 we spent a month on her in the Sound and won four firsts in four starts in the club runs of the Corinthian Yacht Club (of Philadelphia), and it seemed ridiculous that this little packet, almost fifty years old, should make a thirty-six mile run one day during the club cruise, in a very strong northwest wind, in only one minute more elapsed time than did a new fifty-foot water-line Herreshoff cutter not much over fifty days old. Of course, if it had been a beat the story would have been different, but as in cruising one generally waits for a run, the difference for a cruiser is not marked.

Nothing of any special interest happened that year, except that we got a dusting on the way to Newport from New London on a day when the Block Island

Runk. *Street.* *Jarge.* *Keen.*

AZALEA: OFF SHIP JOHN LIGHT.

AZALEA: OFF MORRIS COVE, THE COOK IN THE HAMMOCK.

steamer had one of her paddles smashed, and the only thing we saw out was a cup aspirant under short sail; we had a heavy gybe after rounding Point Judith, the old *Azalea* stood on end off the light-ship until she put cocked-up bowsprit under and the deck sloped away forward like the roof of a barn. Passing by Beaver Tail, where the seas began to bottle up, was even worse, and we were glad to anchor off Jamestown. Two of us were at the wheel and had all we could do to keep her from broaching to.

Next year we had an amusing time when five of us, without any paid hand aboard, spent five days on her in early September. I had had a new suit of sails made, and with a view to short-handed work had ordered a sharp-headed mainsail, and it was just the thing for such a lark. She was a little-headed in light airs, but pointed up very well when it breezed; and it gave us a feeling of comfort and security that we would not have had with a big mainsail.

Inspired no doubt by Bancroft, Roecap, of the *Public Ledger*, who happened to be at the club when we sailed, with a laudable desire to make a "good yachting story" of the affair, in the effort to make it impressive, called us "amateurs of wealth and position in the social world," and expressed admiration that they should "cook their own meals, look after their own staterooms, and take turns at watch," and wound up by adding that while we were all competent to handle the vessel that "there is not the same degree of certainty about the culinary department. Accustomed to be waited on by servants and rarely having explored the inner recesses of the kitchen there is some little curiosity to know which can cook the best meal, and it is understood each will be afforded a chance to

display his ability as chef." My brother George, as cook, naturally should come first on the ship's papers; C. Barton Keen, as consulting navigator and specialist for Delaware Bay, next; Seymour Runk, H. L. Street, and I were their willing slaves. Leaving the club anchorage at Essington at five o'clock after waiting through a long flood tide all of a calm Thursday afternoon, we worked down ten miles against light airs, and finally became tired of it and anchored for the night to wake and find a drizzly morning and a few hours foul tide again, but managed to make Salem Cove through baffling airs. Here we anchored and had a swim, lunch, and siesta until a little southeasterly breeze with a sniff of salt in it came up, and we had a pleasant beat down. Dinner, of course, came when we were going around the elbow below Reedy Island, and the poor lone man at the wheel, distracted by the many dredgers, buoys, and the sight of the roast beef, had a hard time of it. It then freshened up for awhile, and, with the strong ebb under us, we had a brisk sail until about ten o'clock when flood beginning, we made over toward the western shore to get out of the traffic and anchored. As it was an exposed position we concluded to have an anchor-watch, hour apiece, and the lucky drawer of slip number one, settled himself in an armchair in the cockpit with a rug about him. I am pretty certain I dozed all of my hour when it came my turn.

Next morning, thickest sort of fog. Got under way in the light southerly breeze, horn going, and the navigator did some wonderful work making channel buoys; no doubt all flukes. We had a close shave with a tug towing a lumber brigantine that brought us all to our feet, probably at first to look for life preservers or loose spars, and afterward to admire the effect. It turned out a nice

AZALEA, 1904, WITH SHARP-HEADED MAINSAIL.

BEHIND THE BREAKWATER: KEEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A BREEZE.

afternoon, so much so that great folk like the cook and the navigator could have siestas in a hammock slung under the fore boom. Off Brandywine Shoal prepared for a threatened squall, which, however, petered out and left us with baffling airs, ahead which ever way we headed, and finally, late in the evening, we got near the breakwater, but could not quite make it as tide headed us, so we again worked in toward the western shore and anchored near a buoy which we afterward learned marked a dangerous wreck. The cook gnashed his teeth, but had to take an hour at anchor-watch just the same as the rest of us.

Next morning, Sunday, was a beautiful one. We worked into the old breakwater the back way; anchored close to the reporting station, had a swim, went ashore and inspected the station, and about eleven o'clock put out again, and with a nice northeasterly breeze had a spanking sail of a close reach of ten miles, which brought us near to Cape May Point. We worked up toward Brandywine Shoal about lunch time, and as it began to cloud over in the afternoon, and the novelty of anchor-watch had worn off we began to crave for a harbor. The navigator urged Maurice River, and although on the chart the water seemed to me very scarce, he made a brilliant job of it and brought us to just inside the entrance opposite the Gut. Sat on deck after dinner, and, strange to say, the mosquitoes were not so bad as I expected. As we had not been bothered by any since the start we could hardly complain.

Next morning some one announced a wonderful sunrise and we all turned out wrapped in blankets, for it was frosty. While we were thus grouped in the cockpit, along came the *Albatross*, steam yacht, down the river,

and we saw, much to our surprise, the handsome forms of W. Ellison, Esq. and party, fully dressed, waving to us from the bridge. (Some people go to bed awfully late). And then we were treated to a series of pretty pictures as the oyster fleet, of about a hundred little schooners and sloops, came single file down the river after their Sunday at home; most of them taking the short cut through the Gut, all moving silently with their sails black against the golden sunrise. As they passed the light-house they scattered to the south and west, their sails whitening as they left us. When we came out the horizon was pretty well covered with them. The promised rain did not materialize, on the contrary, we had a bright sunny morning. We breakfasted as we slipped along to Egg Island Light, and after that we put on jib-topsail and main topmast staysail and slipped up the eastern shore very nicely for awhile, but finally lost our breeze and met the ebb, so had to anchor for a long while off Ship John Light, and again lunched and loafed. Then we got it light from the northeast again and beat all afternoon and evening until bed time, when we anchored close to Jersey below Deep Water Point, just below Wilmington. It breezed up from the northwest during the night and we were wakened by the racket and turned out just at daybreak again, soon made sail, breakfasted on the way up to the club and topped off an enjoyable little cruise by making a fine luff up and shoot into the little club basin; dropping the kedge over the stern, snubbing her as we entered, and so, much to the mystification of the dear old secretary, avoiding any smash up.

In 1903, three of us, with a Jap in the galley, took her to the Chesapeake, and one morning in a fresh breeze pried her open near the foot of the foremast, so that we

had to put into Betterton and get a bucket brigade from shore to keep her afloat until a carpenter found where big, long whiskers of oakum were waving from a seam. The whiskers were driven back and a bit of plank nailed over them, and we went on our way to Annapolis. The episode of the leak was rather comical; imagine our surprise when one of us went below and found the Jap bailing out the galley,—taking the flood as a matter of course and gallantly pouring water from the floor into the galley sink,—and not a word to us on deck. He was a gamy fellow, an awfully good cook, and very popular on account of his good humor, when a party afterward spent Commencement week with us on board at Annapolis.

I later loaned and then sold *Azalea* to Keen (strange to say we are still friends), and he sailed her to Longport on the Jersey coast and, *mirabile dictu*, back again. *Azalea* still floats and is likely to for a long while, for there is an awful lot of wood in her, so much, indeed, that I think she should be bought and sold at cord rates. But it is not fair to make fun of the good old vessel; her binnacle standing in my hall reminds me of many happy days on her, and with proper care she should be good for many more to some happy owner.

Loafing

THE ROAST-EATERS

They sat them down by the dark-red board,

. . . . . .

And all at once they cried, "Cut to the bone
Down through the juicy meat." Their eyes with hunger shone.

With apologies to Alfred.

BUGEYE RUNNING INTO WORTON'S COVE

THE SLAVE ON THE IREX.

LOAFING

A FEW minutes before four o'clock, in gray of the balmy morning of May 27, 1905, the yawl *Irex* slipped out of the club basin.

On board were the Slave and the Owner.

The wind was light southerly, dead ahead for getting out, so the Slave manned the small boat, a Delaware River gunning skiff, in which we could set a small sprit-sail. Once clear of the pier-heads and some of the smaller craft, which were anchored close in, he came on board and we set up on the mainsail and ran up the jib. Under these we worked out of the fleet and then set staysail and mizzen.

Tide ebb with about three hours to run.

When off Chester Island and while admiring a fine sunrise over the Jersey marshes, the breeze shifted to southwest and freshened, so that we thoroughly enjoyed the brisk beat, in the cool of the early morning, to Marcus Hook, six miles down. There the wind began to lighten, and soon the changing tide compelled us to anchor off Edgemoor. The corn-bread having been started we did not have to wait long for breakfast. Left the mainsail up, as both wind and tide were bound the same way.

After breakfast (I cook and the Slave washes the dishes), I set to the pump, as I had flushed the tanks last

week-end, and the man at the club had neglected to pump her out during the week. Then we hoisted the small boat, or ducker, as we usually called her, on deck, by means of a short spar, the butt of which rested against the sky-light and the outboard end was supported by the peak halyard; from this a tackle was hooked on at the bow, while another at the end of the boom, which was shoved over, was hooked to the stern. This operation did not take long, and was far easier on both boats than dragging the small one over the rail.

The breeze gradually hauled, until by nine o'clock it was northwest, and apparently strong enough for us to beat the tide, so we got under way, setting sprit-topsail and big jib-topsail, and had a fine sail to the New Castle Range Lights, where we shortened sail on account of the draught caused by a squall which passed to the south-west of us. The Slave was at the tiller, so I prepared to lower the jib-topsail. After casting off the halyard I wondered why it would not come down, but on looking aloft discovered I had, by mistake, cast off the topsail halyard, so I got the latter on deck and then tackled the one I had intended.

By this time we were getting near Delaware City and had also to take in the lower sails. Shot into the lock at noon under mizzen and jib. Passed our seven-fifty over the counter of the canal office and worked over to the siding, where we were informed that mules were no longer used for towing purposes, and that we would have to wait for a tug which was coming from the other end. Lunched, made some purchases, and then watched the *Savarona*, a sixty-foot w.l. schooner belonging to a member of the club, lock in and pass on through under her own power.

SAVARONA GIVING US A TOW.

About two o'clock the tug appeared, and after some time spent in making up the tow, which consisted of a small float loaded with piling, a small Bay schooner, manned by gentlemen of color, and ourselves; the caravan moved up the narrow canal. Terribly slow work and hard steering, as the float wagged from side to side like a dog's tail. After passing the narrowest part of the deep cut, we got a boy from the schooner to come on board and steer for us while we polished off a large roast of beef. Chesapeake City we reached about six-thirty, and there we found *Savarona* and *Irolita*, the latter having gone through early in the morning, waiting for our tug to tow them down Back Creek. Locked out at dusk, and soon all were strung out on our way down the creek. Anchored in the Elk River at eight-thirty, clear and cool, with moon just rising. Prospects for a fine run to-morrow. Up at four o'clock the next day, and were terribly disgusted to see almost a flat calm; a northwest breath rippled the water of the northern shore, and a southeaster that of the southern shore, with first one way and then the other where we were. Had breakfast and got under way; made half a mile by six-thirty, then had to anchor on account of flood tide. Shaved and fussed around; then came a little heavier breath from the southeast, so we up anchor. At nine o'clock we were at Town Point wharf, a mile and a half from our night's anchorage. The *Savarona* came along under power, towing the *Irolita*, and very kindly took us in tow. Passed Turkey Point at ten o'clock, where the *Irolita* cast off and began to beat against a light southwest wind, but we held on. Howell's Point was passed at eleven-fifteen; we were being pulled along at nearly a seven knot clip. Lunched on cold roast beef and graham

bread. By twelve-thirty we were at Worton's, and an hour later were a little above Swan Point. Wind freshening, shifting to the south, the owner of the *Savarona* called to us that they were going to make sail and would tow us all the way to Annapolis. They stood on the port tack for about twenty minutes then came about. The engine was still going, and when the sails filled she would start off with a jump that would nearly lift us out of the water. Three times we came about, and on the fourth our line parted, which was a good thing, as the bowsprit or the bits might have soon gone instead. Wind light and shifty, set sprit-topsail and passed two schooners beating down toward the entrance to the Chester River. The *Savarona* soon left us, and by four o'clock we could see her, well-heeled over, down below Sandy Point, evidently having a fine breeze while we stood up like a church and jumped about. When opposite the Magothy we decided to run in there for the night, but soon changed our minds and concluded to make one job of it. Passed Sandy Point at seven-thirty, having had a fine breeze for the last half hour, and the Slave went below to cook beefsteak and potatoes. I could hear curses coming up and could see the swinging table nearly turning somersaults. Soon he came up insisting that I should eat first; so I jumped below, and between swings managed to gulp down considerable and was soon back on deck. Breeze gradually lightening, passed the red can off Greenberry about eight-thirty, as we could just make it out; eased off sheets to run into the harbor. Nearly got aground just inside the light, we had the correct course, but had turned in a little too soon. Anchored off the piling to the eastward of the ship-yard, saw Dimphel's *Panola* anchored off Burtis's. Turned in dead tired, as we had had a long day.

Cleaned house Sunday morning, and after lunch we started to sail up the Severn in the small boat, but on account of a strong southeast breeze and considerable fuss we turned tail and headed for just inside Horn Point, where we landed at a small pier, made some photographs and walked up on the bluff to the westward of the point, where the view was fine; quite a surf rolling in on the beach; the Bay was beautiful, a deep dark-blue; several small boats under sail were dashing too and from the two battleships at anchor in the Roads. We sat admiring the scene for sometime, then went on board, put on "store clothes," and went to post some letters and to call on a friend in the town.

After breakfast, the next morning, we took the awning over to Heller, the sail-maker, to get it repaired, as the strong wind of the day before had torn it. From the yard we sailed over to the city dock, landing at the shop of a builder of bateaux, where, after considerable picking over of stock, we purchased a twenty-five-foot spar for a dollar and a half, had it cut to fifteen feet, then he dressed it down, and we sand-papered it. This was for a sprit-topsail-yard, as the one then in use was too light. Went on board and put a coat of varnish on the new spar. When lunch was over we tumbled into the small boat for a sail up the Severn, had a nice west wind. Looked into several small creeks having twelve or fifteen feet of water in them. The scenery is very pretty up this river; the high, heavily wooded shores are every half mile indented with a deep, narrow creek, which is about half a mile long; at the head, or about four miles from Annapolis, it opens out to a beautiful stretch of water called Round Bay. We sailed for a little more than a mile, then made for home to put on the roast. Harbor

full of torpedo-boats; the *Hartford* was there, and a couple of monitors were anchored off the Academy, as the cadets were to start on their cruise in a few days.

Next day, we went ashore to hear the band at the Academy, but we were too late. After lunch, landed at the yard with the window-frames of the sky-light for the purpose of scraping them, as they had become badly blistered. Very peaceful sitting under the trees; a schooner and small bugeye on the ways for repairs. After scraping the frames we made a long tiller for the ducker out of a piece of three-quarter-inch oak. About five o'clock it looked like a squall, so we went on board and set the rain-awning, had dinner, and wrote letters, after which we turned in.

Up at six o'clock, June 1st, breakfasted; hurried ashore to post office and market, then made a bee-line for the Academy determined to be in time for the band playing. Were again too late, but we noticed everyone going to the *Santee* wharf, so we joined the procession. On reaching the wharf, the visitors went on board the government tug *Standish*, while the cadets boarded torpedo-boats, monitors, a submarine, and a couple of captured Spanish gun-boats. We asked what it was all about, and we were informed there was to be target practice out in the Bay. An officer asked if we were from the yacht in the harbor, and said we could board the tug if we liked. Thanked him and jumped aboard. Outside, the fleet scattered, but the tug kept near the monitor, which was firing at two targets; she succeeded in hitting each once, firing about two dozen shots. The *Holland* did diving, but we were too far off to see much of the performance. Returned to the Academy about twelve o'clock, and stopped at McCusker's office to have a chat. The afternoon was consumed in

another trip ashore and fixing up the topsail-yard. Made a lacing which was left on the sail, so that to put the sail on the yard all we had to do was to slip the loops of the lacing over one end of the yard and stretch the sail, making fast at each end, thus allowing the sail, when not in use, to be kept below and the yard in the rigging.

Intended to run around to South River to-day, but as it was raining quite heavily and we had the rain-awning set, we decided to stay where we were. After breakfast and the usual cleaning up we started to polish the binnacle and the brasses below, such as sky-light quadrants, locker door catches, etc.; and from nine until twelve-thirty we kept at it and then did not have it all done. In the afternoon we went ashore to the post office and stores for provisions. On the way back stopped at the *Panola*, found Dimphel had been ill all day from too many plates of ice-cream the day before. After supper we repaired some of the fenders which had been damaged in the canal.

Next morning we were up at six o'clock, as it looked like clearing, and there being a light northerly air we decided to start; so I stowed the rain-awnings while the Slave went ashore for ice. When he got back I had set the mainsail and was getting the topsail ready. Were soon under way. Wind very light, sometimes not any. Drifted across the harbor, saw boat and launch drill, then decided not to go out, as there was no wind and it looked like more rain, so we managed to drift back to our old anchorage. No sooner got the anchor down than it looked like clearing, but we were not to be tempted as there were all the signs of a muggy, windless day. Hung up rain-awnings to dry, which made her look like a Chinese junk. Went over to the yard, scrubbed

the ducker inside and out, came back, had lunch, and again to the yard for some small blocks of wood to put under the spare anchor which lay on deck. Wandered around, made photographs, sniffed the tar and copper paint. There is nothing like the smell of these for keeping up the "fever," especially on a warm, sunny day in the early spring. By two o'clock the sun was shining brightly and there was a light southwest breeze. About three o'clock we went on board, rolled up the awnings, put on the roast beef, and went ashore for mail, papers, soda, and odds and ends. After dinner the wind fell flat and a few mosquitoes appeared. About eight o'clock we went ashore for sail-needles and canvas to make a cover for the rudder-head; the Slave bragged that he was going to do this, but the canvas has never been unwrapped. Armory all lit up for the cadet's ball, and the street in front of the Carvel House was packed with carriages; looked like an opera night in town.

Saturday, June 4th. Will have been in Annapolis a whole week if we are still here to-night. Up at five-thirty, and while the corn-bread was baking we washed down the deck. Never saw such a heavy dew. Pottered around after breakfast, and about eight-thirty got under way as there was a light southeast breeze. Set sprit-topsail; the new yard being a big improvement and the sail now setting like a board. On the way out the *Emma Giles* came in from Baltimore. If you are in Annapolis when she comes in with her load of freight and excursionists, it is worth while to pick out a soft piece of the top-log of the pier and watch the proceeding of getting off the goods consigned to the merchants of the town. This operation consumes from three-quarters of an hour to two hours, four times a week,

TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS AT ANNAPOLIS.

THE SLAVE AT THE TILLER.

and one wonders where are all the people to consume and pay for this enormous quantity. The inhabitants must live like gourmands, and their homes must be filled to the rafters. As there is a coldness between the store-keepers and the two railroads most of the food-stuffs, drygoods, and hardware; in fact, everything purchased in Baltimore by the former comes on the *Giles*. About half-past ten o'clock the steamer will be seen coming from behind Greenberry Point, and as she passes the light-house gives a long blast from her whistle. Then the "tailor" fishers lift up their rods and gather up their paraphernalia, swing in their legs, and stand among the curious crowd which has gathered, the larger portion being small boys, both white and black; the town loafers, and perhaps a few prospective passengers. In the back-ground are half a dozen hacks, in most of which Washington rode the day he resigned his commission, and eight or ten wagons awaiting for the freight. In a few minutes she is along-side the wharf, the captain being a master hand at this; over the rails leans a crowd of women and children, the latter in such abundance that one is firmly convinced that all of the youngsters and babies of Baltimore are on an outing. Just as the lines are fast a laggardly hack or wagon will clatter down the vitrified brick street at full gallop, the horses covered with lather and the driver cracking his whip and yelling at the top of his voice to the gapping crowd; suddenly he pulls up, the horses sliding and the pole almost sticking into the barouche ahead. When the gang-plank is on the wharf, first off are passengers; a drummer or two, and a few people who have come on a visit, but the majority are "trippers," who, while the steamer remains, walk to the Academy. Then comes another gang-plank and pandemonium

breaks loose in the shape of fifteen coal-black niggers clad in the tatters of shirt, trousers, and shoes. They have been lined up on the main deck, each man with a truck in front of him loaded to its utmost; down one plank they tear; up into the freight-house, which is soon filled; dump, and back on board by the other plank. They keep this up continuously even on the hottest of sultry August days, singing, shouting, and doing fancy steps, always in a good humor, although they are pestered by small children getting in the way, and there are some narrow escapes, but the stevedore makes a quick turn or a short stop and the stray youngster is hauled off by a chattering parent. One is reminded of the tales of the old days on the Mississippi and expectantly glances into the boiler-room to see if the nigger is on the safety valve. In the meantime, crates of vegetables, boxes of shoes, pieces of farming implements, sides of beef, even barrels of moulder's sand, window-frames, sofas, bags of flour or meal, which oftentimes leaves a trail along the deck and into the shed, boxes of canned goods, now and then a barrel of crab-bait, from which a thousand flies have been disturbed, is trundled off, leaving a reeking trail along which the persistent flies are buzzing like a pack of hounds on a fox's scent, coils of rope for the ship-chandlers on the city dock, plumber's supplies; in fact, boxes and bundles of every conceivable size and shape containing all sorts of articles, from the pink shirt to tempt the nigger crabber to a piano for some naval officer's wife, are soon scattered over the wharf.

When nearly all are off a few shipments for the landings on West River are taken on, then the trucks are stacked and a carriage or cart followed by a horse is run off; the whistle blows, the last tripper dashes down and

jumps on board just as the lines are cast off and the *Giles* backs off into the harbor, leaving a trail of froth dotted here and there by a shoe-box which contained some delicatessen.

By this time the hacks that were fortunate enough to get a fare have long since swayed off up the street and the others are now straggling off; the wagons are loading and soon they have disappeared; the loafers are gone; the anglers are once more absorbed in catching the toothsome "tailor"; the agent is sitting in the doorway of the freight shed to catch the breeze, his pocket handkerchief in one hand mopping his red face and fanning with his hat in the other. The usual reign of quiet being broken only by the occasional bleat of the small brown veal in the cattle-pen waiting to be taken to Baltimore when the steamer stops on her return trip in the afternoon.

It was half-past eleven o'clock before we had worked out to the war-ships in the Roads, as the wind was light and variable. The *Massachusetts* dipped ensign as we drifted past. Below Tolly Point buoy, which we passed at twelve o'clock, I got into the small boat and made a couple of photos as *Irex* was going away. The Slave then put her about and I made another, head on, before being picked up. Wind increasing and had shifted to southwest. After getting below Thomas Point Light we made a curve around for the red nun-buoy at the mouth of South River, where we eased the sheets, entering about one o'clock. Passed three more buoys, two red and a black, and anchored in Lonehouse Creek a little before two o'clock. Furled sails and dropped below to tackle the cold roast beef; nearly starved, as it was two hours after our regular lunch time. After the bones were picked clean we hopped into the ducker for an exploring expedition.

Headed for a creek not given a name on the chart, but situated between Duvall and Aberdeen Creeks. Wind was now a good stiff breeze and some of the puffs were heavy. The creek looked more enticing as we drew near; a pine-topped bluff with a low sand-spit was on either side; a bar makes out for some distance from the northerly point, but there are ten or twelve feet in the channel, gradually shoaling to five at the head. It is a beautiful spot, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The camera worked hard making pictures of bluffs on one side, a low point with a big tree and small cabin on the other, a small bugeye loaded with peas and strawberries beating out, canoes hauled out on the shore, or tied to a stake close to the bank, with sails lazily flapping in the warm breeze. We went as far as we could, about three-quarters of a mile, and found the usual ending—a marsh. Beat back a short distance and landed on the west bank, walked up to a very old brick house on the hill, where a fine view up and down the river is to be had. *Irex* lying close under the opposite shore, looked almost as small as a row-boat. Talked with Shackles, the farmer, for awhile, made a photograph, toddled to the boat, and beat back to the *Irex*.

Fine work in the river, as there was quite a bobble and we got the lee rail under several times. Beefsteak for dinner, at which we turned up our noses, as we had become regular "whales" on roast beef, although before we had considered the former a great tid-bit. Dinner over, we once more took to the ducker and beat up Lonehouse Creek. We were anchored in what should really be called a cove, as the creek comes through an opening fifteen feet wide, five feet deep, and thirty feet long at the head of it. On the inside of these narrows the creek

RHODE RIVER.

HELLER'S YARD.

broadens out to a hundred yards, and has a depth of ten feet with the usual bluffs, points, and nigger cabins on each side. As it was rapidly getting dark we could not make out very much; passed one wide branch on the north side, and on the return trip explored it a short distance. Got on board about nine o'clock, hung up the riding-light—why, I don't know, as there was one chance in several thousand of any vessel coming in there.

Sunday morning was cloudy, calm, and humidity very high. Breakfast over we were undecided whether or not to go off in the small boat, as we were afraid there would be rain before long. While deciding, we moved the sockets for the gangway stanchions a few inches aft, as a scupper opened onto the steps; also moved the brass on which the steps rest. When we were finished there were signs of clearing, so got up the long-boat and set off to explore Glebe Creek. Wind light and variable, but south-east most of the time. Went to the head, and on the way back landed in front of a deserted cabin, but found no plunder, so hurried on as lunch time was drawing near. The Glebe proper is about two miles long, and in one place over half a mile wide with several short branches and snug little coves. After lunch, thunder commenced in the northwest, where we could see a heavy squall-head which sometimes came near, looking very black, and then would back off again; this performance kept up all afternoon and caused us to be uneasy about going far from the boat. The breeze increased a little about two o'clock, so we once more took to the ducker to sail up Aberdeen Creek, then up the main river to abreast the County Alms-house, an old colonial residence. On the way back we managed to beat a bateau of about twenty-five feet carrying a light road-cart which the nigger

was taking across the river. Made several photographs on each trip. On getting on board we put on the beef and had a fine swim. Very warm below at dinner, as the breeze was dying out and the squall gradually working nearer; finally arriving at eight-thirty. Strong northwest wind, very vivid lightning, and toward the end a little rain. We had a good lee under the trees, but to be safe we paid out more chain and got on the other side of the creek channel, where we had only a few inches under the keel, but as the bottom was soft and only a slight roll coming in from the river we were not uneasy. Nearly blinded with dust which together with leaves blew off the point. We could see the trees waving frantically back and forth when the lightning would flash behind them.

Were up shortly after four o'clock on Monday and under way at six. Wind very light from the northwest, so I stripped to the waist and towed with the small boat for nearly a mile, then the breeze increasing, got aboard, stripped entirely, and hung overboard under the bobstay to cool off. Set the spinnaker and slipped along nicely until out of the river, when it died down and became very shifty. Had intended going to Eastern Bay, but as at eleven-thirty, we were only a little above black buoy off Curtis Point we decided to make for West River, and managed to work up to an anchorage on the north side in about eleven feet off Scaffold Creek. Terribly hot, so we had a swim before lunch, and after it sailed to the south shore in search of ice. Landed directly south of where we were anchored, and, in response to our inquiry, were directed to a boarding-house around Cedar Point, where we secured about two hundred pounds of soft, native pond ice, and also several pounds of chaff with which

the ice-house was filled. When we had it washed and stored on board we were both much in need of limeades and several minutes for cooling off. Another swim and an early supper, after which we visited some friends, taking with us one of a pair of five gallon demijohns in which we keep the drinking water. Before leaving Annapolis both had been filled, but one was nearly empty, while from the other the cork had been forced by the beat the day before, and as they are stored on their sides nearly all the contents ran on the galley floor. Had a pleasant drive with our friend to his father's place, a distance of five miles there and back. On returning we had some choice strawberries and enjoyed an hour's gossip; about ten o'clock filled the jug and started to walk the mile over the fields to where we had left the boat. A squall was rapidly coming down from the northwest, and with the aid of the lightning flashes we managed, after a terrible struggle with the jug, to stumble through an old corn field and a pasture down to the boat. Set sail and slipped out of the cove before the first breath of the squall; on rounding the point no riding-light could be seen. We had taken the regular light with us, but had left it in the small boat, and the second light had been turned too low which was the reason for the blowing out. The wind was increasing, so we took out the sprit. The bay in which the *Irex* was anchored was one mass of white from the phosphorus. We went along this way for some time with our eyes bulging out trying to make out the *Irex* during the lightning flashes, finally, thinking we were getting too far out and too much to leeward, we took in the sail and began to row, which was pretty hard work. Suddenly the Slave caught sight of her, and we were soon on board soaking wet from spray. We were just in time to avoid

a fresh-water bath also, as no sooner were we below than the rain commenced. Half-past eleven; needless to say we were soon in our bunks.

Up at five-thirty Tuesday. No wind; but we got under way for another try for Eastern Bay. Carried spinnaker to the black buoy off Curtis Point. Breeze light west-southwest. Around the buoy we shifted spinnaker to balloon jib, but as the wind gradually worked to the southward had soon to take it in and set big jib-topsail, which we carried to within two miles of Bloody Point, when we were compelled to take it in as the wind now got dead ahead and lighter. This made us cross, and we began to "swither" as to whether we would struggle on or return to Annapolis. The superiority of the Annapolis market over that of St. Michael's had a great deal to do with our hesitancy. Finally, tossed up, and Annapolis won, so around we came; set spinnaker and headed toward the black buoy off Tolly Point. I dropped back in the small boat to make a photograph. About twelve-thirty we had lunch, and at one-thirty were at our old anchorage. What looked like a bad squall was coming from the northwest and we had hardly time to get the sails furled, covers on, and drop below before a terrible rain commenced. Put on swimming tights, went on deck, had a fine shampoo and shower-bath, after which we went ashore for provisions; saw several wash-outs, and the streets looked as though they had been scrubbed. In the evening visited the Dimphels on the *Panola*.

Up at our usual hour, five, notwithstanding we intended to stay in harbor. Beautiful, clear morning, wind northwest, light at first, but a good breeze by ten o'clock. Varnished the rail-cap, bowsprit, some parts of the skylight, and gave the topsail-sprit a second coat. Hardly

LANDING IN THE DUCKER, LONEHOUSE CREEK, SOUTH RIVER.

POPHAM'S COVE, WEST RIVER.

any boats in the harbor, as all the bay craft were making the most of a fair wind up or down, and the war-ships and the torpedo-boats were off on the cruise. We passed five of the latter, yesterday, headed down the Bay. About one o'clock we set sail in the ducker for Duvall Creek, which runs up the bay shore inside of Hackett's Point. Had a most enjoyable sail to the creek, but we had considerable difficulty to get into it on account of a bar which extends across the mouth. When we got inside, found that the trees made the wind very light and fluky, so we rowed for about a mile, then landed on the east side and walked over to the bay shore to inspect a farm at which the Slave had been looking, last winter, with a view to purchase. The Bay looked fine, the surface being a deep dark-blue and dotted here and there with a bugeye or schooner bound to or from Baltimore. Did not have such an exhilarating return sail, as the wind began to lighten and the sky became overcast. Made inquiries on shore that night about different farms.

June 9th. Cloudy, wind very light, evidently because we were going to make a third try for Eastern Bay. Got off about eight-thirty and drifted out to the light where the wind died out and the tide started flood, then we began to turn and drift back, finally, at twelve-thirty, ending up where we started from. Four hours to do one and one-half miles. Had lunch and went to get some mahogany to make plugs for filling up the screw-holes in the table top; the screws never having been countersunk. Set to work a little before two o'clock and kept at it until nearly six. Countersunk the screws, made plugs with grain running across, scraped and sand-papered the top, altogether making a very fine job. The breeze had been increasing all afternoon, and about five o'clock rain

commenced, so we set the rain-awnings. During dinner had a visit from a friend and two chums of his who had come down to join his boat for the trip back to the club. Asked us to come over in the evening, but as it was raining quite hard we did not go, and the Slave fell asleep, but I woke him up at nine by proposing a round of pancakes. Blowing hard northeast.

Next morning still blowing hard, with a little rain. Thought of going round to West River again, but decided to stay under cover. Our friend went out at eight o'clock under two reefed mainsail, while we reefed the small boat's sail and started for the ship-yard. Nearly had the mast blown out; she fairly flew, and we got soaked. If the reefed part of the sail had been set and the set part reefed we would have been more comfortable. Saw a light bay schooner get under way with much difficulty, and then commenced a series of narrow escapes from fouling wharves and other schooners; but she finally got out. We rowed back to the *Irex* instead of sailing and had lunch. Took ease in the afternoon and went to bed early.

Saturday, June 11th. Fine, clear morning, but wind still northeast and strong. Slave went for ice, and we got off at eight o'clock; set balloon jib off Greenberry Point Light, but had to take it in off Tolly Point, as we then headed down the Bay and the wind was dead aft. After a fine sail we anchored off Scaffold Creek, West River, in our old place at ten o'clock, doing the fifteen knots in a little over two hours. Sand-papered the table again and rubbed it with bee's-wax and turpentine, which gave it a fine finish and does not blister with hot plates. After lunch we sailed up Inspecting House Creek in the ducker, made some photographs, and landed at a very

prettily situated little house where lived one Popham, who was very agreeable and who kindly offered us some milk and butter. Stayed for sometime talking and getting local information, then went on board, put on the beef and had a fine swim. Ate a terribly hearty dinner, about six thick slices of beef each, and after washing dishes we managed to tumble into the ducker to sail up to our friends' place. On arriving there we found they had not had supper, and they insisted on us joining them, which we did, and not very sparingly at that. About nine-thirty we once more began to stumble across the fields; but without the jug this time.

Beautiful bright morning on the 12th. Wind in the same quarter as yesterday and a good wholesail breeze. We were under way at eight o'clock, and beat out of the river. Soon the wind became fluky, and we had a very tiresome sail to Annapolis against a strong ebb tide, it being one-thirty before we anchored off the ship-yard. The afternoon was passed in cleaning up and making arrangements to leave the boat with the sail-maker. Monday morning we boarded the train for home.

Arrived in Annapolis for another dash about two o'clock on June 24th, stopped at Watson's for provisions, and then hurried down to the harbor, where I found the *Irex* anchored safe and sound just off Heller's, with a fresh coat of copper on the bottom, and saw that A. G.'s new launch, also named *Merlin*, with owner and friend B., had arrived from the club and was anchored a little farther out. Set staysail after getting rid of store clothes and moved out near to the *Merlin*. Bob arrived at five-thirty, just in time for a swim before dinner. At dusk we went for a short sail in the long-boat, and then up to town to call on McCusker.

After breakfast the next morning we laid in ice and water, and as there was no breeze we loitered around the ship-yard some little time, but about nine o'clock a southerly air came in, so we made sail. Near Tolly Point the *Merlin* passed us and headed down for Thomas Point Light, but we had to stand over toward the Eastern Shore; breeze gradually increasing. As we went farther over than was necessary, we found, on coming about, that we could stand rap full for the light. Bob made some photographs and washed a white canvas hat. As we passed Selby's Bay we saw the *Merlin* anchored there, but we kept on to the old anchorage in Lonehouse Creek; they soon followed, arriving just as we were preparing for lunch after a swim. In the afternoon there was an expedition of small boats to explore the creek. A. G. in a boat which he had constructed with his own fair hands and which he declared was "tight as a bucket"; but we noticed the bailer frequently at work; evidently the atmospheric condensation was very rapid in their neighborhood. Landed at two places, found an old tumble-down log-cabin hidden in the trees at the last, which we supposed must be the original lone-house which gave the creek its name; signs of squalls drove us on board just in time to escape a good soaking. Dinner and the rain over, we set sail in the small boat, towing A. G. and B. in their "tight as a bucket" down to Mayo Cove; A. G. put forth music from a mandolin, which together with the wildness of the little cove and a fine sunset lent an enchantment to the evening which was long remembered. Found a bugeye in the cove which appeared to be and yet not abandoned, also a fair sized sloop and several boats on the beach. Returned on board just as an almost full moon was rising.

No wind on turning out next morning, the surface of the river was absolutely unruffled. Explored a deep cove, where we saw a funny old ark laid up on the bank and some picturesquely situated nigger cabins from which was coming a grand odor of smoke and habitation perfume, a something like the "odor of the East." Lots of soft crabs along the shore. Once more on board we set sail and drifted as far as Mayo Point, where, the *Merlin* coming along passed us a line, as we threatened to open fire on them if they did not; and towed us around into Rhode River. Then we boarded her and went for a run up West River, stopping at Galesville to post letters. In the afternoon A. G. went to the beach to tighten "tight as a bucket," while Bob took a nap, but I soon woke him up by making lots of clatter cleaning the zinc around the stove. We then rowed to the beach, and while I scrubbed the stove top with sand, he explored, returning with an enormous club of red cedar, probably with the hope of not being wakened up from naps in the future. Very warm all day, but after supper, just as we were about to start for a visit ashore, a strong, cool northeaster came down, and we were somewhat splashed while making the mile to our friends' landing. Had a very pleasant hour's visit and returned in the bright moonlight.

Still northeast and blowing hard. A. G. was to run around to Annapolis to meet his son and the Slave, but he had somewhat of a hesitancy; however, after some "guying" from us, he up anchor, and we watched him make fine weather of it out of the mouth of the river. Bob and I made ready the long-boat for an exploring expedition, sailed up one or two small creeks, landed at the marine railway, where there were several old hulks, talked with the natives, and returned on board to a stew

at noon. After treating the casserole *à la* Sprat family we once more took to the long-boat for a sail out into West River and landed at Popham's, where we chatted for awhile. The sail back was somewhat flat, as the wind had died out rapidly. As the *Merlin* had not appeared by the time dinner was over, we landed and walked over to the bay shore, where we could see half-way to Annapolis, but could not make her out. On returning on board we were hailed from the other shore, and on rowing over to investigate found a man with mail which our friends had very kindly sent down. About eight-thirty saw a light coming in the river, which turned out to be the *Merlin*, after we had given up all hope of seeing them that night; the son and Slave were on board we soon discovered as she ran along side to deliver the latter and also provisions and ice. Much talk for some little time, then they backed off and anchored. Slave found a holocaust when he opened his bag in which were clothes and ten dozen eggs from his amateur farm; of the latter several were broken, and his blue pyjamas were of a yellowish tinge.

On looking for the *Merlin* Tuesday morning could not see her at first, but finally discovered her close under the bank almost hidden by the overhanging tree branches. Alexander (the son), who soon rowed over to *borrow* some eggs, said they had rolled terribly during the night and could not sleep for the rattle of pots and pans, so they had moved up the river. Wind southeast, light, still cloudy. Made sail about eight o'clock with the intention of getting to Eastern Bay, but the prospect looked poorly, as the light breeze was dead ahead, and there was considerable bobble out in the Bay left over from the blow of yesterday. *Merlin* passed us just shortly after we rounded

SEINE FISHERMEN IN SHACKLE'S CREEK.

NEAR BELLEVUE: ON THE TRED AVON.

Curtis Point, and soon disappeared in the distance. By twelve o'clock we had managed to lollop over to Bloody Point, where we fed. Bob then tried for a nap, but the Slave and I felt *very* musical, so he soon came on deck again making some remarks about "silly devils." On rounding Tilghman's Point the breeze picked up somewhat and we had a nice run with eased sheets for a couple of miles, then we had to flatten down again to work up to the mouth of the Wye River, into which we ran. Found the *Merlin* in Shaw's Bay close up under the bank. We anchored well out, and soon they moved to close by. Water very clear; could see the keel plainly. In the evening had a pleasant sail in the long-boat and a phonograph concert on the *Merlin*. "Tight as a bucket" no tighter.

Heavy rain during the night, which caused the Slave and me to close the sky-lights and slide, but Bob carried on like a maniac, said it was stuffy, and cried for air. Shortly after breakfast the sun came out, so we loaded up the long-boat and set off with the intention of circumnavigating Wye Island. Started up the Back Wye which is really the Front Wye, but the inhabitants of the Front call what should be the Back, the Front, and those who live on the Back call the Front, the Back. Had a fine sail up the deep, narrow stream; at the bridge I lifted out the mast and we shot under. Breeze very light going through the Narrows, and we found it very slow work when we came on the wind for the beat down the Front; so much so that we soon took to the oars and stuck to them all the way back. Found the *Merlin* gone; to St. Michael's we supposed, to leave B., who had to return home. Lunch was well appreciated after our long row. Had a terrible struggle to beat out the Wye in the face

of a very light air and a flood tide, but once around Herring Island the breeze freshened and we had a nice little sail to Tilghman's Creek, outside of the mouth of which we anchored. Shortly after four the *Merlin* appeared, and as usual made for the tall timber. About dinner time a couple of dry squalls passed over, and soon after we started up the creek in the long-boat, A. G. and son joining us in their "tight as a bucket," on which they had a sail about the size of a pillow slip. Landed at a tumble-down wharf and walked over to Claiborne, where we posted letters and I purchased sugar. Said farewell to the Merlins before we went on board, as next day we were to start for Annapolis, and they were going to several places down the Bay.

Cloudy and all appearances of rain the next morning. We were up at five o'clock and breakfast was over and the anchor out by seven. A fine beat down Eastern Bay in the strong breeze made up for the miserable sail up the other day. When outside of Bloody Point, about nine o'clock, I went below and made a large omelette; when it was ready, the jib and staysail were hauled to windward, and the others tumbled below. That omelette lingers in our minds yet! Decided to run over to Herring Bay, and, as the wind had let up somewhat, we sent up the sprit-topsail. Sun came out as we reached the black buoy off Holland Point and the breeze sprang up with a jump, so that we fairly boiled into the Bay as far as the red buoy, where we turned. Looked the place well over with the glasses, and it was very attractive to me. The bright sunlight, the sparkling blue water of the Bay, the high bluffs and undulating country back of them, which was dotted with farm-houses surrounded by tilled fields and lots of woodland. I always did have a great desire

THE MERLIN OF 1904

THE MILL COVE AT SELBY BAY.

to see the place, and this glance made a craving for closer inspection, but the anchorage in the open bay is awful poor for our draught, except in southerly or westerly weather.

Once more at the black buoy we set balloon jib and fairly romped up the Bay to Tolly Point, where we took in light sails on account of a squall over Annapolis, which did not come to us, but which killed the breeze. Anchored in the harbor about two o'clock, and all dropped below, without furling sails, to tackle the stew which had been prepared on the way in, and which, as usual, soon disappeared. When I crawled on deck after the orgy I saw a great black squall about on us and let out a yell which caused a crush in the companion way. Furled the sails and had rain-awning set just as the first drops, of what turned out to be almost a cloud burst, began to patter on the dry canvas. A raid on the market was made, after the rain stopped, for roast-*de*-beef, which, while cooking, nearly drove the crew frantic, so much so that they had to go for a sail. A sail around to the mouth of Back Creek at dusk finished off a long enjoyable day.

After breakfast, next morning, we all tumbled into the long-boat for a sail over to Greenberry Point, but when half-way over, much to our surprise, we saw the *Merlin* coming in past Greenberry, so we headed somewhat out of our course in order to meet her. She ran along side, and on learning our destination took us on board and our boat in tow, so that in a few minutes we were along side the wharf in Carr's Creek. We walked along the creek shore toward the point for a short distance, then cut across for the bay shore, and came out at a nice little cove, where we stopped for a swim and then headed back toward the farm-house. Met a puff

adder on the way which the chief Merlin declared was "only a harmless garter snake," and while we were arguing about it he puffed up, looked unpleasant at us and then slipped off into the bushes. The Greenberry Point farm contains something like two hundred and fifty acres, and occupies all of a peninsula which separates Whitehall Bay from Annapolis Harbor, while the point itself, which is rapidly washing away, forms part of the bay shore.

The house which is situated on a high bluff and surrounded by several large trees commands a fine view of Whitehall Bay, the Bay and Annapolis Harbor; an ideal situation for anyone fond of boats, for bay or river sailing are easily attainable, and Carr's Creek affords an excellent anchorage. Returned to the wharf and the *Merlin* took us over to Annapolis, anchoring close to the *Irex*. Bob and the Slave rowed up to a crab-picking establishment to purchase some boiled crabs, which they ate in the boat as they drifted back. Fish and crabs are *tapu* on the *Irex*. About three o'clock the Slave and I escorted Bob to the railway station, as he had children at home crying for bread, and on the way back we loaded up with provisions. Shortly after dinner a very heavy squall came out of the northwest, all wind but no rain. Several boats dragged, we among them, but no damage was done, and the atmosphere was cooled considerable. Decided to run around to West River in the morning.

On waking, after a fine, cool night, we found the surface of the harbor rippled by a light northwest breeze, so after breakfast we set lower sail and sprit-topsail, and were away at eight-thirty, setting jib-topsail as we slipped out the harbor. The breeze had by this time increased so

much that the puffs were pretty heavy and had shifted a little to the westward, and it seemed no time until we were looking for the bush which took the place of the black can off Curtis Point. Having to make one tack in the mouth of the river we got a little close to Cedar Point, and as we came about she touched, but had enough way on to carry her around far enough to get the wind on the port side which heeled her over and she slipped off. Let the anchor go in our old place off Scaffold Creek at ten-thirty, but found ourselves too far in and that we were stirring mud, so lifted it off the bottom, hoisted the jib and ran out into eight feet, where we let it go again. Tinkered a little before lunch; the *Merlin* coming in about eleven-thirty and anchoring near us. In the early afternoon the Merlins became tired of the constant rattle of their iron awning stanchions (it reminded one of a boiler foundry); so they moved into Inspecting House Creek and anchored (there was really no need to as she was on bottom) a little above Popham's house. We went in with them, they towing our long-boat, and, after anchoring, all paddled over to Popham's for a gabble; but pangs of hunger began to be felt about four o'clock, so we set sail to the *Irex;* put on the roast and had a swim, after which we togged out for a visit to our friends at Tulip Hill. As we rowed, the breeze having gone dead entirely, past the Merlins' creek we yelled and sirened at a great rate so that they would come out and join us, but they showed no more signs of hearing us than the gentlemen in that old lie who had their ears stuffed with wax, but they finally turned up at the house a great while afterward, having lost their way. A journey home in the moonlight finished a very pleasant evening, although I received somewhat of a shock when the

Merlins announced that they had given up their idea of going far down the Bay and would start home next day; so it was agreed that the first stop would be Magothy.

Shortly after five o'clock I had the corn-bread in the oven, and at seven we were off before a good northwest breeze. It was a truly delightful morning, very cool, bright sunshine, the water a dark-blue, the atmosphere clear as we ever have it in these parts, and the lights and shadows on the shore were perfect. By eight o'clock we were at Thomas Point, and at nine were close to Sandy Point Light, where we should have headed in for Magothy, but as the breeze looked good for some hours yet we concluded to keep on up the Bay. Saw several yachts running down from Baltimore along the shore below the Patapsco, all evidently bound for a Fourth of July cruise, this being the fatal day. Tolchester we passed about twelve o'clock and the breeze began to lighten, and as we passed Worton's Cove, an hour later, it had shifted around to the south sufficiently to enable us to carry the spinnaker, but half an hour later jumped back to its old quarter, and only quick work by the Slave, who was at the tiller, saved the sail from being taken aback. From here on we mostly drifted to within a mile of Turkey Point, where we anchored for a swim and dinner. About sunset came a breeze from the southeast, which carried us by fits and starts close up to Town Point, where, at nine-thirty, we concluded to anchor for the night.

Another fine morning with a fine southwest breeze; several schooners bound up for the canal, so we hurried breakfast in order to be in time for the tug which we expected would come down for them, but they all sailed up, so we kept after them, and all went well until we reached the place where we had grounded on the outward

voyage; I shied too far to the other side, against the advice of the Slave, and we stuck. Very quickly ran out the kedge and were on our way again in no time, reaching the locks at ten o'clock. Great hopes of reaching the club that night, but after an hour's wait outside the locks our expectations were somewhat dampened, and on locking in we found a big fleet of schooners tied up awaiting the tug which was coming with a tow from the other end and which would not reach here until twelve o'clock. At twelve the news went around that it would not be here before two hours, and so on all afternoon. We finally found that it was dragging a barge loaded to a draught of nine feet six inches through the deep cut which has only nine feet of water. Various schooner captains visited us during the afternoon, and our depth drew forth exclamations of surprise, and as schooners kept arriving we soon had quite a party. At seven the tug would arrive at ten, and after struggling to keep awake that long we heard the time of arrival was put off hours longer, so we went to bed with the expectations of being hauled out at two or three, but our slumbers were undisturbed, and at daybreak still no sign of the tug; but the *Merlin* came in at ten o'clock.

On Sunday the *Merlin* had left West River sometime after we did, and before going to the Magothy had stopped at Annapolis for mail, but on arriving at our rendezvous and not finding the *Irex* had gone back to Annapolis. Next morning she left there, and that night anchored at the mouth of Back Creek.

Much to our joy the superintendent gave his consent to her towing us through, so we at last got off about eleven-thirty with instructions to tie up just beyond the pivot bridge until the expected tow should pass us. On

reaching there we tied up and had lunch. We could hear the puffing of the tug for some time, but a bend prevented us from seeing how far away it was. Gradually the sound increased, and soon the tug appeared, snorting at a great rate, with a very deeply ladened barge close behind her, and a light one behind that one. The ladened one was dragging along the bottom, which made her unsteerable and she would make a lurch, first for one side, and then for the other, each time sticking fast until a hawser was run out to the opposite bank, and four men set to her windlass. As she stuck nearly every two lengths one can see it was no wonder over twenty-four hours had been consumed. The light barge waggled about, no one paying any attention to it, and we had a narrow escape from being bumped. After the tow passed us, the north and south bound day boats came along, and then we started once more. Locked out at three o'clock, wind southwest, so set topsail and spinnaker, but off New Castle had to quickly hand them, as a heavy looking squall was rapidly coming out of the northwest, also took in all lower sails except staysail. Soon the gust was on us, great clouds of dust blew off the shore; after the first puff, which was very heavy, we set the mizzen, then the jib, and soon the mainsail; this pushed her along at a smart clip, and we enjoyed it for about five miles. Off Edgemoor we were in a flat calm, so having finished a big stew I towed her toward the shore with the small boat, but before long a breeze came from the south, really another squall, accompanied by rain, which lasted until we were almost at the club, where we arrived at eleven o'clock and were soon tied up in the basin.

An April Dash

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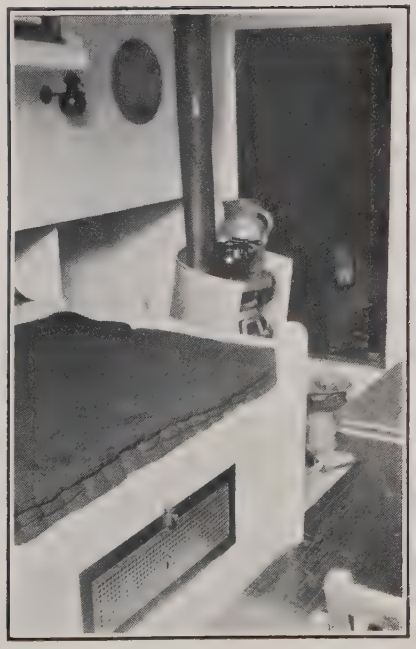
WINTER

Swift pass the days that are yet to come
Before we may bask in the Summer's sun.
Now we but dream of those days of yore
Which we spent along that pine-clad shore.
Of the pleasant creeks and the snug little coves,
The whitewashed cabins and the smells from their stoves,
The sparkling dark-blue waters of the Bay,
On which good old Sol shines through the day.
Of sitting on deck in the bright moonlight
Drinking in the beauties of the soft still night.
Of the juicy roast or the toothsome stew;
Tarnation! I could kick the cat. Couldn't you?



The Hot-Water System.

Looking Forward.

A. G. in Perspective.

OMOO'S CABIN.

AN APRIL DASH

Heretofore all our cruises had been made during the summer, but this year, Bob having been in poor health nearly all winter, we embarked in April.

The *Omoo* was only partially in commission, but by dint of much rustling we had her rigged in a little over half a day. She is a skip-jack, or dead-rise, forty-six feet over all, sixteen feet beam, three feet draught; a native of the Chesapeake; an eyesore to most yachtsmen, but as one expressed it, "Hell for comfort and strength." Extremely easy to handle; only a jib-headed mainsail and jib, with a moderate sized spinnaker. A cabin-house twenty-three feet by twelve allows plenty of space below, and a cockpit seven by five is a great comfort in bad weather, as compared with a small flush-decker, where one sits in puddles of rain or small streams from the spray. Below decks the contrast is still greater. The companion enters into the main cabin, which is nine feet long; forward of this, on each side of the centreboard, are state-rooms, each containing a white enamel bedstead; then comes a large galley on the starboard side and a toilet room on the port side. A china closet, large clothes locker, two bunks or sofas, a swinging table, and a coal stove for heating are all in the main cabin and yet leave considerable floor space for chairs.

Last spring the *Irex* had been stripped of her lead keel and all removable fittings above and below decks. A great many of these, such as sky-lights, locker-doors, tanks, blocks, and iron-mongery were used on this vessel, built by Charles E. Leatherberry, in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, during the summer of 1905.

On Saturday afternoon, March 30th, we went to the club both loaded with many bags and packages. While Bob attended the festivities at the launching of a friend's new boat, I loaded the ship and also did considerable of the rigging. That night he slept ashore, being just off the sick list, but I slept on board, under many blankets, as the fire did not burn very well.

April Fool's Day, a fine, bright, clear morning, cold enough to cause thin ice. Bob appeared at six, and by the time the breakfast bell rang at the club, sails were bent, rigging completed, and all duffle stowed. On finishing breakfast we hauled out of the basin to the pier end and filled the tanks. At exactly nine-fifty we cast off. Wind northwest, stiff breeze, and under all sail, with a fair tide we rattled off the twenty-two knots to the canal in short order. A. G. accompanied us to Delaware City, where we were to begin our canal voyage. It was a fine run, some of the puffs were pretty heavy and the air was sharp enough to make a dash down to the stove for a few minutes a very pleasant interlude. At one o'clock we ran up along-side the wharf at the locks, but on account of this being Sunday, vessels are locked in only before nine or after five o'clock. After furling sails and straightening up the deck we went below for lunch, then on deck for a sun bath under the lee of the cabin-house. As the coal was being burned up very rapidly we each took a bucket and prospected;

SUN BATH AT CANAL LOCK.

CLUB DOCK: BANCROFT AND CASSIDY SUPERINTENDING.

but on account of the miners' strike black diamonds were very scarce; we, however, succeeded in getting some coke, which mixed with our remaining coals lessened our dread of slowly freezing to death. Just before we locked in at five o'clock our passenger left us for home, by trolley, and we did not envy him his cheerless ride. Promptly at five-thirty we began our journey, being towed behind an empty barge, which, in turn, was behind one of the canal towing company's tugs. The second lock at St. George's was reached at six-thirty, after which came the long run to Chesapeake City, where we tied up in the basin at nine o'clock. Turns were taken at steering; I wrapped up in a blanket, putting a lantern underneath, and so kept very comfortable.

Up at five; just too late to get the tug down Back Creek, but we nevertheless locked out at once so as to be ready when he came back. While lying along the siding in the creek we had breakfast, and just as we finished the tug came up with one schooner. He was not inclined to take us down, but Bob offered him a little backsheesh, and at seven o'clock we were getting the full benefit of his cinders.

At eight o'clock we were cast off in the Elk River; sail was made, and with a fresh northwest wind we were at Turkey Point in an hour, and were then truly on the Chesapeake. What a beautiful sight just as you round the light at the mouth of Back Creek and look straight down the dark-blue Elk, between stretches of forest-clad hills! The trees not yet being in leaf, the aspect was not as cheerful as it would have been a month later. I never saw more perfect coloring than on these self-same trees in November two years before. When half-way to Howell's Point the wind shifted to north, freshening, with heavy

puffs, and we were one hour in making the seven knots between the two points.

A few miles farther, when off Still Pond, the wind began to lighten and gradually kept doing so; at the same time shifting to northeast, until at one-thirty, after passing Swan Point buoy, we set the spinnaker. Turns were taken at lunch, and the fire below felt very comfortable, as the air was still cool enough for plenty of clothing while steering.

Just below Swan Point we came to the first oystermen, of whom there are thousands scattered over the Bay from here to the ocean; this being the nearest to fresh-water that the succulent bivalve is caught. We passed through quite a fleet of canoes, two men in each. Instead of using tongs, or shafts, they use what are commonly called "patent tongs"; being broader than the former and operated by a rope which draws the rakes together and then is used to hoist them; a small spar with windlass at the foot and a monkey-gaff complete the outfit. The operation consists of one man lowering the open tongs to the bottom; then several jerks on the rope bring the jaws together; then the other man turns the windlass, the tongs come up and the contents are dumped on the culling board.

A strong ebb tide and the gentle breeze carried us down fast, and we had a most peaceful run into Annapolis, where we anchored well up in the harbor at four-forty-five. Soon the odor of roast beef was wafted from the galley, and a little after six our legs were under the mahogany. By eight-thirty our heads nodded over our story-books; the fire was raked down, a quantity of coal piled on, then a sniff out the companion way, lights out, and two grunts of satisfaction as we stretched out on those "real" beds.

HELLER'S RAILWAY, EASTPORT.

ON THE WAITING LIST AT HELLER'S.

Next morning dawned bright and clear with the wind still in the northeast. Breakfast over, we went ashore to the post office and provision stores. Three large sacks of coal were ordered from Moss's on the city dock, and our small tender did not have much freeboard on the return trip. A terrific struggle ensued to get the three sacks on deck, my arms being helpless from laughter over Bob's comical remarks, and my mirth started him laughing, and then our feeling of almost utter lack of strength set us laughing more than ever. However, they were finally on board and in the cockpit; two were emptied in boxes, while the third reposed behind the rudder post.

We next visited Heller's yard, situated on the south side of the harbor, snuggled into the trees of Eastport, where a bloody battle was fought in early Colonial days. The peculiar click of the caulking-mallet is heard and the air is ladened with the odor of tar and copper paint.

The owner is an obliging, good-hearted old German, who at one time was a ship's carpenter. He came to this country shortly after the Civil War, and the day after he landed was at work in the Annapolis ship-yard, which at that time was on the opposite shore.

During June or July his two railways are very certain to have two vessels on each. On the larger one will be a schooner and a small sloop, and on the smaller, two small bugeyes, or perhaps a pair of skip-jacks, one bow and the other stern on; while tied up to the piles will be a collection of five or six other craft. Some of these may have just come off the ways and are having rigging set up, or one may be getting a new bowsprit, and others will be waiting for their sails, which are being patched up by the sail-maker. On all some kind of work is

going on; to be sure, some of it is done in a leisurely and casual sort of way, but it is consistent with the weather and the surroundings. On one or more vessels you will see a topmast-staysail stretched out between the masts, and under it a collection of skippers who have gathered to smoke, sleep, or yarn over the various happenings of the last winter. There is the place to get the news from all parts of the Bay. "Captain Dip was took by the oyster po-lice last Ma'ch," or "Captain Arlie's pungie, the *Mary C.*, went ashore in the squall of last Friday evenin' an' the're wreckin' her now." The politics of the various localities are discussed along with the wheat crop and the prospects of the watermelon season. If you wish information as to any harbor or river or the Bay go to Heller's and you are sure to find someone who can give you all the instructions you need.

On the pier is a shed for keeping ironware and tools, and another under which small spars can be worked out, a rudder built, or jobs of that caliber turned out. Further on is the "office" and the storehouse combined. At the head of the large railway is another shed, and back of it a building, in the lower part of which is the windlass and walk around for the horse. In the second story is the sail-maker, also by the name of Heller, a nephew of the owner of the yard. He can patch up the most dilapidated of sails or cut out a suit for a bugeye such as can no other man on the Bay. Sometimes his son works with him, and once, when I wanted an awning in a hurry, his wife came over to run the machine. His loft is a great loitering place for us, as in addition to bits of information and history which he gives forth, there is always a fine draught, and it is a cool place on the hottest of days; while the various goings on in the harbor can be seen

from the north door which leads onto the atmosphere. Back of this building is a well which has the coolest of clear, wholesome water.

At the head of the small railway is another shed, also containing the walk around, in the upper end of which lumber is stored. Back of this is the machine-shop, where there is a band saw and circular saw which are driven by a gasoline-engine. The large cradle is hauled out by means of a chain which runs over a sprocket-wheel, while on the small one a rope tackle is used, the hauling part being passed four or five times around a drum and held by hand; terrible creaks and groans issue from the shed when boats are being hauled out, and one would think some huge animal was in the agonizing throes of death.

Next to the shed is a fresh-water pond for lumber, and on the other side of it are more sheds and small buildings.

At times some fine examples of local craft are to be seen hauled out here, and generally those in the best condition are the bugeyes. There are also some terrible old boxes so far gone that it is a wonder they get from river to river. Pumping out in the evening is the regulation. I once heard an old fellow say that he never turned in without "sucking" the pump; and notwithstanding this, his schooner nearly sank one night while along-side a wharf in Baltimore.

While lying there for a month fitting out the *Omoo* I saw some queer happenings. One day they hauled out an old round-stern bugeye to be caulked, painted, and have a new plank-sheer on the port side amidships. When the old one was taken off the timbers were found to be gone; so the whole side, from stem to middle and

from deck to a foot below the water-line was ripped off; more timbers were put in, where space could be found, as she was already nearly solid with them. The rudder-port came out and a new one put in, and a new rudder was hung. She was on the ways nearly two weeks, and in the meantime a small sloop which was on with her had dried out until she was like a picket-fence. The harbor was full of boats waiting their turn; others came in, their skippers looked over the situation and then decided to return home. The old man was nearly wild between being pestered by captains as to when he could haul them out and from fear some new rotten place would be found.

One of the most amusing episodes was that of a small bugeye of about forty feet on which were ten or twelve niggers. I could never get the exact number, as several looked alike and they were never all on deck at the same time; even at meal time you would think they must all be there when suddenly a head would appear out of the hatch then disappear and in a few moments another appear. Some slept in the cabin, some in the hold, and some wrapped in a sail on deck; one fearfully wet night I expected to see the latter pretty well bedraggled in the morning, but they unfolded themselves apparently as dry as toast and all in a good humor. I never heard them quarrel the whole four or five days they were there; although the arguments were pretty lively at times and words were flying from all directions, their principal theme appeared to be the "cotchin' of oysters"; one evening there was a heavy discussion on the proper pattern of tongs, another the exact location where so and so had "cotched" eighteen bushels in one day last winter. I gave two of them fifty cents for handling some heavy

THE GOLDSBOROUGH HOUSE, TRED AVON RIVER.

ballast, their eyes bulged out and they were hardly able to stammer a few words of thanks.

A small sloop which lay in close to the railways started suddenly to leak, and for over a week, the owner, who carried on desultory fishing during the day, would take long spells at the pump every evening, after each spell the water was a little higher than at the end of the spell before; finally, when she was half full, he had her hauled out and discovered that chunks of caulking were gone. The experts say that crabs and eels if they find an end of oakum will pull it out, and in this way a boat which lies in harbor will sometimes suddenly commence to leak without apparent rhyme or reason.

There are many other railways on the Bay, but I doubt if any one of them has a repair trade like Heller's. One could spend days there, and on no two would there be the same collection of vessels.

The boss and his son were both glad to see us, and were anxious to know how the *Omoo* behaved, and whether we were pleased with her.

It was such a beautiful day that we decided to try the walk to Tolly Point, a distance of about four miles, so lunch was finished and we landed at the yard once more. Across Eastport to Back Creek, where we got an old Irishman to ferry us across, as the bridge was entirely gone. Part of the time we followed a path, then cut across fields, through barn-yards, past nigger cabins, where packs of hounds would set up a terrible bellowing, asking our way from each person met. One fat colored woman wanted to know if Bay Ridge (the summer resort on the point) would be open this year, evidently thinking that we were prospective proprietors. Finally we found the railroad, now unused, and we walked the ties for

nearly two miles. When we did reach the point, and stood on the high bluff overlooking the Bay, the magnificent sight was well worth the laborious journey. The light breeze rippled the dark-blue water, while here and there were calm patches; far out in the Bay were boats of various rigs slowly drifting along; the afternoon sun shone brightly on their sails, while close in under the shore were oyster canoes patiently working toward home. Kent Island, which opposite here is the eastern shore of the Bay, stood out very distinctly, the atmosphere being so clear that even the strip of sand beach could be seen, forming a sharp contrast to the dark-green of the patches of woodland. For sometime we rested our tired bodies, but the cravings of hunger at last stirred us into making an effort to get home. The flow of conversation on the return trip was extremely light, and the last mile or so was gone over with a silent dogged perseverance. Finally, when the creek was reached, we sat down at the water's edge waiting for our Irish friend to appear and ferry us across; once on board Bob lay down for a short nap, while the duties of the culinary department occupied my attention, but as the Frenchwoman said, I was "friend of chair." In the evening I went ashore for a short time to visit a friend, but such a quantity of fresh air and so much unusual exercise made me soon return on board.

Up at five-thirty. On arising the first duty is to rake the fire well, open the draught and shovel on more coal, then the corn-bread is mixed, put in the oven, and soon the whiffs of baking bring to Bob the fact that he had better be stirring himself, as no breakfasts are served in bed, and the walk of yesterday had not spoiled his appetite.

We expected the afore-mentioned cousin to arrive at eleven o'clock, so the intervening time was occupied in

getting provisions, ice, etc., in order to be ready to slip out the minute of his arrival. He hardly stepped on board before sail was being hoisted and he was *corvée*d for the windlass. Wind was about south, but the sun was covered by light clouds which had blown away by the time we reached Thomas Point Light. One long tack was made out of the harbor and well across the Bay, so that on coming about we were able to cross Thomas Point bar about half-way between it and the light, which is about a mile and a half from shore. Numerous tongers were at work, both here and at Tolly Point, these used the ordinary shaft tongs, and worked mostly in twelve to twenty feet of water. A choice stew was commenced on the way; nothing like fresh "vittles," the "embalmed" brand get very tiresome, and only before getting to the shoe leather stage of starvation do we use the latter.

A little before two o'clock we eased off our sheets for the run up South River, heading for Duvall Creek, but on getting near the mouth, decided we did not like the looks of it, as there were too many signs of civilization. There we almost got aground, having run on muddy flats and were stirring up mud and tree branches, so about we came for a leg over to the south shore. A poor, lonely duck was seen, and several charges of shot expended on him, but he came out unscathed. The small anchor was let go in Lonehouse Creek at three o'clock. After sail furling everyone piled into the long-boat for a run ashore. I was landed on the west shore, and Bob on the east shore, while A. G. stuck to the boat for a short sail. I heard several shots from Bob, but never saw anything worth shooting. In about an hour I returned to the beach and saw the other two out buying oysters from a tonger; when they came for me I eagerly inquired the

result of all their firing; Bob answered that there were three ducks in the creek that did not know when they were dead. Oyster opening and eating was immediately begun by the two old men, while I rove some new halyards.

Panned oysters were demanded for supper, and a kettle said to contain sixty was given to me. The casserole was made almost red-hot, a little butter browned, then the oysters allowed to cook until they just began to curl on the edges. Those sixty faded away like chaff before a gale.

On trying to work out of the creek, next morning, in the face of an almost breathless calm we got ashore on the eastern point, but with the aid of our long oar pushed off quite easily. Breakfast was taken while drifting down the river before a light westerly air. Lots and lots of ducks; some big beds of them, over an acre in extent, and although they were very wild, we peppered away at any stragglers we managed to slip up on. Finally, A. G. got one, and it decorated the port bowsprit shroud for several days.

At eight-thirty we were abreast of the black buoy off Horseshoe Point, having passed through a fleet of nearly two hundred oyster canoes off West River; several of them hailed us, recognizing the boat, as she had been built on the shores of their river last summer. Although there was very little breeze we slipped down past Herring Bay so rapidly that our expectations of reaching the Patuxent River were very high and everybody was happy; A. G. and I were busy at odd jobs, while Bob steered. A little below Holland Point the breeze increased, giving us a nice sail for about six miles, but just a little above Plum Point the wind fell flat, then headed us off, and we

stood out from shore. A sloop, a pungy, and a bugeye were piling down behind us, and as they came nearer we could hear the rush of the water under their lee bows, suddenly they struck the calm spot, but headed ashore and got the true breeze again. In no time they were romping down the coast with a good beam wind, while we slatted around making no headway at all.

Shortly after lunch we decided to give up trying for the Patuxent, so we turned toward the east and a course laid that would bring us into the mouth of the Little Choptank River, the low-lying shore being invisible through the hazy atmosphere.

Lots of loons were passed on the way across, and their weird cry, together with the laughing cackle of a species of duck were very much in harmony with the general tone of our surroundings, and on top of our recent disappointment made us feel somewhat blue.

On entering the river our disappointment gradually passed away, as we became interested in picking up the buoys and watching the "buy-boats," each surrounded by a bunch of canoes like a hen with a flock of young chicks. These buy-boats are bugeyes, or schooners, which carry the oysters gathered by the tongers to market. The captain of one of these vessels contracts with some commission house in Baltimore to deliver oysters so many times a week, and makes from ten to fifteen cents per bushel on all carried. It is very interesting to watch the canoes gather around one of these buy-boats, which declare their calling by a basket or flag displayed at the masthead. About three o'clock in the afternoon the tongers begin to leave the beds and sail or row according to the weather, each to his favorite buyer. Along-side they range. The captain stands on the deck of his vessel with a shingle or

piece of board on which to keep tally; close by, on a barrel or on the cabin top, is a tin cash-box, well-filled with notes and small change, as all the buying is for cash. Iron half bushel baskets are passed to the canoes to be filled, after which they are hoisted on board by means of a fall from aloft and lowered into the hold, where a man is stationed to empty them and stow the contents. As each canoe is emptied and the seller has received his money, it moves out to allow another of the cluster to take its place; some start right off for home, and others like to linger to talk and chaff.

We ran close to one of these clusters in order to get information as to the channel. Rounding Ragged Point we kept well off, then headed up for the mouth of Brook's Creek. On getting near the entrance we overhauled several oystermen, and shortening sail, followed one in, who boarded us for a stiff glass of chill-preventer after we anchored. The air was heavy with the odor of the pine woods which lined each shore, and here and there was a bit of marsh or a little white cabin with a cloud of smoke issuing from the chimney. We had quite a snug anchorage, and after our long day were glad to turn in early.

During the night there was quite a stiff breeze from the southwest with some rain, but about six o'clock, just after we got up, it shifted to the northwest, and by the time breakfast was over some pretty lively puffs were coming across the creek. Once more our hopes for the Patuxent arose, as once out of the river we would have a fair wind down the Bay.

Two reefs were tied down in the mainsail with one in the jib, and at eight o'clock we slipped down the creek under the latter. Outside the mainsail was run up, and

in a few minutes we were from under the lee of Ragged Point and felt the full force of the wind after its clear reach down the Bay, as here, instead of northwest, it was about due north. Quite a sea rolled in and we had a splendid sail almost to Hill's Point; when suddenly the wind increased greatly and a heavy sea came with it. Several plunges up to the bowsprit made us decide to turn back, so the mainsail was lowered, as later we knew we had to gybe in order to round Ragged Point. Under jib alone we left a wake like a paddle steamer, and Bob had his hands full at the tiller; on rounding the point the mainsail was hoisted, and we headed for a bugeye and skip-jack which were anchored some distance below the creek entrance, this being as close as we could point. On passing astern of them we decided to anchor instead of trying to beat up to our previous anchorage, so I let go the seventy-five pound anchor, but this did not even bring her head to the wind, so quickly the hawser was run out and made fast to the hundred and thirty pounder, this with the two hundred feet of line (in ten feet of water) brought her up. How it blew! We could hardly walk over the cabin top. A bugeye that had gone out with us, turned back before we did, and not another sail was in sight.

After anchoring I went below to start a stew, but soon lost all interest in it, as in a few minutes they called out that we were still dragging. Slowly, very slowly indeed were we going astern. More hawser was paid out until the whole sixty fathoms were stretched tight as a fiddle-string straight ahead of us. This brought us up again, but for a short time only, and once more our marks on shore kept opening wider and wider. About noon we decided to get in the small anchor, buoy the big one and run up

the river. A. G. and I went to the windlass, what a struggle we had! how slowly those twenty fathoms came in! Just as we were ready to drop the five fathom shackle appeared; this gave us new life, so that we stuck at it until the job was over, then we crawled aft and fell exhausted on the bunks in the cabin.

For some unaccountable reason we now held and our thoughts turned toward lunch, but after getting it ready I looked out and saw that once more we were moving backward nearer and nearer the south shore where we could see the spray dash up over a sand bank as each wave broke. Hunger vanished, but mechanically I ate a little, for I could see in my mind's eye the *Omoo* broadside on that beach, half full of water and sand, with a conglomeration of fittings floating off toward shore. I never had such a feeling of helplessness. A schooner ran past under jib and two-reefed mainsail, lowered the latter as she passed us, and continued up the river under jib alone. It now seemed to lighten and the anchor once more held us, but this did not last long. Finally, about four o'clock, we hit on the plan of sailing her up to the anchor under the two-reefed mainsail; so the board was lowered and the sail set.

Back and forth we wriggled in the icy spray, getting in twenty or thirty feet each time, until finally it was broken out, and in a short time we had beaten up into the mouth of Brook's Creek and anchored once more in seven feet close under a heavy bunch of pine trees. If we had only known the capability of the boat, what a lot of worry we would have been saved, but she was an unknown quantity to us, as not being out of the builder's hands until very late in the previous season, she was underway only a few times before laying up. The anchor down and the

BUY-BOAT IN THE LITTLE CHOPTANK.

SCHOONER RUNNING FOR SHELTER IN THE LITTLE CHOPTANK,
APRIL 7, 1906.

sail furled I dove below, stirred up the fire in the cabin and resumed operation on the stew that had been abandoned in the morning. I have a particularly large casserole and this was filled to the brim. It disappeared in short order as we were in the same condition as I imagine an Arab is at sunset during the season of Ramadan.

After an all day tussle what a feeling of comfort comes over one when the anchor is dropped in some snug place, to sit down in peace and quietness to a good meal and talk over the adventures just gone through.

The stew disappeared as though a pack of wolves had been at it. We were ravenous. Everybody was very loggy for the rest of the evening, and shortly after moonrise we turned in.

April the 8th dawned heavy and gray with a light southwest wind. Breakfasted before making a start, which was at seven-forty-five. Beat to the black buoy to the westward of Ragged Point, and then we were able to ease off our sheets. Decided to abandon the Patuxent and instead go to Oxford. The reefs in the mainsail and jib had been left in at the start until we could see how the weather would be likely to turn out; as it became lighter we shook them out when off James Point.

Hill's Point buoy was passed at nine o'clock, and from there up to Cook's Point we were kept in a constant state of excitement trying to get close to small bunches of ducks which were even wilder than those of South River. Many shells were emptied, but no blood spilled.

Cook's Point rounded, we gybed over and headed for the light on the bar making off from Benoni Point. A. G. was set to work at the oysters with instructions to open a hundred. He must have opened nearly a hundred and fifty, as he declared there were one hundred in the kettle,

and we were equally sure that every third one opened went down his throat.

At twelve-thirty we anchored a little above the steamboat wharf at Oxford. The one hundred were panned and two pair of wolfish eyes watched the Old Man deal them out. Thirty-three apiece and a toss for the odd one! A visit to the post and telegraph offices was the next item on the *tapis*. It was a beautiful afternoon, clear and sunshiny, with a light southwest breeze. The little gardens of the houses were beginning to wake up, several early plants were in bloom, and the peach trees in sheltered spots were attractive with their purple blossoms. Bees buzzed, and in the provision store a few of the usual hoard of flies had appeared.

With a sack of provender, and a big shad from a sloop, we got back on board at three; sail was made for a run of a mile or two up the river to Tripp's Creek, but on reaching Goldsboro's Creek we were so entranced that we could go no farther. Sail was partially lowered, while I went ahead in the small boat to pick out the channel, or rather, to discover any spot with three feet or less.

If the early afternoon was beautiful, the latter part was gorgeous. As the sun lowered, the air was coolish and the atmosphere cleared of that haziness that accompanies a southerly wind. Toward evening the effect of the light on the landscape was fine. After sail furling we all sailed in the small boat up the creek to a farm-house where we got some eggs and a quart of milk—so scarce on the Eastern Shore. Coming back it was quite cool. While the Old Man tried fishing, A. G. was sent ashore to clean the shad, and I made preparations for dinner, of which the shad was to be the most important part. I hate the smell of cooked fish, and in the summer time

Bob is compelled to eat his boiled crabs on deck. The shad certainly looked and tasted nice, but the odor of it pervaded the boat for days, and I swore on the roast beef bone that hangs in the cabin that not another fish would be cooked on that boat.

A snug anchorage and choice beds. The usual result —a fine sleep and early at it.

Palm Sunday. Breakfasted very late this morning; seven-thirty! After cleaning up, the ducker was brought along-side, mast stepped, cameras put aboard, and we started for Tripp's Creek well wrapped up, as the wind was northeast and somewhat raw. Had a grand little turn to windward and landed on a pine-clad point. Wandered through the woods, picking flowers and also some mistletoe. On the way back we passed a point well covered with small stone, so decided to bring the *Omoo* there in the afternoon for some ballast. Left our flowers on board and landed at a wharf in front of a curious old house near where we were anchored. It was made up of five distinct pieces, each added at a different time. Found it belonged to a Mr. Goldsboro, from whose family the creek received its name, and who very kindly showed us around both inside and out. A fine lot of sheep with quite a number of lambs were scattered about the lawn, and the suggestion of mint made our mouths water.

Immediately after lunch we sailed to the stony point and appropriated three boat loads of stone, which gave the old packet a better trim. Some time was consumed in storing them, then we ran down to our previous anchorage off Oxford, as A. G. had to leave us in the morning.

We were up before daylight on Monday. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight, as A. G. wished to catch the train which left at six-fifty-three, and the station was at

the other end of the town, a good mile away; fortunately he got ashore in time to catch the stage.

Heavy clouds were over head, the wind was southeast, and a cold rain began just after A. G. left. A reef was tied down in each sail, and at seven-five we got under way for St. Michael's, on the Miles River thirty-five knots away by water, and about five in a straight line across the land. A fine run down the Choptank, and Bob, who sat below by the stove reading, said it was like being on a steamer or even better as there was no vibration. Once out in the Bay a gybe was necessary for us to be able to head up for Poplar Island Narrows. Breeze freshening, and we rolled along in good shape.

When off Low's Point, as the wind kept increasing, we decided it would be advisable to tuck another reef in the mainsail and we ran under jib while doing so. The operation from lowering to setting the now two-reefed sail occupied twelve minutes, which was not bad time considering the wet, stiff sail, and our somewhat benumbed fingers.

On rounding Tilghman's Point we came on the wind for a six-knot beat up the Miles River to our destination. When about half the distance had been covered heavy rain began, almost like we have in the summer squalls, and the wind piled down a few knots harder. Going through the narrow channel off Deep Water Point the sea was fairly high, and on account of flood tide very steep.

At one-fifteen the large anchor was let go off Kirby's yard. The sails were hastily stopped down, as we were both very cold and hungry and anxious to get beside the cheerful cabin fire.

During the afternoon I went ashore for provisions and mail. Everything very bedraggled and gloomy. How

A. G. AND R. B. (WITH FLOWERS): PALM SUNDAY.

CANOES DRYING SAILS, ST. MICHAEL'S.

different from the afternoon at Oxford! About five o'clock the rain stopped and the wind went down, and the indications were that to-morrow would be a fine day.

Next morning a fog, heavy for this part of the country, obscured the land, but in a short time patches of blue appeared over head. When the sun did get out the oystermen began to hoist their sails for drying, until there was a row of almost twenty sails, and very picturesque they looked, each canoe made fast at the bow to a stake and stern to the wharf.

About nine o'clock I went ashore to see the Kirbys and to try for mail at the post office. Found one of the sons in the yard, but the others had gone over the river on some business. No luck as to letters, so went back on board; found that the Old Man had had a very narrow escape from buying a canoe.

Shipping Creek, a branch of Cox's Creek, which runs far up into Kent Island, had looked inviting as we passed on previous cruises, and as there was now a nice southwest breeze we decided to look it over. Going out the Miles River we did not have much breeze, but once around Tilghman's Point we had a pleasant reach of about three miles across Eastern Bay to the mouth of Cox's Creek. Found the mouth of Shipping Creek very wide with a small island in the middle; the chart showed nothing like this, and Bob became very doubtful of getting in without running aground. The wind was fair for running up Cox's Creek, so we kept on, intending to anchor in Warehouse Creek for the night, but we ran past it by mistake, and finally anchored a mile above.

After lunch Bob rowed over to a tonger's boat for oysters and also for information as to the whereabouts of Warehouse Creek, as we had become confused by the

numerous coves that indent the shore. On his returning on board we made sail and beat down the creek against a very light air to Warehouse, where we anchored for the night.

By this time the sky was overcast and there was a slight attempt at rain. I made sail in the small boat, took a gun and went to a marsh to have a try for snipe, but did not raise any, even after a good deal of walking.

A bit of woods farther up attracted me, as we were in need of a pole for sounding; the lead line being very unhandy and clumsy for rapid work while sailing in eight to four feet of water. Had a hard time to find a suitable one that was long enough but not too heavy, finally, after a good deal of search, found a small pine sapling about twelve feet long.

Hearing the cooing of doves I started off to look for them, but they invariably saw me first and always moved before I got within gunshot of them. Went back on board in a slight shower and found Bob had been opening oysters, which we had panned for tea. Just at sunset the wind shifted to northwest, the clouds broke away and we admired some beautiful color effects. Reading until nine, when we went on deck for walk and to see the moonrise. What a fine night, not too cool, a full moon shimmering on the creek, with here and there patches of woods, and the peculiar cry of a flock of tame geese somewhere along the shore adding a certain entrancing weirdness to the scene.

Much to our disappointment next morning dawned cloudy with a faint northwest air instead of a bright, clear atmosphere and a good breeze as we had expected from the apparent clearing of the night before. However, shortly after we made sail, intending to cross the

Bay to West River. The wind at first was fair, but gradually it worked around to the southward, compelling us to flatten in our sheets. For awhile the sun struggled to get out, but after an hour's very faint sunshine it became once more hidden.

While drifting down the creek I made a jackstaff and set up the sockets for it on the transom. Several other small jobs were also polished off before lunch. To me, making repairs or improvements, real or imaginary, is half the pleasure of owning a boat and cruising. Gradually we worked out of Cox's Creek into Eastern Bay, and with the glasses we could see vessels running up and down the western shore, their sails rounded and smooth, while we were being riled with breaths; sometimes the mainsail would be to port and the fly would indicate the air blowing from the same side. About one o'clock we saw a bugeye, running down the Bay outside of Bloody Point, carrying what appeared to be a nice breeze, down around the black buoy which marks the bar jutting out from the point, she came, and headed up toward us, but when within a few hundred yards her sails suddenly fell flat. What a time it took for that breeze to reach us! Half-past two! Out we stood on the starboard tack, but when really in the Bay the weather looked so unsettled, with every appearance of a blow, that we decided to turn and run up to Tilghman's Creek for the night. Bob, who had been nursing the tiller and cursing the weather all day, went down for a nap, while I put a line on the tiller and took my ease in a camp-chair, enjoying the run up to the mouth of Miles River. Rounding Tilghman's Point we headed up for the creek and anchored in a snug little cove in company with three or four skip-jacks and a couple of small bugeyes. As Bob

wished to walk to the village of Claiborne in order to telephone home I rowed him ashore, and on the way back looked over our neighbors. Sail furling and preparations for dinner then occupied me until just at dusk when I saw R. B. appear on the bank.

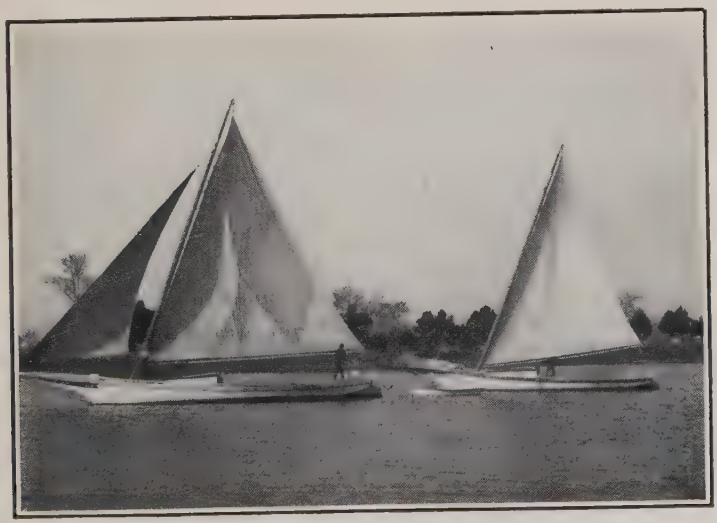
Next morning, breakfast over, we slipped out of the creek about seven o'clock in company with some other boats. Wind northwest, somewhat cloudy and cool, but after getting around the point the sun came out, which caused the thermometer to rise rapidly. A fine sail we had down Eastern Bay, one of the long remembered, much-looked-back-on kind. Good breeze, sheets eased, bright crisp atmosphere, and dark-blue water with a few white-caps here and there. A few hours of sailing under conditions like these more than covered the sins of a great many like those of yesterday.

Shortly before we reached the black buoy, near which we had spent so much time yesterday, the breeze began to lighten, and before long had dropped completely. An ebb tide set us down the Bay, so to keep out of it we made short tacks along the edge of the shoal up toward the light, but this was slow, tiresome work. For nearly three hours we kept at it until finally the breath ceased entirely and we lost all we had gained; but the sight of vessels far down to the southward running up with booms winged out soothed our disappointment.

Before the breeze reached us it had become so warm that we seized the opportunity for a sponge bath on deck, and although the water was like ice we thoroughly enjoyed it, feeling fine afterward.

When lunch was ready we both went below, leaving her to steer herself, and a small pocket compass on the table showed that she held her course exactly. The tide,

TONGERS OFF THOMAS' POINT.



SKIP-JACKS IN COX'S CREEK.

however, cut us down considerably, so that we had to run off before the wind when we reached the western side.

Before getting up to the oyster canoes off Curtis Point I got into the small boat and made some photographs of the *Omoo*, Bob manœuvring her about. Sailed into Parish Creek, really a cove at the mouth of West River, as we saw several buy-boats anchored there and thought perhaps one of them might be the *Lula and Sadie*, owned by the builder of the *Omoo*. As luck would have it, the first vessel we came up to was the one we were seeking, Captain Leatherberry came aboard for inspection and a short sail, but the wind was very light in the river, although there was quite a breeze out in the Bay, and lots of bay craft were on the move. On leaving Parish Creek we ran up the river to Cox's Creek, where we anchored; store-clothes were donned for a visit ashore to a friend, who, with his family, lives in "Tulip Hill," a fine old colonial mansion, situated on a hill overlooking the river. Found him superintending the running of a line of fence posts, and Bob must needs take a hand, in order, as he said, to reduce the waist band. At supper, which we both greatly enjoyed, he put on more waist band by a Johnsonian tea drinking orgy, while I consumed large quantities of a cake called Sally Lunn.

Good Friday. A beautiful, balmy spring morning, light southeast breeze. About eight-thirty I went ashore to meet our friends who had promised to come down to see the new boat, and while waiting for them enjoyed a short ramble in a small patch of woods. At ten o'clock, after our visitors had left, we made sail for Annapolis. Breeze very light, and on one tack while trying to gain as much as possible we ran ashore, but on dropping the

jib pushed her head around and slid off quite easily; a still less quantity of wind made our progress very slow as far as Saunders Point, where a freshening breeze from the southwest pushed us along faster and faster. Ran close to Thomas Point, but being afraid to try the slue through the bar off Tolly Point we went out nearly to the buoy.

The Bay was very attractive this afternoon; hardly a cloud in the sky, the water a deep blue with here and there white-caps; vessels beating down looked all alive and full of motion, while others were lazily running wing-a-wing. Here and there were small sails which had left the fleets of gayly painted oyster canoes working the bars off each point. How the remembrance of an afternoon like this will linger with one through after years and create such longing when sitting in some close stuffy office.

The afternoon was half gone before we anchored in Annapolis, not many boats in the harbor; but when we returned from a foraging expedition found them commencing to come in rapidly, the wind had increased to a stiff breeze and the Bay was reported very rough. In the evening had a visit from the captain of the *Lula and Sadie*, who had stopped in here on his return from Baltimore.

Next morning we were up early, and after getting in ice we weighed anchor at eight o'clock. Wind southeast, nice breeze, somewhat cloudy. Beat out with the fleet to Greenberry Point Light, where we eased our sheets for our run along the shore to Sandy Point. Gradually the wind died down and shifted to south, but when abreast of the light it came fresh from the old quarter. Set spinnaker to port and had a fine run to

Swan Point, here the wind backed a little, which necessitated our handing the spinnaker, but at the same time it breezed up so much that we did not mind the loss of the extra sail. Off Worton's Cove passed a bugeye bound down under reefed mainsail and jib with the crew tying the points of the foresail.

Saw schooners ahead of us dropping their main peaks as they crossed the mouth of the Sassafras River, so we lowered mainsail to tie in reefs but kept the whole jib. Gradually gained on the schooner ahead, and, just before anchoring at the mouth of Back Creek, passed him.

Found six vessels at the anchorage and five more had just gone up the creek behind the tug. Put over the big anchor with plenty of cable. From Annapolis to here is forty-seven knots, and we covered the distance from up to down anchor in eight hours and a quarter. Our intention was to stay here over Sunday, but as the weather looked unsettled and the anchorage uncomfortable we concluded to go up with the next tow.

At five-thirty the tug came down, picked up a pungy loaded with wood, made a circle and picked up another "wood freighter," another circle and an oyster carrier caught on. Altogether he made four circles, picking up a vessel each time. In the meantime we ran a line to the schooner nearest us (five hundred feet went out), as we were the outermost vessel and were afraid he might leave us. Finally came the turn of our schooner friend to catch on, but his line parted, so another scoop was made, but it parted again, then we loaned him a line, but the tug looked as though he would not try again, so we cast off, hoisted sail and went after him, but he made another turn, and lashed the bad line fellow along-side, while we caught onto the tail end of the string. By this time it was dark

and our dinner was ready, but with so much going on we were unable to eat it. At seven-thirty the tug reached the locks; two whistles and all lines were cast off; this left us far down the creek some distance below the siding, and the heavy wind blew us in among some old piles from which we had considerable struggle to extricate ourselves; but the tug came back for a schooner ahead of us and managing to get a line to him we were taken to within a hundred yards of the lock, and such a struggle we had to move her the balance of the way, as the wind kept her hard against the wharf, and the piles were far enough apart for her to get the curve of her side between, so that she would constantly stick. At last we got tied up in the basin at nine o'clock, the roast beef was given attention, and after washing up I went to look for my loaned line, while Bob crossed over to the office to inquire as to the time of starting of the tow in the morning; five o'clock was the information he came back with. After stumbling over a cat's cradle of lines I found our friend securely tied up with my line, but he begged the use of it for the balance of the night.

The lamps were no sooner out it seemed to us than we were awakened by the whistling of a tug, so we tumbled into our clothes, and as it was pouring, added oil-skins. On getting out on deck could not see any tug, but as the other vessels were all on the east side of the basin, we set to work to get next to them. A line of mud barges and a dredge lay along the bank, and the wind which was, if anything, heavier than the night before kept us very close to them as we dragged her along. Then we stood around waiting for the tug, afraid to start breakfast, because when you do, the tug comes just as you are commencing to eat. Finally, at seven o'clock, a tug appeared in the

dock with two wood schooners. When the oystermen saw the intention was to take the wooders also a wail of protest arose which resulted in a dead-lock. The oystermen said that with so many vessels the speed would not be fast enough to keep the wind from blowing them on the bank. At last we concluded to have breakfast, and after it read until about nine-thirty. After a conference in the canal office the oystermen gave in and all was bustle for the start; as the wind shifted to the northwest just at this time all danger of bank-rubbing was done away with. At St. George's much time was consumed getting us all through the lock, and it was three o'clock before we locked out into the Delaware. Wind was very light, but we had a favorable tide. Shook out yesterday's reef, but in twenty minutes had to tie both in again on account of a squall out of the northwest. It gave us a good run up the river for ten knots, as far as Marcus Hook, where we once more shook out our reefs and the last of the flood carried us to within a short distance of the club. Fortunately, we were seen and the launch sent down to tow us in.

A last night on board, and next day back to shuttle-like existence of town.

Omoos

THE POT

Have you ever been to that choice little spot
That's known as Poplar Island Pot?
If you've ever lain there all safe and sound
Your anchor deep down in the oozy ground.
You surely will with me agree,
'Tis like an atoll of the southern sea.

Over the low-lying Bayside strand
Stand out the bold bluffs of the western land.
While schooners here and bugeyes there
Drift up the Bay with the southerly air.
Yonder lies Herring Bay so open and bleak,
To one who knows not its snug little creek.

Sharp's Island Light, a faint, faint speck,
Shows through the break in the southern neck.
While over the Narrows, all sparkling and blue,
Where once walked the cats of Carroll's nephew,
Lies Haddaway's Cove and the Eastern Shore
That land of promise in the days of yore.

Old Annapolis town and Bloody Point Light
By a grove of fine pines is kept from your sight,
But when the northwester sweeps over the Bay
They will afford you a calm, quiet day,
There you'll realize, while all safe and sound,
That life in the open is one happy round.

TENTHOUSE CREEK.

OMOOS

(*Partly single-handed*)

ARRIVED on board *Omoo* in Annapolis at one A. M. As I paddled out saw the *Merlin* anchored off Heller's.

Up next morning shortly after five o'clock, somewhat sleepy, but anxious to get provisions, ice, etc., for an early start. While at breakfast Alexander, A. G.'s son and heir, came on board. He and his father had left the club on Monday, and this was Thursday; had had more or less trouble with the engine, which had lately been changed from make-and-break to jump-spark, and that spark kept them on the jump all summer.

Cloudy and moderate northeast wind.

It had been arranged that Alexander was to help me sail the *Omoo* until Bob would join me, sometime during the week. So, shortly after seven o'clock, Alexander came back on board and we ran into Burtis's wharf to fill tanks, after doing this I went up town for the provender. Moved out into the harbor again and let go the anchor near the *Merlin*. After some talk it was decided that the *Omoo* would start for South River and that the *Merlin* would follow later. By this time the clouds had disappeared and all surrounding nature looked bright and pleasant. Had a favoring breeze until we entered South River, then had to make a couple of hitches to get past the black

buoy off Selby's Bay. As I am fond of pottering around on board I generally put the innocent guest at the tiller, so Alexander, aged fifteen, took her to windward first-class; he had steered all the way, and while running had handled her with the tackle on the tiller. By one o'clock we were having our pre-luncheon swim in Harnet's Creek, a snug little anchorage about two miles up. In the afternoon Alexander sailed about in the long-boat, while I tinkered and kept watch for the *Merlin*, which arrived at three o'clock, after a rolling passage over Tolly and Thomas Points bars, first running on one cylinder and then the other, but never two running at the same time, so when A. G. came over for dinner that evening he at once demanded back his heir to steer for him, while he ran from the timer to the coil and then back again, or changed plugs or tested the storage batteries. In the evening Alexander ground their phonograph, while I lay in the cockpit wrapped up in a blanket, and his father fished by moonlight at an old duck-blind, where he caught, after a two hour seance, two toadfish! A most perfect night, moon plumb full, gentle breeze rustling the close-at-hand trees, with now and again an occasional call from a whip-poorwill. A pity to go to bed, but was terribly sleepy from having missed so much last night.

Next morning dawned cloudy with good southeast breeze. Breakfasted and then pumped out, as the vessel had mysteriously taken to leaking since I came on board. About eight o'clock I started off, single-handed, for West River, under engine as far as the red buoy off Mayo Point, where I made sail and beat to the black buoy below Selby's Bay, whence I could just lay a course which enabled me to squeeze past the red off Saunder's Point, then had eased sheets to the entrance of Cox's Creek and

engined into Tenthouse Creek, so-called from the fact that Quakers from different parts of the surrounding shores used to camp there while attending yearly meetings. *Merlin* came in at lunch time, and shortly after rain began and kept up until late that night. After dinner Alexander and I climbed up over muddy fields to visit friends.

Saturday morning was ideal. Northwest breeze, bright sun, and cool, clear atmosphere. Dried sails and awnings; moved lots of stone ballast in a fruitless search for the leak; varnished the rail and looked over numerous other small affairs. Lunched on the *Merlin*. They had also been busy painting and cleaning. Alexander was soon off ashore for the hill top, while A. G. and I sailed our small boats around to Galesville, where I bought cornmeal and he posted letters. The wind shifted and fell, so we had a long paddle back. Wrote and read for some time, then into store-clothes for supper ashore with friends. More fine moonlight, and the party tried to make me see the female face in the moon, but I am hanged if I can see any, and anyone that can, has a ripping imagination.

Another dream of a morning. Northwest. Up at six o'clock and soon had breakfast on the table. Arranged with *Merlin* that I would stop at Poplar Island if the wind fell, or go to Oxford if it held. It did not fall. Alexander helped me get up sail and dropped back in his small boat as I slipped out of the creek. Off the black can, at the entrance to the river, came the first good puff just as I squared away for Bloody Point, five miles distant across the Bay. Had a tackle on the tiller and sat on a camp-stool during the run across, although the wind most of the time was on the end of the boom. As I left the shore the bobble increased, and over in the tide-rip at the entrance to Eastern Bay the water was pretty

well jumbled. Two miles past the light I had to get the boom over for the run down Poplar Island Narrows, so started to come about, but, as the board was up, had to make two attempts and lower it a little before I got around. On the wind I felt the weight of the breeze, so lowered mainsail and ran under jib while I tucked in two reefs. The old box thrashed about in the cross sea, and I had to hang on with all claws. Managed it before long, and was soon back on my camp-stool enjoying the scenery. Breeze now lightened, and when I got down to Low's Point she nearly rolled out the mast; the boom banged while the jib slapped out with jerks which shook the whole vessel. Slid over the bar close to the point and got in smoother water; passing five or six bay schooners, evidently north bound, taking shelter. Shortly after, it breezed up, and I had a bustling run up to Benoni Point, where I then came close-hauled for Oxford. Had to flatten right down, and although there were two reefs in the main and a full jib she held up splendidly, and I was able to anchor under the weather shore opposite the town. Twenty-nine knots in a little less than five and one-half hours.

Had hoped for a swim, but the water was white with sea-nettles. About four o'clock the breeze lightened somewhat, so I ran over to the town under power and anchored above the steam-boat wharf. No signs of the *Merlin;* too heavy for her outside I supposed. Felt somewhat lonely at dinner, but a fine sail in the little boat around to the depot to send a telegram made me feel somewhat better. Single-handedness doesn't go well after cruising in company.

Still bothered with the leak, which, however, kept the bilge sweet and clean. Every morning fresh, spring-like water ran out of the scuppers, and in the evening a little

OMOO'S COCKPIT AND "SOUVENIR DE CAVE MOUQUIN."

OMOO: R. B., JR., AT THE TILLER.

exercise helped digestion. Hoped to get hauled out here, and my hopes were made a certainty when I saw the railway empty, but got a severe setback when the owner informed me that it was "broke down" by a heavy pungy two days ago and would be "broke" for a week. A wire from the Merlins said they had run short of gasoline and had gone back to Annapolis, but would be along that day. Varnished sky-lights and painted sides of the cabin-house. *Merlin* arrived at two-thirty; engine had an intermittent cough.

The next two days we lay at anchor, I sailed and pottered around, while the Merlins tested the engine (it ran fine at anchor) and fished. I never could understand that fishing of theirs, it would break out every few hours, rain or shine, and they never caught anything; others around them caught perch, but they only pulled up lines and lowered them again. Bob, with his son, arrived at eight o'clock on the second night, so we planned to sail next morning for Poplar Island.

Thursday, the 29th, we left Oxford at eight o'clock, the *Merlin* about half an hour later. A beautiful clear morning and a fine northwest breeze, which gave us a good sail as far as Low's Point, where it grew light, so we started the engine for the beat up to Poplar Island. A few long tacks took us up to the black and white spar buoy which marks the end of the bar running out from the south end of the island. Here we caught up with a skip-jack loaded with watermelons, so the Old Man went over to her in the small boat, while I hovered around. In a few minutes he was back with two melons, one of which was eaten that day and the other later on. As the breeze fell flat we took in sail and set awning, so we were all ready to drop below for lunch when we

anchored in the Pot at one o'clock. A very dirty sloop from somewhere near New York and the *Merlin* were the only strange vessels there.

This island at one time belonged to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and his neighbors appeared to have been of the temperament of Huckleberry Finn, Sr., as they "borrowed" a small schooner of his, and in an endeavor to get it back he described it, in the *Maryland Gazette*, as follows: "The height of the mainsail is about twenty-seven feet, and has been much mended; almost a whole breadth taken out of the after part has been middle-stitched through every seam and has a patch of canvas in the after clew; the foresail also has been much mended, particularly herring-boned, which is faced with a new piece of osnaburg from the clew up to the gaff." Apparently, the old gentleman was of a close-fisted nature, caring little for show and bound to get the last pennyworth out of everything. Perhaps he had some Scotch blood in him. One of his descendants, who afterward owned the island, displayed the true fly-away Irish spirit. He had seen the value of furs rapidly increase, so he bethought himself of a source of never-failing supply and stocked the island with black cats. What a rending there must have been of the soft stilly night. But the bearers of valuable fur evidently did not care for the pastoral beauties of the island, and one night, when the Narrows became solid with ice, the whole drove emigrated and soon were no doubt scattered over the adjacent country side. Up to a few years ago there were still visible the remains of an old monastery, the lower half of the walls having been constructed of brick and are said to have been a yard thick, while the interior was divided into small cells, each separated by walls of such a solidity as would keep

the inmates in complete solitude. When the present owners purchased the atoll-like formation from the descendants of the signer, they say that at least a hundred persons, scattered in all parts of the world, signed the deed, and some three or four years passed between the signing of the first and the last.

We had not been anchored ten minutes before A. G. was aboard with proposals that we cross the Bay that afternoon while it was smooth, as his engine was running worse than ever. At one-forty-five we were once more on the move, making our three and one-half knots under power bound for West River. I forgot to say that the Merlins anchored at the striped buoy in the Narrows, where several boats were fishing, to try their luck, but they came off fishless as usual. "Dish-calm" all afternoon. We cut across the bar at the head of the island, while the *Merlin* needlessly went around the red buoy, so t took them some time to catch up to us. The five little horses below kept trotting along until five-forty, when we anchored in Tenthouse Creek. The *Merlin* did not reach here much before, as they had been varying cylinders all the way over. Early dinner and a visit ashore polished off the evening.

The next morning was cloudy with faint westerly airs, but, as we expected to go only to Annapolis, we did not leave until nine o'clock. Engined as far as Rhode River, where we hoisted sail but kept the engine running until off Saunder's Point, where the breeze freshened, and, as it shifted to southwest, we set spinnaker and proceeded under sail alone. Had a nice little run, with R. B., Jr., as timoneer, up across Thomas Point bar and through the slue on Tolly Point bar, after which we set the spinnaker as balloon-jib, but the wind soon died out and we ended

the run under engine. Went to the ship-yard to see about being hauled out to have the leak stopped, but found there was no hope for a day or two—always busy at that yard. After lunch we went to town for provisions, and found it was somewhat warm. Although we wasted no time, it was four o'clock before we set off under engine across the harbor bound for Carr's Creek, a snug little sliver of water running up the western side of Greenberry Point peninsular. The young Merlin, the Old Man, and his son went for fishing in the lagoon: an hour of it, nothing but eels; while A. G. and I visited a small bateau repairer's shop a little distance up the creek. Pleasant evening in the cockpit with phonograph before going to bed.

Shortly after daybreak we slipped out of the creek under power, setting mainsail and jib as we swung into the Severn and eased off the sheets to a light northwest breeze, which gradually freshened as the sun came up. Quite a fleet of vessels went out the harbor that morning, some bound south, but nearly all headed up the Sandy Point shore for Baltimore. Breakfast was soon started, and both first and second tables were finished before we reached the brick light off Sandy Point. We saw a rather curious thing in the shape of a skip-jack towing out of an inlet just above Goose Pond, a scow on which was a small building, evidently a school-house or a church, and starting down the Bay; at first sight, when it was hidden behind a low point, it appeared to be traveling at a good rate over land.

From the Point all the bay-boats stood over for the Eastern Shore, so we followed, as the bayman nearly always knows the best way to beat tide and wind. Two tacks the fleet made to this shore and then hugged the western, making short tacks, but as we were bound for

OXFORD: KERR'S ISLAND FROM THE STRAND.

the canal we made a third to the eastward, standing well into the Chester River, then back again, reaching Seven Foot Knoll Light ahead of the fleet, although we had been away in the rear when we took our last departure from the western shore. Shortly after we left the Chester River the breeze freshened considerably. We were banging along at a great rate, and by the time we got across it was so heavy we decided to reef; schooners and bugeyes were taking in foresails, so we put one in the jib and two in the mainsail, concluding to work up under North Point and anchor. Hardly had we caught our breath than the wind began to lighten, and we just bounced up and down, but on starting the engine we slipped along well, pointing much higher, and when abreast of Front Light concluded to keep on for Worton's Cove, as we could head well up the western shore, where it was smooth and where there was not much tide. Lunch was now started and the Son, as he had lost his breakfast off Seven Foot Knoll, ate two enormous beef-sandwiches, finishing off with a jelly one. Passed the lower end of Poole's Island and anchored just around the corner in the creek at two-forty-five. After sail furling the Father and Son went off in the long-boat for a sail, also tried fishing (no luck) at a wharf on which there were fourteen hundred baskets of tomatoes. A swim later on helped to increase our appetites for dinner. Evidently too heavy for the Merlins, as they did not appear, and we had a somewhat lonesome evening in the cockpit. Pumped out as usual before turning in, but the banging of the day did not seem to have increased the leak.

On Sunday morning the breeze was still from the northwest, and although we were up at six o'clock, we did not leave the creek until about eight, and proceeded

under power to the red can off Worton's Point, where we set sail. On the way out we passed very close to the yawl *Nautillus*, of Camden; the crew said they had gone down outside, and they were evidently blundering back inside without charts, as they wanted to know where the Elk River was. The engine held us up so that we were able to lay a course for Howell's Point, and the yawl was soon left astern. Wind lightened somewhat as we passed Howell's Point at ten-thirty and we anchored in Rogues' Harbor, under Turkey Point, for lunch. This little cove affords, for draughts under four feet, very good protection, as it is really much more sheltered than it appears to one when looking at the chart, but if entering at night a sharp lookout must be kept for the one or two fish pounds which are set there. We went on and by three o'clock were anchored just above Court House Point, and Bob and his son went out sailing in the long-boat, while I prepared a stew for dinner. Had a visit from an acquaintance, owner of one of the little bungalows picturesquely situated at the mouth of Back Creek, who was exceedingly enthusiastic over the *Omoo*. Very cool in the cockpit after sundown; being more like the end instead of the beginning of September.

As we wanted to make the club next day we were under power at five o'clock, but had not gone far before rain began, and it lasted until just before we tied up at Chesapeake City, where we had breakfast before locking in at eight. After an uneventful trip we locked out at twelve o'clock; set sail and struggled with an ebb tide, which did not change until we were near Wilmington, but arrived at the club just in time for dinner; luckily for us, as we had eaten the last of the fresh provisions for lunch. *Merlin* appeared next day.

Chesapeake Bay

Reprinted from "The Cruiser," New York

SEINERS IN FAIRLEE CREEK.

CHESAPEAKE BAY

CHESAPEAKE, from the Algonquin K'tchisipik, meaning Great Water, is truly a fitting name for the noble Bay whose sparkling waves lap the shores of Maryland and Virginia. This magnificent sheet of water is nearly two hundred miles long and its greatest width is about one-eighth of its length, but the Bay itself is not all; numerous rivers, such as the Potomac, Rappahannock, Choptank, Chester, with many others of less imposing size and innumerable creeks—seemingly unnamable, too, as many names are duplicated—total up a greater number of square miles. These latter, really little estuaries, are misnamed, as the word creek is apt to bring to one's mind a dirty little stream running between muddy banks; but this is not the case. They are beautiful, placid indentations with green fields or bits of woodland coming almost to the water's edge and only a narrow strip of beach intervening. Some are very narrow at the mouth, but inside spread out and branch off in different directions. Nearly all of them end abruptly, and one may think he has some distance yet to go before reaching the head, when one is suddenly confronted with a little piece of marsh through which runs a small brook, and that is as far as one can go. The Bay would lose a large part of its fascination if there were no long rivers to explore, no

bays to sail about in, no snug little creeks or coves in which to drop anchor at night. Providence must have made the Chesapeake early in the morning after a good night's rest and the Delaware late in the evening after a long, hard day, as the latter is all that is mean, unpleasant, low, and aggravating, while the former is the direct antithesis.

Gradually more and more yachts are seen on the Chesapeake, especially since gas engines have become so popular. Few yachtsmen realize the beauties of this great Bay—a perfect paradise for the cruiser. A short dash outside now and again is very proper to relieve the monotony, but offshore, with its banging and slapping, the necessity of many lashings, long days without a real meal, cabins battened down, dampness and evil smells below, faces crusted with salt, eyes bleary with night-watches, and above all nothing but a wilderness of tumbled waters with once in a great while a far-away sail, cannot compare with the beautiful, ideal, peaceful existence of the cruiser who takes advantage of this perfect mixture of water and land.

To thoroughly explore the Chesapeake and its tributaries, one should have a vessel of not more than three feet draught—that is, if one wishes to look into every nook and cranny, to investigate places never seen and for that matter never imagined by the great majority of yachtsmen. Any draught up to ten feet can find good harbors and lots of them, but as the draught increases the limit of ground explorable decreases. With five or six feet one can keep going for some time and never anchor in the same harbor twice. A small launch or sailing dinghy will be found an aid and will afford much interesting amusement in looking into the little nooks

which surround the night's anchorage; the latter preferably, as who can be thoroughly in harmony with the beauties of a fine sunset while having your teeth rattled by the vibration of one of those canned devils?

In the matter of provisions one need have no qualms; neither from fear of their lack or the use of canned ones, which are unnecessary in this land of plenty. Butcher's meat, and very good beef at that, can be found in all the towns; chickens and eggs at all farm-houses; the same applies to vegetables and milk; ice nearly everywhere. The headquarters for larder filling are so conveniently situated as to allow three or four days of sauntering between each one; while farm-houses abound on all sides. Fish and crabs are at your own front door. Varieties of game are fairly plentiful, although not so much so as when the legislature passed a law forbidding owners to feed their slaves on terrapin more than twice a week. That annoying necessity of the modern cruiser, gasoline, can now be had everywhere, as will be testified by the rapid fire reports to be heard in the most out-of-the-way places.

The lover of things colonial will find much to interest him.

Many notable specimens of colonial architecture are scattered over the shores of the Bay, while Annapolis is strewn with them. The Brice, Paca, Chase, Harwood, and Scott houses are the most striking, and copies of portions of them are seen in many of the present day colonial residences; a door from the Harwood, the arched triple window from the Chase, or the cornice from the Brice. Here came the landed gentry as the days grew shorter, leaving their pleasant waterside plantations, and rumbled into town in their great coaches followed

by a horde of servants in less pretentious vehicles; or those from the Eastern Shore sailed over in their private vessels; many of which were kept expressly for pleasure. Then followed a season of revelry. While the fathers attended the solemn meetings of the Assembly, the younger generation followed the fox over the rolling inland country, or, if the weather had been severe, glided on the ice of Spa Creek. In the evenings there would be a ball at the governor's mansion, or a rout at one of the hospitable residences, where punch flowed freely and many hogsheads of fine Orinooko were lost and won at *langtry loo*.

Many of the country establishments were as substantially built and as lavishly furnished as those of the town. Governor Paca's house, which stood on the upper end of Wye Island overlooking the Narrows, is said to have been one of the finest. The tradition is handed down that in order to keep his son John from going to sea he gave him *carte blanche* as to the design and building, and, if all accounts are true, John took him at his word, for a veritable palace with porticoes and galleries, surrounded by many terraces, was erected on the banks of the placid Wye. Wye House, which has been in the Lloyd family since Philemon came with the early colonists, is an eldorado, and although the original was burned by the British during the 1812 differences, there still remain the beautiful old formal gardens with their box edged paths, the grave-yard with its collection of well carved stones, the large orangery standing at one end of a broad, grassy sward, lined on each side with tall privet bushes, while at the other end is a long, low, white mansion, within whose walls are treasures to feast the eye of the connoisseur. Tulip Hill is one of the finest; a big, square brick structure, with wings somewhat larger than

BAY FRONT OF TULIP HILL, WEST RIVER.

are usually found, standing on a hill overlooking West River. Two broad terraces, with unobstructed view, are on the river side, while the front is approached through a park made up of immense trees, most of which are of the tulip variety. A wide hall extends through the house, on the west side of which is a dining-room and a music-room, while on the east side are two large parlors with walls wainscoted to the ceilings. The west wing is given up to the kitchen, while that on the east contains a library and offices. Whitehall, near Annapolis, with its portico supported by large white columns is somewhat out of the usual design of tide-water mansions.

A chaplain of the Revolutionary Allied French Army remarks on the differences between life in New England and in Maryland; in the former a scant living was made by trade, and the colonists collected in villages, their homes were small and built mostly of wood; while in the latter there were hardly any villages or towns—in fact, in early years there was only one: St. Mary's, and the houses were built, in nearly all cases, from brick, not imported as many suppose, but of brick whose size was known by the term English. The inhabitants lived on broad plantations, some of which contained ten or twelve thousand acres, where a living was drawn from the rich soil, and each one was independent, with its own food supply to satisfy the inner man, and weavers to make rough cloth from wool sheared from home raised sheep to cover his body. Private windmills ground the wheat into flour to make bread for the planters' tables, and the maize into meal from which evolved the hoe-cake of the field-hands. At first life was exceedingly rough, and only barest necessities prevailed. Hospitality was always extended to everyone, even the Sot-Weed Factor, who

found fault with everything else in the colony, acknowledged this and transforms the Cockerouse's words of welcome into his doggerel verse:

> "Whether you come from Gaol or Colledge
> You're welcome to my certain Knowledge.
> . . . found them drinking for a Whet
> A cask of Syder on the Fret,
> So after hearty Entertainment
> Of Drink and Victuals without Payment."

Many of the old mansions are inhabited by the descendants of the builders and are still kept up, but the majority have passed out of the hands of the original families and are in a sad state of repair and desecration. Think of whitewashing a mahogany staircase and wainscoting as was done lately in one which belonged to one of the most celebrated colonial families, or of a stately mansion in which probably were entertained the red heels of the time, now being used as a county alms-house. But no matter its condition, a substantial, square brick building with long, low wings, finely situated, back of broad terraces, overlooking some placid stream, is more of an ornament to the landscape than most of our modern abortions.

Swift currents are unknown and the annoyance of a rise and fall of six to forty feet is not encountered. The average rise and fall for the whole Bay is one foot; at Old Point it is two and one-half feet, while at the Elk River it is three, and at Annapolis less than one foot, which is accounted for by the fact that there are two tides within the length of the Bay and they meet at this point. The wind effect is greater than the tidal, ranging quite high; three or four days of a steady, wholesail north or south

wind will make three or four feet difference in the level, and if the wind changes directly from south to north the current of the ebb in the Bay will be very noticeable.

A reputation for squalls and heat during the summer months appears to frighten off a good many cruisers. Wonderful tales are told of the heavy gusts; for instance, we read of a British frigate on the Potomac during the War of 1812 having her jib-boom blown away while the quarter-deck was in complete calm, and also of the capsizing on the Patuxent, of two of their schooners under bare poles; but on the average they are no worse than those encountered at other points along the coast or on the Great Lakes. The heat is also much overestimated. I have felt just as warm in Boston as in Norfolk, the difference being that the "spells" last a day or two longer; and there is also the advantage of having scarcely any fog—in fact, in summer it is almost unknown.

On coming out of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal it is, if in a sailing vessel, advisable to tow down Back Creek to Elk River, a distance of two miles; tugs are generally on hand for this purpose. A launch can be guided down the serpentine channel by means of bushes put out by the canal company to mark the various points and bars.

The Elk River, with its shores of tree-covered hills, here and there dotted with prosperous-looking farms, is easy of navigation for its seven miles of length to Turkey Point, where its waters join those of the Susquehanna and Northeast Rivers. It was on the north shore of this river, near Turkey Point, that Lord Howe landed with the British forces before the battle of the Brandywine. What a sight it must have been to see a fleet of square-riggers anchored in the mouth of the river, with a

pack of small boats crowded with "lobsters," as the redcoats were called, bumping alongside. Several coves along this shore afford moderately good anchorages for small craft, while the southern shore line is broken by the Bohemia River and Cabin John's Creek, the former being a broad stream of short length whose clear, clean water is perfectly safe for drinking.

The Sassafras River empties into the Bay just below the Elk and its southern shore is very high, running out to Howell's Point, which is seven knots exactly from Turkey Point. Betterton, a summer resort very popular among Baltimoreans, is also on this shore, but as the anchorage is very exposed from the north and west it is unwise to stay here over night. Two miles up, however, is Turner's Creek, inside the mouth of which you are completely land-locked.

Below Howell's Point is Still Pond Harbor, a deep indentation; but the place, as far as security goes, belies the name of harbor except for craft of three feet or less draught that can run into Churn Creek and there find shelter. Still Pond drains into the "harbor" through a narrow gut which has across its mouth a bar, and over this not more than two feet can be taken. Worton's Cove, a few miles farther south and directly opposite Poole's Island, is a bay somewhat deeper than Still Pond Harbor and therefore affords fairly good protection for draughts up to eight feet, while a creek which is hurricane-proof can be entered by vessels drawing five or six feet. It was on the shores of this cove that two Germans, in early colonial days, while stopping at a house near by were witnesses of the extreme rage and chagrin of their host's son, because he bagged *only* twelve ducks at one shot.

BACK CREEK: FROM HORN POINT.

The western shore from Havre de Grace to the Patapsco River is very low and inclined to be marshy, while long flats protrude well out into the Bay and as the main channel keeps to the eastward, the rivers, *i. e.*, Bush, Gunpowder, Middle, and Back, which empty into the Bay are very poorly marked.

Below Poole's Island the Bay widens considerably and no more harbors are to be found until Swan Point is reached, back of which is a creek of the same name, where lies Rock Hall, a great oystering headquarters. The Chester River here flows into the Bay from a southeasterly direction, and the Patapsco, directly opposite, has a northwesterly slant, thus making quite a stretch of open water. On the south side of the latter, about seven miles up from Bodkin Point, is Curtis Bay, on which is the home of the Baltimore Y. C. From the Bodkin to Annapolis, a distance of fifteen knots, the only harbor intervening is Magothy River, whose narrow mouth gives no idea of the broad sheet of water lying hidden from view behind a row of hills which separates it from the Bay. The shores of this river are one large truck garden, from which quite a fleet of sail and power boats carry the produce to market in Baltimore.

The upper Bay has a deserted appearance, very few craft being seen; but when the Patapsco is reached and passed the sails of bay craft are seen everywhere, together with a fair sprinkling of ocean steamships and coastwise schooners. The various rigs and models of the Chesapeake are extremely interesting. The pungies are descended from the famous Baltimore clippers: their keels are cut away very much like the old English cutter, with the greatest draught, usually six or seven feet, at the rudder post. No board is used and they are

fairly beamy, but not so much so as an ordinary centre-board schooner; the freeboard is low and, curiously, the topsides are nearly always painted pink with dark-green wales or bends. They are schooner-rigged, masts well raked, and no foretopmast. Pungies have long since gone out of favor, and none have been built for years; consequently those few stragglers that are seen look much the worse for wear. The ordinary two-masted schooner is the vessel most used for cargoes and differs not particularly from those of other localities. The most popular rig and model is that of the "bugeye," or "buckeye,"—which of the two terms is correct will never be decided, neither will the derivation; but the first spelling is the phonetic representation of the bayman's pronunciation. Bugeyes and canoes are of the same family. Undoubtedly the canoe came first; originally hollowed out of one log, then for larger ones two logs were used, and as big timber grew scarce three and four, until now under the term of "chunk built" seven or nine are used. No more graceful and picturesque craft can be found than the canoes and in those of to-day we would hardly recognize that described by the Sot-Weed Factor who came to the province of Maryland early in sixteen hundred:

> "The Indians call the Watery waggon
> *Canoo*, a vessel none can brag on,
> Such a shinning odd invention
> I scarce can give its due Dimention.
> Cut from the *Popular-tree* or *Pine*
> And fashioned like a trough for swine."

Their wonderful turn of speed is much bragged of, but whether it is as great as we are led to believe is still undecided and will be until one of the crack canoes is

tested against one of our modern machines. In favor of the former is the fact that, besides displaying great speed, they will not only outlast but will also outlive the latter in a seaway. Great sport and skilful handling are seen at their interlocal races. Here the use of movable ballast in the shape of men on sliding boards is still practiced, and very expertly too, as some of them will not stand right-side up unaided when their racing spars are shipped. As trees large enough could not be found to keep up with the ideas of man, the plan was conceived of building up with ribs and planking from a log bottom and decking all over, with a small cabin aft of the foremast, but this combination did not satisfy; so that frames and planking throughout are now used for those of over forty feet.

Canoes and bugeyes are everywhere to be found. On the oyster-bars are seen great fleets of the former and it is wondered from where they all come; but if during a cruise one will explore some of the little out-of-the-way creeks one will realize the thousands of them that there must be. Everywhere are canoes found tied to a stake in front of the owner's house or hauled out on two logs under a bit of overhanging bank. Oystermen will be found tonging well out in the Bay in pretty rough weather. There they stand, perfectly balanced on the narrow washboard, handling their tongs, the canoe violently bobbing up and down. Often they are caught out and unable to beat for home, but must run before the winter's gale. Only last winter a sudden vicious northwester scattered over the Bay a fleet of more than two hundred which was working the bars off West River; many sought shelter by scudding before it for the Eastern Shore, others were dismasted or had their sails blown away.

The lasting quality of a small log-boat is wonderful; canoes twenty-five or thirty years old are common and some are said to be at least a hundred. The lack of ceiling or covering of any kind which would prevent the free circulation of air or form a pocket for water to lie in and thus cause rot, is in a great way responsible for their lasting qualities.

A new model built of planks has for the past few years gradually been coming into favor, the dead-rise bateau, as the smaller sizes are called, while the larger, which run up to fifty-five feet, are called skip-jacks. Being very easy and cheap to build, they are in many instances superseding the bugeyes. Their weatherly qualities are well spoken of and the very shallow draught is an advantage. Seeing the chances for room and comfort that a boat of this type offers I became a convert from the deep draught and had one built by C. E. Leatherberry, of West River. She is forty-six feet over all, sixteen feet breadth, and three feet draught; the entire dead-rise amidships being nine inches. Jib and leg-o'-mutton mainsail, with a small engine, makes her very easy to handle. The luxury of real bedsteads in the staterooms is the *pièce de resistance*. This will no doubt make the old shellbacks scoff; I was a disdainer of such myself at one time, but no more hard bunks; and I notice the spare bed is a bone of contention among the slaves. The nearly flat bottom gives much more floor space than would be had in a round bilge boat of the same length and breadth. She has a large main cabin, two staterooms as big as those generally found on a seventy-foot schooner, a toilet-room with running water, and a galley in which it affords one pleasure to dabble in the culinary art. When going to windward with a certain size sea

WHITEHALL, ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY, MARYLAND.

running she sometimes jars one when landing on the top of a wave and this has a tendency to sag her to leeward, but on the whole she does very well and has shown her ability to claw off. A still later model of this type has the bilge rounded instead of an angle and this lessens somewhat the banging in a seaway.

The important water industries of the Chesapeake are oystering, crabbing, fishing, and the transportation of farm products. Under the first of these the most men and vessels are employed, as during their season the other three are almost at a standstill, and practically every inhabitant of the surrounding shores is engaged in some way, either tonging, dredging, or in the packing houses. In the early spring, as the oyster season is on the wane, the fish begin to run; of these the most numerous are the shad, herring, and rock. Pound nets are found everywhere; some of them in the lower Bay are veritable forests, and the piles are of such a size as to be extremely dangerous to any vessel colliding with them. Great quantities of menhaden are also caught, as will be testified by the numerous fish factories found below the Potomac. The toothsome crab next puts in his appearance, and it is miraculous that they have not been exterminated by the thousands of lines set every day all over the Bay. When the oyster season is over, the vessels either lay up until the next month with an R in it or else a general overhauling is gone through before the gatherings from the soil are ready to be shipped to Baltimore.

From any of the well-protected harbors may he seen a fleet of ten or fifteen sail slip out while the "rosy-fingered dawn" is just appearing in the East, and generally square off before the fresh southerly breeze; the captain at the wheel, a sleepy-faced, barefooted fellow sloshing down

decks, while a nigger fusses around an old dry-goods box containing a stove and by courtesy might be called the galley, from which is now coming forth clouds of rosin-laden pine-wood smoke. There are bugeyes, schooners, pungies, and now and again a skip-jack—but these latter are not very often used as freighters—loaded with wheat, watermelons, tomatoes, boxes in shooks, lumber and cord-wood. The vessels carrying the last-named article are generally the most dilapidated, and never attempt to go to windward on account of their high deck loads; while the bugeyes are the most shipshape and show a variety of color.

But we must return to our progress down the Bay.

After passing Magothy, Sandy Point is rounded, and five miles further on lies Annapolis, where there is a fine harbor and excellent markets. It is situated on a point of land between the Severn River and Spa Creek, just outside of the mouth of which is the best place to anchor, as from here one can see out across the Bay and also be more apt to catch the cooling breezes. A day is well spent inspecting the Naval Academy, whose buildings overawe the quiet, sleepy town, and in admiring the fine old colonial residences. If time can be found to run up the Severn to Round Bay the journey will not be regretted.

Just below Annapolis are South and West Rivers, while below the latter is Herring Bay, a deep bight good only as a shelter in westerly winds and very exposed to easterly, unless one runs up to the head, where there will be found a creek which has a bar across the mouth with three feet at low water: inside is six feet and one can lie here in complete safety behind the low point which shelters but does not obstruct the view of the Bay. The two

rivers are certainly worth looking into. Opposite these on the Eastern Shore is Eastern Bay, a broad sheet of water fed by many creeks and rivers, the prettiest of which is the Wye and the largest is the Miles, near whose head is Easton, the home of the Chesapeake Y. C., while near its mouth is St. Michael's, where will be found a good ship-yard. Tilghman's, Greenwood, Cox's, and Shipping Creeks, with a string of others, will entice the cruiser to linger. Poplar Island, just below here, has a fine harbor entered from the eastern side and affords complete shelter for vessels drawing up to five feet. Twelve houses are scattered over its surface, one of which is also a store and post office, whence departs a mail-bag every day whether or not there is a letter.

The Choptank, a river the mouth of which is really a bay, next opens out. It runs up into back country for some sixty miles. Cambridge, a thriving oyster town, lies on the south shore about twelve miles up; while Oxford, at the mouth of the Tred Avon, is about five miles nearer the Bay. Behind Cook's Point or in Black Walnut Cove, according to the wind, are suitable stopping places for the night. Creeks and coves everywhere on each side lend enchantment to this magnificent stream. Sharp's Island, which lies at the mouth of the river, is surrounded on all sides by extensive shoals and it is rapidly washing away; statisticians say at the rate of an acre per year. At one time it was covered with a fine growth of timber, which has all been cut or blown down, and now the island is almost bare; a deserted hotel and some tumble-down buildings being the only landmarks. One of the oldest inhabitants of the vicinity is said to have heard his grandfather say it was at one time part of the mainland, but a map dated 1666 shows an island.

The channel which separates it on the eastern side from the mainland was at one time called Trip's Bay, and by using this passage, when bound south, some little distance is saved; it carries you past the mouth of the Little Choptank, with lots of wild country, where very snug anchorages can be found in Slaughter Creek on the south side or Brooks Creek, which is just around Ragged Point, on the north side.

From here it is best to go back to the western shore, as south of this point the Eastern Shore becomes very low, mosquitoes are of Jersey abundance, and rivers and bays are rendered difficult of navigation by long bars and shoals.

Below Herring Bay the western shore is unbroken for thirty miles: high bluffs rise up from strips of yellow sand, and back of them a beautiful rolling country, tree-clad, with patches of cleared land, keeps one constantly using the glasses.

Cove Point marks the north mouth of the Patuxent River while Cedar Point, on the south side, lies five miles away. Solomon's Island, a village situated on the shores of an island of the same name and whose harbor draws forth encomiums of praise from all visitors, sleeps calmly on in the certainty that some day the natural advantages of the Patuxent mouth, with its ninety feet of water, will be realized. Here is one instance where the chart is misleading; as a rule those of the Chesapeake are very exact and the soundings correct. To enter Solomon's Harbor, instead of following along the north shore from Drum Point and past black buoy No. 3, pass outside of red buoy No. 4 and cross the oyster-bar just where the chart shows four feet and bear off to port into the harbor. The depth is nearer four fathoms than four feet.

THE BRICE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS.

The Potomac River, emptying into the Bay twenty miles lower down, has an evil reputation; its ten miles of breadth is said to be the lurking place of violent calms or fierce northwest squalls. Cornfield Harbor, under Point Lookout, will shelter one in northerly winds, but good harbors some distance above can be found on each side, that to the north being St. Mary's River, on whose banks was the first settlement made in Maryland; on the south is the Coan River, while just around Smith's Point is the great Wicomico, of fish-factory fame.

Numerous creeks indent the shore from here to the Rappahannock River, most of which are available as shelters for shoal-draught vessels, but when this river is reached a cove back of Windmill Point makes a good anchorage in northerly or westerly winds, while by going a few miles more the tropical-like shores of the Piankatank will give a good haven in all weathers.

Mobjack Bay, on whose shores lived the man who soon tired of "The Life Worth Living," is a broad estuary having many feeders; a sort of miniature Chesapeake, but the only shelter for the passing voyager is behind New Point Comfort and a discomfort it would become in a southeaster. The same may be said of York River, so it is best to make one run from the Piankatank to Old Point, where an anchorage will be found inside the bar and just back of the Hotel Chamberlain, or over behind Willoughby's Spit, on which is the Hampton Roads Y. C.

A run on shore which is well worth while may be made to the old historic town of Hampton, situated on the site of the Indian village of *Kecoughtan.* A fine old ivy-clad church, said to be the third oldest in the state and some curious old tombstones will interest the

antiquarian. Quite a contrast to this sleepy town are the ship-yards at Newport News.

Over in Norfolk, now called a city, are some fine old houses, while Portsmouth, with the navy-yard, is as peaceful and as casual as are all places contaminated by the Government.

Visit this land of Canaan and you will fain take the advice which Alsop gave in 1666, and "dwell here, live plentifully, and be rich."

Poor Man's Paradise

POOR MAN'S PARADISE

I HAVE sailed at odd times on Barnegat Bay, and one summer kept a launch there, and pottering about found it more interesting than I had supposed. It is the largest of the lagoon-like sheets of water on the New Jersey coast, and a pretty good place for the small boat sailer and lover of open air life. With a land breeze on a summer's night the mosquitoes are the bugbear of the place, but then there are mosquitoes at Mt. Desert and Nantucket when the conditions are right.

The greatest length is about thirty miles; this is in a north and south direction from Bay Head to Harvey Cedars. At the lower end, opposite the Inlet, the width is about five miles; this width gradually decreases up to Bay Head, but there are quite a number of broad and deep indentations on the western shore, such as Toms River, the Metedeconk, Forked River, Cedar Creek, Kettle Creek, Oyster Creek, and others that considerably increase and add variety and interest to the cruising ground.

It seems as though these rivers must one day have emptied directly into the sea. The western shore is quite bold; for instance, the bluffs at Island Heights are eighty feet high, and it would have been a nice piece of coast, with several good harbors up these rivers, if the action of the sea had not beat up a long range of sand-dunes.

which commencing above Bay Head must have gradually worked down the twenty-five miles to the Inlet, as these Jersey outlets are called.

Outlets they certainly must be, for if it were not for these openings, kept clear by the surplus waters of the rivers, they would certainly have closed long ago. Proof of this is to be found in smaller bodies, such as Wreck Pond, north of here, where an easterly blow will bank up a bar ten feet high that will completely close the opening, which will remain like a dam until the pond behind it has filled up. Once filled, however, as soon as the slightest stream begins to flow over, the dam is doomed, for a rapidly increasing cut soon eats down to low tide level and the "Inlet" is again in being.

The sand-dunes, more picturesque in themselves than those of Holland, are ranges of little hills covered in most places with long, bright green, wiry grass and sturdy shrubs. In parts there are wind-twisted cedars. The marshy spots are, in summer, covered with large marshmallows. Indeed, the scene on the eastern shore of the Bay on a morning in late summer, when after a squally night there is generally a brisk northwest wind and cloudless sky, is one seldom equalled outside the tropics. The western hills with pines of the darkest blue, the waters a slightly lighter shade, and the sky a still paler blue make fine contrasts to the almost inconceivable gayness of the other colors, no mere tints, that range from pure white of the sands through the pinks of the marshmallows to the riot of the bright yellows, greens, and vivid reds of the marshes. It is a paradise of color for painters.

The western shore is bordered with large patches of pine woods, stretching far back into the country, which

give to the water in the upper reaches a coffee color, but there is no muddiness, and the water is perfectly transparent. Where the good land comes down to the Bay there are prosperous farms; these are seen at their best near Toms River. In general, however, the shores are as wild and deserted as the most violent hermit could wish. In winter these pine-strewn glades should be fine camping-grounds for consumptives.

The average depth of water in the channels of the upper Bay, that is above Barnegat Pier, is about five feet; in some rivers there are stretches with thirty feet. The depths appear not to change, and the reason is found when one anywhere in a channel shoves over the bronze end of a boat-hook and feels the clank as it strikes the shale on the bottom. Apparently, the floor of the whole thing is glacial drift not likely to change in centuries. Out of the channels there is a mixture of mud and sand; in the lower Bay generally only the latter, perfectly clean and hard. For some reason the Bay is a great place for breezes; possibly because Barnegat, the elbow of Jersey, so sticks out into the ocean; at any rate, there are seldom calms and any are of short duration.

In addition to sailing, fishing and shooting are the great sports of the Bay. In summer when the weak-fish are running they can be hauled out as fast as one can bait; down by the Inlet and outside all sorts of sea fish are to be had, with, in particular, blue fishing in season. Beach birds and duck will fill the cruiser's larder if he is a shot, so that to the man in a small, light draught boat this little world makes a pleasant little cruising ground.

For the racing man there is plenty of fun; the sneak-box and cat classes show some clever sailing. The Barnegat gunning sneak-box has been so often described

that it seems unnecessary to do so again here; the boats used in racing are a development of the same idea, twenty-one feet over all, nine feet beam, eight inches draught; the crack boats being fitted with hollow spars and silk sails. Morton Johnson, the boat builder at Bay Head, seems to be the most successful designer and builder of these; at any rate, owners of his boats seem to win the most prizes, and the Bay Head Yacht Club, where many of his boats are owned, appears to be at the head in this class. The cat-boats, generally about twice the size of the "boxes," are from the boards of well-known designers, such as Cary Smith and C. D. Mower. William P. Kirk, of Toms River, is the most successful builder in this class, and in this the clubs at Seaside Park and at Island Heights generally come off best.

These little yacht clubs on the Bay are wonders; they all have a good membership of live men who take an active interest in sailing. Their initiation ($10) and dues ($5) are as modest as in the English clubs. They have surprisingly good houses and the members get remarkable service; for example, the care of a boat costs but five dollars for the season; this means pumping out, drying sails, bringing in to the landing stage for owner and taking back again to mooring every day in the four months of the season if he wishes it. A good mooring, made of cement, can be rented for two dollars per season; so the man without a bulging purse does very well. The weak point is that sleeping accommodations and restaurants are not, but where the clubs are there are hotels. These clubs are at Bay Head, Mantoloking, Toms River, Island Heights, and Seaside Park, the two latter have the largest club houses and best anchorages, and are the most convenient as to trains for Philadelphians. Bay Head can

be reached in two hours from almost any part of north Jersey. Seaside Park itself is a God-forsaken looking place, without a bush or blade of grass, on the sand-dunes between the Bay and ocean, with buildings of an unutterable ugliness; but a fine healthy spot that might be made as green as the New Yorker's have made Seabright, where the conditions are precisely the same. Seaside Park has the great advantage to Philadelphians that there one has salt-water within ninety minutes of Broad Street. If there was a yacht club station with bed and board and a ship-keeper at the little harbor at the western end of Barnegat Pier it would be a fine spot to keep a little boat, for from there there is ample sailing ground, and a short run of twelve miles would take one down to the Inlet, where there is a good harbor, the dyke behind the Sunset House, and plenty of salt, and fishing, and bathing. As there is good train service up in the morning and cheap commutation, it would be a boon to the business man who wants to get into old clothes and a boat and have a sniff of the sea, but does not care for Atlantic City with all its silly caravansaries and the summer board-walk rabble. An ideal spot for a sailing headquarters could be made at the deep cove known as Winter Anchorage at the lower end of the long stretch of land that runs down from Bay Head. It is at the north side of the Inlet, protected on the south and south-west by a small island and on the north and northeast by the hook of the land, has ten to fourteen feet of water at low tide, with sticky bottom. The twelve miles of this land below the Pier all belong to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which could create a fine cottage colony there if a good road were built down to the point. It would be practically an island, as it would be surrounded by water

in every direction; the ocean on the outside and the Bay on the inside would make the nearest land five miles away and practically no breeze could be a land breeze. A lot of Japanese could turn it into a garden spot; to-day, within a couple of hours of the two largest cities in the country it is absolutely deserted except for a couple of life-saving stations.

If the new places like Seaside Park are appalling in their rawness, the villages of old Barnegat, Waretown, and Toms River on the western shore, with their overhanging elms and old-time flavor more than compensate. The best of these to my mind is Toms River, of revolutionary date, which has a little the air of Nantucket village about it. It is at the head of navigation on the Toms River, seven miles from Seaside Park, the longest east and west stretch to be had on the Bay. Here Kirk has his shop and seems to do a good business, both in building and laying-up. Faunce Brothers are also here, but further down stream at the deeper water, so they get the larger craft. Still further down, at Island Heights, are shops and hauling-out yards; so that, bearing in mind those at Bay Head and old Barnegat one sees that this little sheet of water is the best supplied in this respect of any of its size and depth in this country. Indeed, there are few bits of water, cut off as it were by themselves, that can equal Barnegat in turn-out of small sailing craft, and some of them are high-sided, able seagoing vessels that surprise one until he sees what they have to face down at the Inlet. Engines are being put into lots of old boats and all the new cruisers have them. There is a horror of grass, but this terror can be got rid of by a quick reverse. The engines take the place of poling as a means of getting home on quiet nights; before

they came, when the wind died out, the plan used to be to work over into shoal water and then one could pole along on the sand as fast as a man could walk along the deck; some tall stories are told at Bay Head about this sort of work.

The people about the Bay appear to have all the good qualities that we are in the habit of attributing to Anglo-Saxon water folk all the world over; their records on the life-saving stations are equal to any, and if there was wrecking and robbing by decoying vessels ashore in the old days, as historians and romancers claim, the habit does not descend to the present generation, for prices are no worse here than at other sailing centres. Barnegat men make good sailors; I have known several yacht hands who have become masters. They are spunky too; one man when a boy of thirteen used to make regular trips from Toms River to New York in his father's trading schooner in the days before the railroad. Rough runs outside they of course sometimes had; they risked it once too often, and one night the schooner went ashore just above Sea Girt and broke up, and all the father saved was his boy, whom he managed to bring ashore on his back through the surf.

It must have been a ticklish run, for although the Inlet is over a mile wide and the channel is deep, yet it is crooked and shifting, and the two outside entrances north and south of the Shoals are not easy to pick up. The Shoals themselves, stretching out almost a mile to sea, are nasty. I have seen them on a moonlight autumn night in a dying southeaster twisting and boiling, like the rapids at the whirlpool below Niagara, in an awe inspiring way. I was on shore, I am thankful to say. Struggling along against the wind I passed down to the beach

near the life-saving station; here the wind was driving along the sand about a foot above the beach in a never-ending stream that produced the same feeling of dizziness that one gets in looking closely at the road from a fast motor-car. Nearby, as I went back awed and cheerfully gloomy, I passed gruesome reminders of the Shoals' work in the shape of over a dozen figure-heads of wrecked ships decorating the grounds of a bungalow.

In the Bay the small boat cruiser, the fisherman, the gunner, and the lover of wild life in general, has pasturages which may not be the greenest and best in the outdoor world, but which are far from being the worst by a long shot. If he thinks he can better them he can go south inside through the various bays and sounds almost to Cape May, but will come back sadder and wiser and assured that, in Jersey at least, there is no better place for the purpose to be found. If the Englishman had Barnegat he would have painted it, and written books about it, and gloated over it as he has the Norfolk Broads, but in our great wealth of cruising grounds it is almost entirely overlooked.